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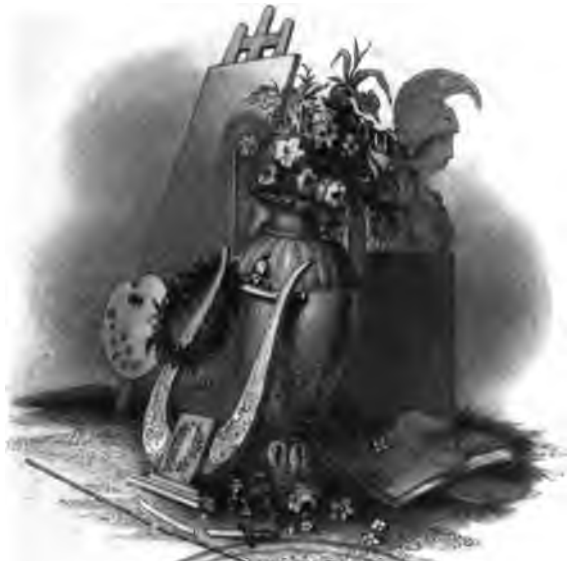




# Illustrious Personages

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.



NEW YORK

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1853





# Illustrious Personages

OF

## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

With an Introduction

BY HENRY P. TAPPAN, D.D.

PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK.



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## INTRODUCTION.

It will be remarked by the reader, that the following work is entitled "Illustrious Personages of the Nineteenth Century," and therefore professes to be only a limited collection. It contains the portraits, and notices of the lives of individuals in whom the world, in our times, has been more or less interested. They are illustrious in different degrees, and for different things. To some of them the term *illustrious* will hardly apply if we take them separately from the group in which they are here placed. They have all, however, attained distinction, and as some of them are really *illustrious*, the Editor has, perhaps not improperly, concluded to form them into one constellation of greater and lesser lights.

The variety of the selection is quite obvious: We have here the amiable Royal Family of England, where the virtues and the attendant blessedness of domestic life are said to dwell, contrasted with the stern and lofty Autocrat of Russia, who can have very little time, if he have the disposition, for quiet household scenes.

Chalmers, the theologian, the eloquent preacher, and the political economist, is here with the great statesman Peel:—the man of all comprehending and divine principles contrasted with the man of political maxims and skill. Jeffrey, the father of the modern Review, keen, subtle, satirical and

elegant, is here side by side with Macaulay, whose analytical and generalizing powers, combined with an unsurpassed eloquence and charm of diction, have made him illustrious as a Reviewer only to prepare him for a more splendid career as a Historian.

The classical Campbell and Talfourd, and the original, varied, and racy Tennyson, are names familiar and dear to all who relish genuine poetry.

Landor and Chateaubriand are weighty names: The Englishman who has recalled the dead to life, and made his criticisms like oracles from the land of spirits; the Frenchman is no less authoritative in his way, and takes no pains to conceal his egotism. A man of various literature, of travel and consequent observation, of religious meditations, of immense facility, he could not fail to make himself known; and probably has more numerous, although less profound admirers, than the former.

Lamartine, the poet, the traveller, and the political aspirant, with more of good than evil, with more cultivation than genius, and who, if he had had less of the lighter sentimentalism, might have had more energy and success, contrasts strongly with Hugo, whose versatility of talent outruns his principles, and who would have been the better politician had he possessed more of the moral sentiment of the former. Could we out of the two compound one new man, we should have a better than either. But this, perhaps, is a stale remark, since every one knows that we should have to cut to pieces many specimens of humanity to make up our ideal man.

The other characters in the collection are also well known. The female portion particularly will be acceptable as bringing along with them the sweetness and the fragrance of the entertainment.

The book here offered to the public belongs to that class which is called for by a very large circle of readers; for, next to becoming personally acquainted with those who have been distinguished in public events, or who have won our admiration or contributed to our amusement by their writings, is the pleasure we derive from viewing their portraits and reading biographical sketches and familiar anecdotes, which bring them near to us, and enable us to judge of them by common and well-known standards.

It is both the rational and the weak points of our nature which are thus gratified: the rational, inasmuch as valuable particulars of information are gained; the weak, inasmuch as our love of gossip is indulged.

Of the individuals here presented, with two or three exceptions, the chief interest which attaches to them arises from their literary merits. They are individuals who have written books, or who have contributed to periodicals for our instruction and entertainment; they have enlarged our sphere of thought; they have multiplied our subjects of reflection; they have influenced our judgments and tastes; they have supplied us with our choicest and most refined pleasures. In the case of one individual—the noble and heroic Kossuth—we are presented with both deeds and intellectual efforts which dignify and adorn humanity.

It were possible to enlarge such a collection much beyond

the limits here observed ; but it is hoped that the selection now attempted will be found both judicious and interesting.

In a country like ours, where the spirit of commerce and thrift prevails, and where material prosperity and accumulation takes precedence of the intellectual and the tasteful, books like this are of especial value, in order to create a counter-current of reflection and aspiration—to convince us where the highest and noblest sources of enjoyment are to be found, and to show us that national greatness and fame depend much more upon men of genius and literary productions than upon wealth and material prosperity.

Take away from England her poets, philosophers, orators, and elegant writers of every description, and how she would be shorn of her glory, notwithstanding her commerce and manufactures. And we, too, will only then culminate as a great people when a collection of illustrious names like the present can be made also among us with the same ease, and be enlarged as this might have been.

The multiplication of great institutions of learning, and the consequent multiplication of great writers and artists ; and the infusion of an elegant and cultivated spirit into our public men, and into that which claims to be our best society, can alone secure us an equality with the nations of the Old World, and surround our free institutions with a charm and splendor which shall be the last proof of their superiority, and give the last promise of their permanency.

To make ourselves an illustrious people, we must make adequate provision for increasing the number of our "illustrious personages."

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## THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

WHEN George III., King of England, died, his eldest son, who had received his father's name, ascended the throne with the title of George IV. He had one daughter, an only child, Charlotte, who was married to Leopold, the present King of the Belgians. She, as the heir of George IV., would, upon his death, have worn the regal crown, but in less than a year from the time of her marriage, she and her infant child were consigned to the grave together. All England was clothed in mourning at the untimely death of this beloved Princess. George IV. reigned but a few years, and died, leaving no heir.

The crown, consequently, descended upon the brow of the next son of George III., William, the frank, honest-hearted sailor, whose education had been received, and whose manners had been formed, in the society of the officers of the navy. He sat upon the throne but a few years, and also died childless. The crown would then have passed, by legitimate descent, to the next brother, Edward. But he had died several years before the decease of his brother William, leaving a little daughter, but eight months old at the time, Alexandrina Victoria, who, as her father's heir, inherited his regal rights.

The lineage of this little aspirant to the most exalted political station in the world, is traceable in a direct line, from the Conqueror, as follows: She was niece of the King immediately preceding, William IV., who was brother of George

IV., who was son of George III., who was grandson of George II., who was son of George I., who was cousin of Anne, who was sister-in-law of William III., who was son-in-law of James II., who was born of Charles II., who was son of James I., who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the sister of Mary, who was the sister of Edward VI., who was the son of Henry VIII., who was the son of Henry VII., who was cousin of Richard III., who was the uncle of Edward V., who was the son of Edward IV., who was the cousin of Henry the VI., who was the son of Henry V., who was the son of Henry IV., who was the cousin of Richard II., who was the grandson of Edward III., who was the son of Edward II., who was the son of Edward I., who was the son of Henry III., who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard I., who was the son of Henry II., who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry I., who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror.

Edward, the Duke of Kent, was a very sincere, honest-hearted, worthy man. For many years, his income was quite limited, far below that of multitudes of the young nobility with whom he associated; and he found it very difficult to sustain the style of living befitting the rank of a prince of the blood royal. Though naturally of an austere disposition, and in consequence of opposing political views, being not on very friendly terms with the other members of the royal family, he was still a man of irreproachable morals, an affectionate husband and father, and much interested in offices of charity and benevolence.

The mother of Victoria was Victoria Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. At sixteen years of age she was married to the Prince of Leiningen, a violent, irritable, sour man, forty-four years old, without any attractive traits, either of person or mind. This young Princess, thus sacrificed upon the altar of political ambition, passed several years

of unspeakable wretchedness. Her sensual and heartless husband was soon weary of his youthful bride, and abandoned her to the cutting griefs of disappointment and neglect. She was a lady of much gentleness of manners, sweetness of disposition, strength of principle, and had a highly cultivated mind, and was beloved by all who knew her, except by her soulless husband, who was, perhaps, incapable of loving any body. When she was about thirty years of age, her husband died, and she was released from the chains which she had worn with most exemplary meekness.

About two years after the death of her husband, she was married to Edward, Duke of Kent; on the 24th of May, 1819, Victoria was born, and in just eight months from that time, and but twenty months after his marriage, the Duke of Kent died. The eyes not only of all England, but also of all Europe, were directed to this infant child, upon whose brow was soon to be placed the crown of the most powerful empire earth has ever seen. In her earliest years, unwearied exertions were made to strengthen her constitution, and to give her an active and vigorous frame. She was encouraged to ramble in the fields, to play upon the sea-shore, to engage in athletic exercises in open air; and she soon became the most prominent actor in all the feats of fun and frolic. Under this culture, the energies of her mind, as well as her body, were rapidly expanded, and she soon developed a character of much quickness and benevolence of feeling. Her mother was her constant companion, and under her judicious training she became an artless and lovely child. An English gentleman who was familiar with her childhood and youth, says:

“When I first saw the pale and pretty daughter of the Duke of Kent, she was fatherless. Her fair, light form was sporting, in all the redolence of youth and health, on the noble sands of old Ramsgate. It was a summer day, not so warm as to induce languor, but yet warm enough to ren-

der the favoring breezes from the laughing tides, as they broke gently upon the sands, agreeable and refreshing. Her dress was simple: a plain straw bonnet, with a white ribbon round the crown, a colored muslin frock, looking gay and cheerful, and as pretty a pair of shoes on as pretty a pair of feet as I ever remember to have seen from China to Kamtschatka. Her mother was her companion, and a venerable man, whose name is graven on every human heart that loves its species, and whose undying fame is recorded in that eternal book, where the actions of men are written with the pen of Truth, walked by her parent's side, and doubtless gave those counsels, and offered that advice, which none were more able to offer than himself—for it was William Wilberforce.

“Mr. Wilberforce looked, on that day, all benevolence. And when did he look otherwise? Never, but when the wrongs of humanity made his fine heart bleed, and caused the flush of honest indignation to mantle his pale forehead. His kindly eye followed, with parental interest, every footstep of the young creature, as she advanced to, and then retreated from the coming tide, and it was evident that his mind and his heart were full of the future, whilst they were interested in the present. ‘There is, probably, the future monarch of an empire, on whose dominions the great orb of day never sets,’ was a thought which was evidently depicted on his face, as he pointed to the little daring queen, who was much amused at getting her shoes wet in a breaker, which had advanced further and with more rapidity than she expected. The Duchess of Kent waved her hand, and Victoria, obedient to the signal, did not again risk the dangers arising from damp feet.

“The scene was interesting. The old veteran in the cause of humanity and truth, placed between his hands the little fingers of the blooming girl of five years of age, and something was then said, which I would have given a great deal

to have heard, which caused the blue eyes of our now beloved queen to stare most fixedly at her venerable instructor, while her devoted mother looked alternately at both, evidently interested and affected by the contrast. Thus the little party I have described, advanced to the edge of the tide, and the emancipator of the negro and black population of the world, condescended to the trifles of watching the encroachments of each new breaker, and to the tact of a Newfoundland dog, who exhibited his skill in bringing safe to shore some sticks which were thrown at great distances into the sea, that he might swim after them.

"It was in this way that an hour was spent. The Duchess was earnest in her manner during a great portion of that hour, and seemed much delighted when Mr. Wilberforce fixed the attention of her darling daughter by some sentences he pronounced in her hearing. I am quite satisfied they related to slavery. His attitude, his movements, his solemnity, and the fixed eye and deeply mournful face of his charming young pupil convinced me of that. The Duchess and her daughter returned to their modest dwelling, and Mr. Wilberforce, joined by some friend, walked quietly on the pier."

As Victoria advanced in years, and her health became more firm, she pressed more vigorously on in her intellectual pursuits; but still her judicious friends were ever watchful that her mind should not be overtasked, or her physical energies impaired, by too close confinement to the study of books. The knowledge that is *printed* makes but a small share of that which every human mind attains. She carefully read, with her instructors, all those treatises which have been written with regard to the education of a Princess. From conversation and from books, she was made familiar with the lives of eminent kings and queens, and perused the biographies of other persons, both male and female, who have been distinguished for the good influences they have

exerted in the world. It was a special object of attention with those who had charge of her education, that she should become acquainted with the history of the distinguished statesmen, scholars, and divines, who have been the pride and the ornament of England, and that she should be familiar with the literature of the English language, the noblest literature in the world. How wretchedly do they err, who, in the fashionable education of the present day, sacrifice the noblest of intellectual attainments, and consign all the ennobling treasures of their own mother tongue to neglect, merely that they may be able to utter a few commonplace phrases in a foreign tongue! The mother of Victoria, herself an intelligent and thoughtful woman, was very careful to direct the mind of her daughter from a love of show, of dress, of frivolity;—to give her intellectual tastes, and to train her up to a solid and substantial character. Victoria became enthusiastically fond of music and drawing, and made great proficiency in both of these arts. In music she excelled, and became quite distinguished as an accomplished vocalist; accompanied by her mother on the piano, she frequently charmed the noble circle surrounding her, by the richness and fulness of her well-cultivated voice. In drawing also she made great proficiency. She was extremely fond of painting and engraving. Her taste, refined by culture, enabled her to select the noblest specimens of art; and she became herself so skilful in the use of the pencil, that she could, with great precision and beauty, sketch from nature; and her portfolio was filled with attractive specimens, sketched by her own hand, of landscape scenery, and other picturesque objects which had attracted her eye. This early taste for pictures has ever been to her a source of the purest enjoyment, refining and ennobling the mind, as it also gratifies the senses.

She was instructed in the evidences of Christianity and in the principles of the Christian religion; and it was constantly

impressed upon her mind, that she was to be the queen of professedly a Christian nation, and that her private conduct and public administration must be in accordance with the directions of Holy Writ. Victoria has often given evidence, in later years, of the influence these instructions have retained over her mind and heart, in circumstances of severe temptation. The following anecdote illustrates the devout regard she entertains for the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath: Soon after she ascended the throne, at a late hour on one Saturday night, a nobleman occupying an important part in the government, arrived at Windsor with some state papers. "I have brought," said he, "for your Majesty's inspection, some documents of great importance; but, as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on the time of your Majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning." "To-morrow morning!" repeated the queen. "To-morrow is Sunday, my lord." "True, your Majesty; but business of the State will not admit of delay." "I am aware of that," replied the queen. "As, of course, your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the palace to-night, I will, if those papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their contents after church to-morrow morning." On the morning, the queen and her court went to church; and much to the surprise of the noble lord, the subject of the discourse was on the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath. "How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the queen. "Very much indeed, your Majesty," replied the nobleman. "Well, then," retorted her Majesty, "I will not conceal from you, that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon." Not another word was said about the state papers during the day; but at night, when Victoria was about to withdraw, she said, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please, as early as seven if you like, we will look into the pa-



pers." "I cannot think," was the reply, "of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour. Nine o'clock will be quite soon enough." "No, no, my lord; as the papers are of importance, I wish them to be attended to very early. However, if you wish it to be nine, be it so." At nine o'clock, the next morning, the queen was seated, ready to receive the nobleman and his papers.

We have before stated that the Duke of Kent had but a limited income. He found it very difficult to maintain the style of living corresponding with his rank in life. He died much involved in debt, which he was totally unable to pay. Victoria revered the memory of her father, and often, during her minority, referred to these debts, and longed for the time to come when she should be able to repay those friends who had aided her father in his time of need. As soon as she ascended the throne, she sent to Earl Fitzwilliam and Lord Dundas, who had assisted her father, the full amount of the sums due, accompanied with a valuable piece of plate, to each, as a testimonial of her gratitude. This noble decision of character, and delicate sense of justice, must command admiration.

When Victoria was fifteen years of age, there was a lad of the same age, a relative of the family, on the mother's side, who often associated with her, in her studies and her sports. In those early years a strong attachment grew up between them; and it could not be concealed that Victoria looked upon Prince Albert with more than ordinary affection. When she had attained her eighteenth year, the year of her legal majority, her birth-day was celebrated with the utmost splendor. The bells rang merry peals of joy; the nobility of the empire gathered around the princess, with their congratulations, and St. James' palace was decked with splendor, such as was never seen before. Prince Albert was also there, with throbbing heart, among the first to congratulate Victoria upon the happy event.

Four weeks had not passed away from these festivities, when her uncle, the reigning monarch, William IV., was seized with sudden illness and died, on the 20th of June, 1837. At five o'clock in the morning, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with others of the nobility, arrived at the palace at Kensington, to communicate to Victoria the tidings of her uncle's death, and that she was Queen of England. That day she assembled her first Privy Council. Upwards of one hundred of the highest nobility of the realm were present. It was an imposing and affecting scene. The pen and the pencil have in vain endeavored to do it justice. In the midst of the scarred veterans of war, gray-haired statesmen, judges of the Court, dignitaries of the Church, stood this youthful maiden, with her fragile and fairy form, pale and pensive, and yet graceful and queenly, in her childlike loveliness. And when the herald announced, "We publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Princess, Alexandrina Victoria, is the only lawful and rightful liege lady, and by the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith," the timid and lovely maiden, overwhelmed by the scene, threw her arms around her mother's neck, and wept with uncontrollable emotion. And when her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, her father's younger brother, was about to kneel at her feet to kiss her royal hand, as he took the oath of allegiance, she gracefully placed an affectionate kiss upon his cheek, and with tears streaming from her eyes, exclaimed: "Do not kneel, my uncle, for I am still Victoria, your niece."

In a few days she made her first appearance, as Queen, before the Parliament of Great Britain, the most august assemblage in the world. Statesmen, nobles, ambassadors from foreign courts, thronged the chamber. Victoria entered, not with tall, commanding figure, but as a gentle, sylph-like, fairy child, to win all hearts to tenderness and love. She ascends the throne, and every eye is riveted upon

the youthful Queen. With a clear though tremulous voice, she reads her first address to the statesmen who surround her, so distinctly as to make herself heard to the very farthest part of the House of Lords.

Soon came the hour of coronation. The eyes of England and the thoughts of the civilized world were directed to the scene. Westminster Abbey was decked with gorgeous attractions, such as never that venerable pile had seen displayed before. The rank and beauty of all the courts of Europe, glittering in diamonds and gems of every hue, were there assembled. The maiden Queen, with royal robe and golden diadem, kneeled at the altar, and fervently implored the Divine guidance. And when those aisles and fretted arches resounded with the peel of the organ, as it gave utterance to the sublime anthem, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," there were few among the thousands who crowded the Abbey, who were not affected even to tears.

The marriage with Albert soon followed. The nation approved of the match; and two youthful hearts, drawn together amidst the splendors of a palace by mutual love, were united in the most sacred and delightful of ties. Such espousals seldom occur within the frigid regions of a court. This union has been highly promotive of the happiness of both of the illustrious pair. They are universally respected and beloved, and dwell together in the spirit of harmony and affection, which is rarely experienced by those whose fortune it is to dwell in the cold and cheerless regions of elevated rank and power. But few of the cares of Government rest upon Victoria. The able counsellors who surround her, guide the affairs of state in her name. She has little to do, except to attend to the etiquette of the Court, to present herself as the conspicuous pageant on a gala-day, and to give her signature to those acts of Parliament which are supported by those friends in whom she reposes confidence. The romance of the coronation, and of the bridal

scene, has long ago passed away. The lovely maiden Queen, who arrested all eyes, and won all hearts, is now an affectionate wife, an amiable woman, a care-worn mother. With matronly dignity she cherishes the children who have clustered around her. With exemplary fidelity, she discharges her duties as Queen, as wife, as mother; and she is worthy of the respectful affection she receives from her subjects; for there are few who have ever been seated upon a throne, who are more meritorious in character than Queen Victoria. The accidents of birth have placed her where she is. Strong temptations surround her. Every thing which this earth can furnish, of pomp and pageantry, is arrayed to dazzle her eye. And it is certainly greatly to her credit, that, in the midst of such scenes, she could have maintained her integrity as she has done.

Of Prince Albert, the honored and beloved consort of the Queen, there is but one opinion. His amiable private character, and domestic traits, have ministered unspeakably to the happiness of the queen, and contributed to that most happy and illustrious example of domestic purity and peace, which has won for the Royal Family of England the respect of the civilized world. His exquisite tact and discretion in reference to the exciting political questions and solicitations by which he has been surrounded, are remarkable. Not a word or look of his has ever yet compromised the independence and impartiality of the throne. The bitterest partisanship has found nothing to condemn in the course of the prince. Yet has he not been an idle or indifferent spectator of the active life around him. The charitable, the commercial, and the social movements and interests of the nation have strongly attracted him, and have found in him a wise and efficient patron. The great characteristic event of our era, the International Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, is distinctly traceable to his original suggestion, as well as its final realization to his perseverance and energy of character.

Happy in his family, liberal in views, and unostentatiously benevolent in his feelings, his influence has been signally favorable to morality and religion.

Six children have been added to the happy circle of the Royal Family, whose unbroken good health, admirable order, and amiable dispositions have contributed to render the Royal Family one of England's brightest treasures, and most useful and honorable traits among the nations.





Thomas Chalmers

WALLA WALLA PAPER CO.

1. The first step in the process of the investigation is the identification of the problem. This is done by the investigator, who is usually a member of the research team. The investigator will identify the problem by looking at the data and trying to find out what is going on.

2. The second step is to collect data. This is done by the investigator, who will go out and collect data from the field. The data is then brought back to the laboratory and analyzed.

3. The third step is to analyze the data. This is done by the investigator, who will look at the data and try to find out what it means. The investigator will then write a report about the results of the investigation.

4. The fourth step is to write a report. This is done by the investigator, who will write a report about the results of the investigation. The report will be given to the research team and the investigator will then discuss the results with them.

5. The fifth step is to discuss the results. This is done by the investigator, who will discuss the results with the research team. The research team will then decide what to do next.

6. The sixth step is to decide what to do next. This is done by the research team, who will decide what to do next. The research team will then decide what to do next.

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## THOMAS CHALMERS D.D.

THOMAS CHALMERS was born at the little seaport of Anstruther, in Fifeshire, on the 17th of March, 1780; the sixth child of a family which extended to nine sons and five daughters. His father, John Chalmers, was a ship-owner and general merchant of the port; in state, a sturdy tory; in church, a great stickler for all the ancient ways of Puritanism. His mother, Elizabeth Hall, was the daughter of a wine merchant at Crail. From his great-grandfather, minister of Elie in the same county at the beginning of the last century, and even yet revered in the parish for the traditional kindness of his demeanor, our present subject might have inherited that predisposition for the church which became conspicuous in his earliest childhood.

In listening to some of the narratives of the Bible, his ear had felt the charm that dwells in the cadence of choice and tender words. He was but three years old, when one evening, after dark, he was found alone in the nursery, pacing to and fro, excited and absorbed, and repeating to himself the pathetic lament of David—"O my son, Absalom! O Absalom, my son, my son!" That nursery was a sad scene to the dreamy child, owing to the cruelty and deceitfulness of his nurse, which made him seek refuge in school at an unusually early age. But he seems to have taken little by the change, falling under the sway of a real Creakle, and one whose small ability as a teacher was lessened by blindness.

This sightless tyrant was wont to creep stealthily along behind a row of his little victims, listening for any peccadillo, and visiting it instantly with the ever-lifted rod. Under his severe rule, Chalmers is recollected by his few surviving playmates, as one of the idlest, strongest, merriest, and most generous-hearted boys in Anster school. An old dame still tells how he once sought her ingle for shelter, when a whole storm of muscle shells was flying to and fro from angry little hands, and exclaimed, "I'm no for powder and ball." From this school, before he was twelve years old, he passed with an elder brother to the neighboring university of St. Andrews; and there for some time continued in the same habits, volatile and indolent, fonder of golf and foot-ball than of the class-room, showing no precocity or superiority. It was in his third session, 1793-4, that his intellect first awoke into activity, stimulated by the science of which Wordsworth, in some respects a kindred spirit, has said:

Mighty is the charm  
Of these abstractions, to a mind beset  
With images, and haunted by itself;  
And specially delightful unto me  
Was that clear synthesis, built up aloft  
So gracefully. *Prelude, b. vi.*

But the severity of mathematical reasoning is not unapt to mislead the young mind into a demand for equal demonstration in matters where certainty of the same kind is unattainable, and Chalmers, it would appear, did not escape the seduction. The study of Godwin's *Political Justice* tended further to estrange his views from those held by his father, and in the next few years he passed through those tremulous opinions which, at one time or other, beset most ardent and inquiring spirits, and to which the great French Revolution then gave unusual excitement. But while thus verging towards some form of skepticism, he was ever possessed with

a fervent natural piety ; and if in the Divinity class-room he doubted the professor's sincerity, and suffered his mind to work out a mathematical problem instead of attending to the duty of the hour, out of it he plunged deep into the great treatise of Jonathan Edwards. And while these were the lofty visions of his intellect, the fervor of his heart was shown in the public prayers, which, according to the rule for theological students, he offered up in his turn in the College Hall, attracting a great concourse of strangers to a ceremony in general but little heeded.

In his eighth session, when less residence was required from a student, Chalmers sought to relieve his father from the burden of his maintenance by becoming a private tutor, and left home in May, 1798, to enter upon his new duties. The pathos of leave-taking was relieved by a grotesque incident, for the young student, in the flurry of his emotion, mounted his horse the wrong way, and found himself in the saddle with his face to the tail, so that the peals of laughter took the place of a sadder farewell. His situation proved irksome, owing to the ill-nature of his pupils, and the mean rudeness of their parents ; and after some manly but ineffectual complaints, he resigned the disagreeable employment, and returned to St. Andrew's. There, in July, 1799, he obtained a license as preacher of the gospel, his want of the usual age being overlooked in consideration that, as a friend in the Presbytery expressed it, he was "a lad o' pregnant pairts."

His eldest brother, James, was at this time established in business at Liverpool, and thither Thomas now proceeded on foot, in the hope of making one of five brothers, who reckoned on meeting there after a separation of several years. But William, a midshipman on board an Indiaman, did not come, and was doomed never to see the rest again. Twelve months afterwards, the Queen, then lying at Rio Janeiro, was crept round under dead of night by a boat's crew, who

thrust lighted matches into every port. The ship burnt till she blew up, burying numbers in the deep, and among them the ill-fated William Chalmers. David, another brother, came to the meeting from hazard nearly as great; being also a sailor, and having been taken with his ship by the French, in the West Indies, where he was thrown into a prison, of which the common horrors were heightened by a slave's head being from time to time flung over the wall to terrify the captives. It was at the town of Wigan, on his way to this meeting, that Chalmers preached his first sermon. The discourse was repeated at Liverpool, and, according to his brother James's report, was received with much favor, and thought to augur future success.

After this excursion, the young minister made his abode at Edinburgh, residing with Mr. Cowan, a maternal relative, and taking pupils. The sudden death of Dr. Black, by Lavoisier named the Nestor of chemistry, turned his interest to that science, and he followed it with such zeal as soon to become qualified to guide others in the pursuit. At the same time he attended the lectures of Dugald Stewart and of Dr. Robison; and while he used to describe the first as "made up of detached hints and incomplete outlines, avoiding every topic that involved any difficult discussion," to the very end of his life he expressed his deep obligations to the eminent Professor of Natural Philosophy. From Dr. Robison he acquired that thorough knowledge of the Baconian philosophy which prepared him for the analogous reasoning of Butler, and so supplied the arms by which he finally overcame the doubts that had haunted his earlier years.

The year 1801 saw Chalmers engaged in his first regular ministry, as assistant to Mr. Elliot, at Cavers, in Teviotdale. Twelve months later he secured from the professors at St. Andrew's the presentation to the living of Kilmany, in Fife, then about to become vacant. But being, as yet, unvisited by that high notion of a minister's duties which he after-

wards entertained, he still preferred science to theology. To fill the mathematical chair at the University was the chief desire of his heart. An assistant lectureship in that department was now vacant at St. Andrew's, and this he also obtained. The end of 1802 found him busily engaged in the class-room, and by his enthusiasm making the study of the abstract science scarcely less a play of the fancy than a labor of the intellect. Euclid's elements, for instance, seem far enough removed from the French Revolution; but the lecturer, in glowing language, contrasted the permanence of the one with the self-destroying fickleness of the other, and so warned his hearers against scornfully underrating the labors of their ancestors.

This novel enthusiasm seems to have excited some jealousy among the elder professors, met by Chalmers in a temper scarcely becoming to one so young. But it was the fault of an ardent and straightforward mind, keenly alive to whatever it deemed ungenerous or unjust. Better founded, perhaps, than such jealousy, was his father's anxiety lest his scientific avocations should militate with the claims of his parish. But to this remonstrance he listened with equal impatience, declaring he "liked not those views of religion which suppose that the business, or even the innocent amusements of the world, have a dangerous tendency to unsettle the mind for serious and elevating exercises."

It is needless to say how unpleasing such sentiments must have been to the stanch, old-fashioned Puritan, but he lived to rejoice in a time when the spirit of his son became more in concord with his own.

South of the low range of hills that skirts the Fifeshire side of the Firth of Tay, and in a sequestered, fertile valley, lies the hamlet of Kilmany, with its rustic population of about one hundred and fifty families. Of this rural parish Chalmers was ordained minister by the Presbytery of Cupar, on the 12th of May, 1803. The summer was spent in mak-

ing the manse habitable for himself and two of his sisters; in preparations for the pulpit, and in the visitation of the district, through which he went from house to house, always, in his own favorite phrase, "with his affections flying before him," making himself acquainted with every family, and beloved at every fireside. In the autumn the young minister returned to the now troubled halls of his university. Dismissed from his lectureship at the close of the previous session, on the ground of incompetency, he went back to vindicate his reputation by opening a class of his own in opposition to the established professors. A sharp conflict ensued. Social ostracism and loss of academic privilege waited on the parents and students who were bold enough to countenance the aspiring schismatic. Yet by December he was successfully conducting three mathematical classes, and had opened one for chemistry, while, at the same time, he was preaching regularly at Kilmany. "Deprive me of employment," at this juncture he writes to his father, "and you condemn me to a life of misery and disgust." What could old routine avail against such zeal as this?

Academic triumph was accompanied by parochial jealousy. Some members of the Cupar Presbytery chose to hold this lecturing to be inconsistent with the ministerial office. We know the tenacity of our northern neighbors in such matters. But Chalmers met the attack with indignation all the greater, because his predecessor had been suffered to do unchecked the very thing which in him was to be condemned, and with a spirit of independence not to be withstood. His accusers were put to confusion. Before long he repeated his chemical lectures to his own parishioners, and astonished the old wives of Kilmany by his experiments with bleaching liquids. "Our minister," said one, "is naething short o' a warlock; he is teaching the folk to clean claes but (without) soap." "Ay, woman," quoth another gossip, "I wish he wad teach me to make parritch but meal."

In the beginning of 1805 arose the famous controversy respecting Professor Leslie's appointment to succeed Playfair in the mathematical chair at Edinburgh, and called forth Chalmers's earliest publication. Playfair had stigmatized the clerical profession in Scotland, as being incompatible with eminence in science. The pamphlet in which Chalmers repelled this "cruel and illiberal insinuation," was, long afterwards, used against himself with remarkable effect. In his argument he asserted that "a minister, after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, might enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of science;" and again, that "there was almost no consumption of intellectual labor in the employment of a minister." Twenty years later, when the lawfulness of Pluralities was hotly debated in the General Assembly, and Chalmers, from his then eminence, took a leading part among their opponents, this anonymous pamphlet was quoted in his teeth. Amidst breathless silence, he avowed the authorship. "I confess myself," he said, "to have been guilty of a heinous crime, and I now stand a repentant culprit at the bar of this venerable Assembly." He explained briefly the provocation of his work. "What," he then exclaimed, "is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude, and the proportions of magnitude. But then, sir, I had forgotten two magnitudes. I thought not of the littleness of time; I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity."

But now Britain was invoked to arms against the great tyrant of the Continent, and no voice was louder than Chalmers's in sounding the war-cry. Nor was he slow to make good his words. When the volunteers were organized, he enrolled himself in the St. Andrew's corps, holding a double commission as chaplain and lieutenant, and so realizing the old Puritan junction of the Bible and the sword. It is difficult to conceive the varied activity of his life at this season, the fruit of an energy which never deserted him. Riding



from village to village to lecture, with his chemical apparatus slung over his horse's neck; educating two of his younger brothers; tending the sick-bed of a third, who had laid the seeds of a fatal malady by sleeping on the deck of his ship, in the fatigue caused by a hard-fought action with a French privateer; maintaining his classes at St. Andrew's, and preaching assiduously at Kilmany; he is presented to us in the pages of his son-in-law in every relation and occupation of life, and in all ardent, single-minded, and devoted.

In 1807, his Diary records the events of his first visit to London. On his way we see him minutely noting the details of our manufactures; registering the flora of the new country he traverses; musing rapturously in the gardens of Blenheim; roaming delighted through the learned streets of Oxford; until, at last, he reaches the house of his brother James, at Walworth. We then follow him to all the sights of the metropolis; now hearing the delightful music at Rowland Hill's Chapel; now seeing Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in *Coriolanus*; listening to Sheridan at a Westminster election dinner; at Greenwich Fair, contrasting English gaiety with Scotch sedateness; exulting in the success of Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" at the exhibition, and making the painter's acquaintance; obtaining a condescending notice from Queen Charlotte in the lobby of St. James's; and, not of least consequence to himself, predicting the success of gas-lighting. Again, on his way homewards, we find him telling how "Cambridge smells of learning all over, and he breathes a fragrance most congenial to him; the very women have an air of academic mildness and simplicity; then ascending the tower of York Minster, and acquiring a taste which never quitted him; and finally making a round of visits on Tweedside; prolonging to days calls that were meant to be only of hours, dancing merry reels, forcing his friend Mr. Shaw out of bed to be his substitute at Kilmany, writing a poetical farewell to Teviotdale, preaching a brilliant sermon at Robertson, and closing

an account of his varied progress with the hearty exclamation—"This famous exploit will immortalize us, sir."

We need not pause on Chalmers's next publication in 1808—a treatise on the *National Resources*—in which he first displayed that liking for Political Economy which afterwards became one of his distinguishing traits. Its production was saddened by domestic grief. His brother George, already referred to, had died of consumption; the same ruthless malady now carried off his sister Barbara. The winter that followed was of extreme severity. The 8th of February, 1809, was set apart as a National Fast for the battle of Corunna, and the death of Sir John Moore. Five miles on that day Chalmers walked, through cold and snow, to Kilmany, and preached to the villagers convened in the damp dining-room of the old manse, as eloquent a discourse as any that was heard in the land. Strong influences were now working in his mind. The successive deaths of his brother and sister had brought him, for the first time, face to face with the destroyer, and were quickly followed by that of a maternal uncle, to whom the family was deeply attached. Mr. Ballardie died suddenly and unexpectedly. At the same time two more of Chalmers' sisters showed symptoms of decline, and he himself fell into an illness which confined him to his room for four months.

From this period the biographer dates the beginning of that great change in his subject's heart and mind, which in the language of religious experience is termed *conversion*. But interesting to many persons as would be this part of his history, its devotional character renders it scarcely fitted for detail in our heterogeneous pages. His Diary, lately filled with the gaiety of his London tour, is now devoted to his struggles into a higher atmosphere of piety. It records, with outbursts of deep remorse, every infirmity of temper, every yearning of vanity, every shortcoming of practice.

But there is no affectation, nothing morbid, in these confessions. The writer aims constantly at a cheerful heart. "Let my motto," he says, "be faint but pursuing." And afterwards, looking back upon this time, he tells us that he never knew the state of mind allegorized in the *Pilgrim's Progress* by the Slough of Despond.

Meanwhile, one means of sustaining this cheerfulness was constant occupation. Chalmers had already undertaken some of the scientific articles in Brewster's *Edinburgh Cyclopædia*; after his sister's death he solicited the one on Christianity. The Evidences had long been a favorite theme with him. But his manner of treating the subject in the article now in question exposed him to considerable animadversion, as relying too exclusively upon the external and historical proofs of our faith, and neglecting the internal testimony. Chalmers declined all controversy upon the point; but in process of time his views became considerably modified; and in 1830, among a private circle of friends, he thus declared the change:

"The historical evidences of Christianity are abundantly sufficient to satisfy the scrutinizing researches of the learned, and are within the reach of all well-educated persons. But the internal evidence of the truth lies within the grasp of every sincere inquirer. Every man who reads his Bible, and compares what it says of mankind with the records of his own experience; every man who marks the adaptation of its mighty system of doctrine to his own spiritual need as a sinner in the sight of God, is furnished with practical proof of the divine origin of our religion. I love this evidence. It is what I call *the portable evidence of Christianity*."

The truth seems to be, that the two kinds of investigation are adapted to two different orders of mind; and that while one inquirer will find most satisfaction in the direct, and, as we may say, *legal* proofs; another will profit more

by following the advice given by Lagrange to students perplexed with the metaphysical difficulties of the Differential Calculus,—*Allez en avant: la foi vous viendra.*

With these labors of the closet, Chalmers combined an increasing attention to parochial work. He now thought that this demanded almost his whole time and energy. We find him recording, not always with patience, the details of his intercourse with his flock; his sittings at the bedside of the aged Janet Grieve; the wearisome visits of old John Bonthron, who claimed attention on the score of having seen better days; the more provoking intrusions of Mr. Bataille, a tippling French prisoner of war. We see him busy with the establishment of Sunday schools; with a penny-a-week Bible society; with the Scotch system of pauper relief. We observe the greater care now bestowed upon his sermons, by himself distinguished as short-handers and long-handers—the first being those he prepared within the week for the coming Sabbath: the last, more elaborate and argumentative discourses, which occupied him much longer. Despite the Puritan antipathy to *paper*, he early relinquished the practice of extempore preaching; comparing himself, in this respect, to a bottle containing water and suddenly inverted, which, when nearly empty, discharges itself fluently,—when nearly full, lets out its contents by irregular jets, as if laboring in the effort, and choked by its own fulness. Meanwhile, his manse had been rebuilt, and fitted throughout with pipes ready for the new mode of lighting, which he had observed with such sanguine eyes in London. He was busy laying out the garden, paying therein equal respect to botany and to mathematics, making every bed, an exact geometrical figure, and to each circle and ellipse assigning its particular kind of plant. His hospitality was unbounded, but liable to derangement in the absence of his presiding sister; as befel upon the occasion when lifting the covers, and displaying two dishes of the same sort, he said, “Gentlemen, you have

variety to choose from ; this is hard fish from St. Andrew's, and that is hard fish from Dundee."

In 1812 Chalmers married his favorite sister, Jane, to a gentleman of Somersetshire named Morton, and thus lost the housekeeper who prevented such disasters as that just described. Shortly afterwards, being disappointed in an expected augmentation of his living, he records his satisfaction that this award strengthens his own disinclination to matrimony. Within six months he was himself engaged to Grace, the daughter of Captain Pratt, of the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion, and announced his change of mind to his sister in a letter, sportively comparing his suit for an increase of his stipend to that for the lady's hand, and thus proclaiming his success in the latter process :

"The day on which is decreed the full infestment of Mr. Chalmers, in the property pleaded for and won, is Tuesday, the 4th of August. I ken, Jean, you always thought me an ill-pratted (tricksome) chiel ; but, I can assure you, of all the *pratts* I ever played, none was ever carried on or ended more gracefully."

The wedding accordingly took place on the day here mentioned. "Dr. Greenlaw was the clergyman, in his 90th year. He made a most laughable mistake, which converted a business that is often accompanied with tears, into a perfect frolic. He made me burst out, and set all the ladies tittering. In laying the vows on Grace, what he required of her was, that she should be a loving and affectionate husband, to which she curtsied."

Chalmer's ministry at Kilmany lasted for twelve years. Before the close of that period the fame of his pulpit eloquence had spread over the land, and strangers flocked to his preaching from far and wide. One of his latest efforts was a funeral sermon for an old and cherished college friend, whose life was supposed to be shortened by his gallantry in saving no less than seven lives, one after another, from a ship-

wreck at St. Andrews. The sermon in question was preached on the 30th October, 1814. It was a brilliant autumn day. The numbers present being too great to be accommodated in the church, a window was taken out and a platform raised upon the sill, so that the discourse might be heard both by those within the building and by those who were seated on the tombstones of the churchyard.

Among the preacher's congregation that day were deputies from Glasgow, who came to satisfy themselves of his fitness to fill the pulpit of the Tron Church in their city. He was elected on the 25th of November. But it was not without much reluctance that he accepted the promotion. He entertained great dread of the secular duties imposed upon the clergy in large towns. "The minister," said he, "comes among his people as a clergyman, and they make a mere churchwarden of him." But these scruples vanished in the prospect of increased usefulness, and on the 9th of July, 1815, Chalmers preached his farewell sermon to the parishioners of Kilmany.

A very short residence at Glasgow was sufficient to show him that he had not over-rated the demands that would be made upon his time. Spirit licenses, pedlars' certificates, the town sewers, the hospital diet, a host of such unclerical troubles rose around him, and harassed his life. But Chalmers struggled hard against this, and at last confined it within more reasonable limits. Well, indeed, might a protest against such interference come from him, who spent his time in the most minute personal attention to the individual wants of 10,000 parishioners; who established and sustained a complete system of local schools, under a band of zealous and efficient agents; and who totally reformed the pauperism of the district, reducing its expense from £1400 to £285 per annum.

No public fame diverted Chalmers from his less splendid duties. He desired for himself, and urged upon his adher-

ents, another kind of popularity, "one if not as proud at least more peaceful, the popularity that is found in the bosom of families and at the side of death-beds;" and he indignantly denounced the high and far-sounding popularity, felt, by all who have it, to be more oppressive than gratifying, which, with its head among thorns, and its feet on the treacherous quicksands, has nothing to lull the agonies of its tottering existence but the hosannahs of a drivelling generation.

Our space confines us to a slight and general view of Chalmers' ministerial life during the eight years in which he filled, first the Tron Church, and afterwards St. John's. We need not now pause on those well-known and magnificent "Astro-nomical Discourses," which at the busiest hour of the day drew round his pulpit all the commercial industry of Glasgow; which, published simultaneously with the *Tales of my Landlord*, ran an almost equal race with those wondrous stories, and might show how far Puritanism had departed from the unfair portraiture of "Old Mortality;" which disarmed the fastidiousness of Hazlitt and fascinated the enthusiasm of Canning; and which everywhere broke the lines that had long separated the literary from the religious public. Such triumphs seem, in retrospect, to have afforded the preacher a less sensible pleasure than the thought of the poor Camlachie weaver, raised by his efforts to the hope of eternal life. "Doctor," said the expiring convert, lifting his Bible from the bed, "will you take this book from me as a token of my inexpressible gratitude?" "No, sir," Chalmers answered, after a moment's hesitation. "No, sir; that is far too precious a legacy to be put past your own son—give it to your boy."

But through all this labor of the minister, and amidst all this fame of the preacher, the fresh and genial spirit of the man carries us delightfully along. In the journal-letters addressed first to his wife, and in the course of a few years to his daughters, his whole nature is laid bare. We see him

revisiting the scenes of Fyfeshire; guiding the tottering steps of his aged father; tracing for Mrs. Chalmers' pleasure all the details of her old home at Kilmany; calling from house to house upon his former parishioners; preaching again from the church window, and having a part of his notes carried away by the breeze. We follow him to London, and find him creating a perfect fury of excitement; the chapel where he is to preach filled for hours before the time of service; the audience comprising the whole eminence of metropolitan society. "All the world," writes Wilberforce, "is wild about Dr. Chalmers." "The tartan," says Canning, "beats us all." At home at Glasgow we perceive him "expatiating" among the sick and dying; "quarter-decking along the south front of Mr. Harley's grounds;" feasting on strawberries and cream at Mr. Falconer's; "taking his rounds among his dear websters, and winders, and cart-drivers and brush-makers;" showing the lions of the city to Lord and Lady Elgin; troubled by ladies with "plum-jelly operations;" plagued with social jealousy for not visiting; imposed on by mendicants on pretence of religious difficulties. And then beneath his own roof, we see him surrounded by his children, "feeling the cat and kitten principle most powerfully;" "greatly fashed with the restlessness of the bairns upon the sofa;" "put into a perfect fry with their most incessant and ungovernable locomotion;" or found by an elder and deacon of his church busy on the floor at play with the same loved little ones.

But an entirely new sphere of usefulness was soon to open before him, of a kind which he valued above any other. "A professorship," he frequently said, "is a higher condition of usefulness than an ordinary parish." In January, 1823, a unanimous vote of the professors at St. Andrew's invited him to occupy the chair of moral philosophy beneath his old Alma Mater. He had previously refused church promotion, both at Stirling and at Edinburgh, but the present offer was irresistible. Yet the parting was painful on both sides.—



Remonstrance, and even reproof, were not wanting to change the preacher's mind, but were used in vain. His farewell sermons were delivered on the 9th of November, and so great was the crush, that soldiers were required to prevent the crowd from injuring themselves in their eagerness. On the Tuesday following 340 of the principal citizens entertained their late minister at a parting dinner. "So gracefully," observes the biographer, "did Glasgow surrender to St. Andrew's what St. Andrew's had originally bestowed."

Five years of activity, indefatigable as ever, ensued—of activity cheered and sustained by the scenes among which it was exercised. He immediately displayed his usual independence by departing from the prevailing mode of making metaphysics the first object of attention. His lectures were confined to a strictly ethical course, in the first part of which he treated of "the moralities which reciprocate between man and man on earth; in the second, of those which connect earth with heaven." His eloquence soon attracted numerous attendants beside the regular students, but he always protested that it was no part of his business to "serenade the connoisseurs," and maintained the discipline of the class-room with a high hand against any occasional impertinence of a *petit maitre* of quality.

His pen too was active during these five years. Besides completing his work on the *Civic Economy of Large Towns*, he published, in 1827, his treatise on *Church and College Establishments*, described by the *Quarterly Review* as "one of the most vigorous and eloquent defences of such endowments that ever issued from the press."

In 1827, the Marquis of Lansdowne spontaneously offered Chalmers the crown living of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, one of the most desirable in Scotland. He had scarcely declined it, when Dr. Ritchie, Professor of Divinity in the University of the same city, resigned his office; and the Town Council and magistrates, again lay patrons, unanimously elected Dr. Chalmers to succeed him. With a deep sense of responsi

bility he accepted the post; received many a flattering testimonial from his pupils and friends at St. Andrew's; and on the 3rd of November, 1828, took his last leave of his much-loved Alma Mater—of the Links where he had been wont to relax his professorial dignity in a hearty game of golf, and of the house which, as he was fond of telling, had once been the abode of the celebrated Buchanan, and was also the scene of that dinner at which Dr. Johnson said—"Sir, I came to Scotland, not to eat good dinners, but to see savage men and savage manners, and I have not been disappointed."

His career in his new chair was but a repetition of previous triumphs; while out of it his course was marked by the like active participation in every movement of the day. Having already in the General Assembly of 1828 proposed a vote of thanks to Government for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, he now appeared as the staunch supporter of Catholic Emancipation.

In the eventful year 1830, Chalmers made two visits to London; the first to give evidence before the House of Commons' Committee upon the Irish Poor Law; the second, as one of the Edinburgh deputation, to congratulate King William IV. upon his accession. An agreeable diary, kept in somewhat Boswellian style by Mr. J. J. Gurney, presents us with lively notices of the great preacher's intercourse with society at this time, and records his opinions of the stirring events of the day. We find him surveying the new French Revolution with an almost prophetic eye, and declaring that upon such efforts to regenerate mankind, "God will set the stamp of a solemn and expressive mockery." The journal letters in which he narrates his adventures when absent from home, are addressed in regular rotation to Anne and to Eliza, to Margaret, Helen and Fanny; and lucky he says in one such series, will she be whose turn brings her the account of that presentation at court to which we have already alluded. Miss Margaret proved to be the fortunate young lady. Not

a few of these letters were written in Roman characters, for the benefit of a little one who could not yet read running-hand, but who would enjoy spelling out for herself the news of papa; and in all of them we feel that open cordiality of temperament which must have made the friendship of Dr. Chalmers a rare treasure. In a subsequent series, written in 1833, he recounts his travels to view the English cathedrals, and make the ascent of their towers, an ambition he had conceived years before at his first visit to York Minster. Grave and gay prevail by turns in this delightful correspondence; and we might fill pages with captivating extracts,—showing how to Anne, her father, in a passage reminding us of a famous chapter in the well known *Bubbles*, describes the politics of the pig-market at Bradford Fair; how, for Eliza, who was addicted to punning, he strings together the most execrable witticisms in that sort which it was ever our lot to encounter. Helen receives the narrative of his ascent of the lofty church-tower in the fen-country, irreverently known as “Boston Stump,” and also, in print, an account of the renowned “Great Tom” of Lincoln. Margaret has the description of Chatsworth, and, among the waterworks there, of that “squirting tree” which the young Princess Victoria liked best of all the marvels of the scene. Turning from these levities, we might exhibit Dr. Chalmers in friendly intercourse with our prelates, graciously received by Archbishop Howley at Lambeth; dining at Fulham with Bishop Blomfield, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of Gloucester and Lincoln; and again conversing familiarly at Norwich with the venerable Bishop Bathurst. We might show him among the learning and science assembled at Cambridge for the meeting of the British Association, lodged next to the Queen’s Gateway in Trinity, “lulled to sleep by the vesper bells which charmed the ears of Bacon, Milton, and Newton.” We might quote his vivid descriptions of the wonders of the Peak, or of Haddon Hall, or of Dover Castle.

We have no room to narrate the rise and progress of the celebrated Non-intrusion controversy, nor to indicate Chalmers' part in the stirring scenes to which it gave rise. We can only allude to that dramatic scene in which the Free Church had its birth, in 1883.

The General Assembly met on the 18th of May. From four in the morning, St. Andrew's Church, its place of sitting, was thronged by an anxious and excited multitude. At noon, Lord Bute, the Royal Commissioner, held his levée in Holyrood Palace. A portrait of William III., that adorned the throne-room, fell to the ground during the pomp. "There," cried a voice, "there goes the Revolution settlement!" From Holyrood the commissioner proceeded in state to the High Church, where the sermon was preached by Dr. Welsh, the moderator of the Assembly. Nine hours of expectation had strained the feelings of the multitude at St. Andrew's, when they were relieved from suspense. The moderator entered and took the chair. Speedily the Lord High Commissioner was announced, and received by the whole audience standing. Solemn prayer was offered up. Then Dr. Welsh rose, "Fathers and brethren," he began, and so amid breathless silence read the protest announcing the secession. Having finished, and laid the document on the table, he turned to withdraw; Dr. Chalmers, who had been standing beside him, apparently lost in abstraction, now roused by his movement, hastily followed. Ministers and elders, man by man, and row by row, succeeded. A cheer broke from the galleries, but was hushed again immediately. In a short time the benches on the left were almost deserted: more than 400 ministers, and a still larger number of elders, had withdrawn. In long procession they wound through the streets to the new hall prepared for them at Canongate. Lord Jeffrey was reading in his quiet room, when a friend entered with the news. His book was flung aside, and springing to his feet "I am proud of my country," he ex-

claimed; "there's not another country upon earth where such a deed could have been done." Such was the origin of the Free Church of Scotland. In the first year of its existence it raised funds exceeding £300,000, and built nearly 500 churches; and its success is still undiminished.

In the spring of 1847, Chalmers journeyed to London, to give evidence before the Committee of the Commons respecting Church Sites. After a pleasant sojourn in the metropolis, Chalmers visited his sister, Mrs. Morton, at her home near Bristol, rejoicing to stay a few hours at Oxford on his way, and then returned to Edinburgh, where he arrived on Friday the 28th of May. On the following Sunday evening, at home amidst his children, it was observed that he was even unusually bland and benignant. Requesting a brother minister then present to conduct family prayer, "I expect," he said, "to give worship myself to-morrow morning." Immediately afterwards he withdrew, waving his hand, and saying, "A general good night." They were his last words. The next morning he was found sitting half-erect in his bed, his head reclining gently on his pillow, the expression of his countenance that of fixed and majestic repose. It was plain that his death had been wholly without pain or conflict. His spirit had departed in peace.





*ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN.*

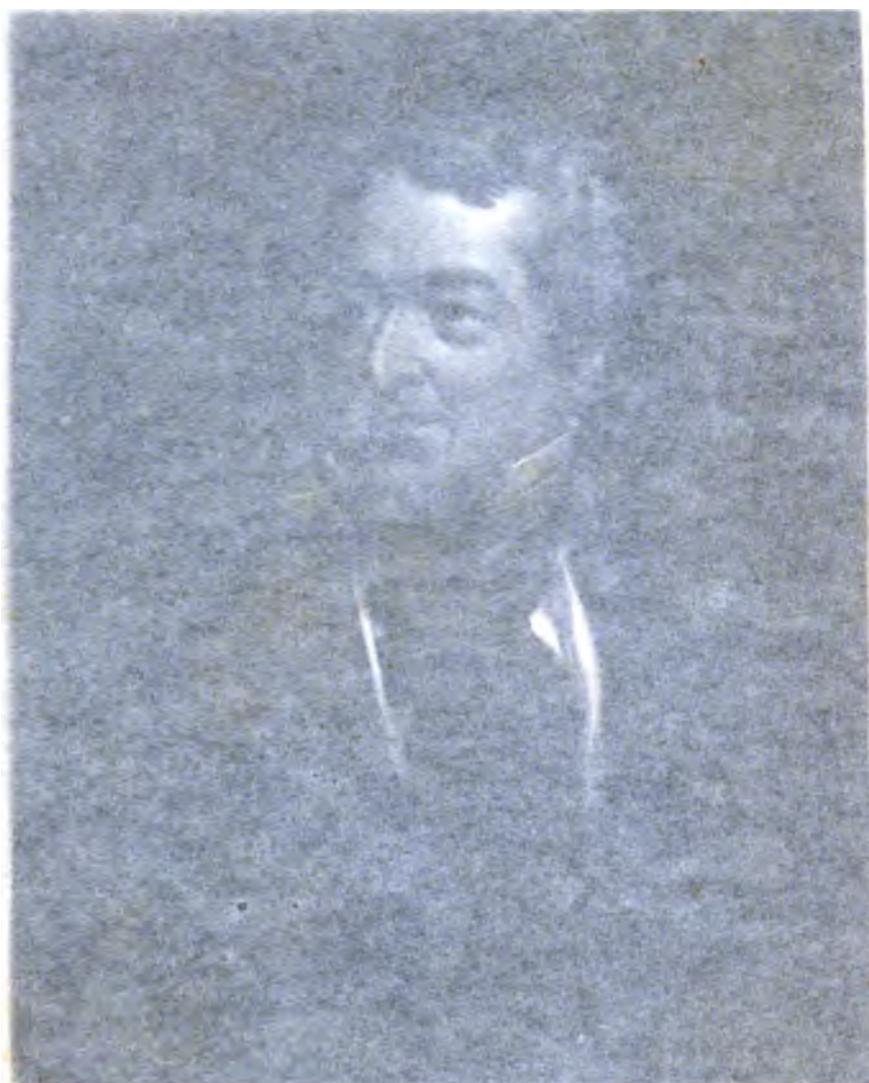
SIR ROBERT PEEL.

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A few public characters of modern times have risen so speedily and so universally from obscurity, which is usually the result of the success of industry, as the late eminent British statesman, Sir Robert Peel. A self-made man, owing his elevation and his influence to his influence of rank or patronage, and labouring under the prejudice attaching in many, if not most minds, to labour and its necessities, he became the most potent, as he was acknowledged to be one of the wisest, of the modern sages of the British empire. His father was a practical working tinsmith, who amassed a fortune by lucky discoveries in salted printing. The son, never forgetful nor ashamed of his humble origin, steadily refused all the honours which were offered him, and lived and died, with all access to the most exalted rank, a commoner. His sudden death called forth a spontaneous and universal burst of grief, and through the spite of party resentments had for the moment exalted him from power, all parties, as well as all civilized nations, felt that in his death, the most practical and talented living statesman had been removed.

The whole character of this eminent man may be summed up in the word *practical*. His tact, wisdom and sagacity were ever conspicuous. In his long career there have been many true doctrines which he may be said of him as of hardly any other.





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The whole character of this eminent man may be summed in the word *practical*. His tact, wisdom and large sagacity, were ever conspicuous. In his long career there may have been many true doctrines which he never preached, but it can be said of him as of hardly any other man, he never

preached one in vain. He never recommended an object as desirable which he did not live to realize. The great moral of life is that talking is only useful when it facilitates action, and that the art of statesmanship consists not in enunciating doctrines, but in wisely and actually governing.

The Duke of Wellington, in announcing his death, selected only one quality of his friend for praise, as that which had most strongly impressed him. "He always told the truth. I do not believe that, in the whole course of his life, he ever made an assertion which he did not believe to be the fact." Thus the straight-forward, time-honored soldier speaks of the much reviled "Traitor of Tamworth;" not in accordance, perhaps, with common opinion, and to the surprise even of many admirers of the deceased. There was no charge more constantly brought against him by his opponents than that of verbal sophistry and willful obscurity of language. The subtlety which they denounced as cunning, the careful ambiguity which seemed a preparation for trimming, the reserve which sometimes covered itself with a cloud of phrases as a safer concealment than silence, were all rather excused than denied by his adherents, who could not themselves but sometimes smile at the balancing of reciprocally destroying negatives in his periods, and the safe and catholic generality of the truisms to which he publicly pledged himself. "Poor Peel!" said a great moral humorist once, "who so often acts the truth, and seems destined never to speak it." Once, when he was asked to explain his intentions as a landlord, he replied, that if a deserving tenant applied to him for a lease, he would not pledge himself to abstain from hesitating long before he refused to take the proposal into consideration. At another time he informed the House of Commons, with the air of a candid convert to a paradoxical novelty, that he must, whatever might be the consequences, express his belief that Louis Philippe, then in the height of his prosperity, was the greatest monarch who

had ruled over France—since the time of Napoleon. Nevertheless, we believe that the Duke of Wellington is as correct in his judgment as he is sincere in uttering it, and he at least “never made an assertion which he did not believe to be the fact.” In his own case, he would probably have answered the inquiry as to the management of his estate, by an announcement that the “Field Marshal considered the question impertinent;” and of Louis Philippe he would have said nothing, unless he had something to say. Yet Sir Robert Peel, in fact, said the same, though in a manner less intelligible and less dignified. The promise, as to the leases, will be found by eliminating the equation to import, that he would act as might seem expedient when the case occurred; and the proposition as to the King of the French amounted to an elaborate and articulate nothing. It is by no means the uniform duty of a statesman to gratify public curiosity. When inopportune, it may be more dignified to rebuke it; but Sir Robert found it more popular, perhaps more amusing, to baffle it, while he formally complied with it: nor must we forget that it is sometimes a part of secresy to withhold the admission that there is a secret. When he wished to convey a fact, or to communicate an opinion, no man was less liable to misconception. His language was cloudy only when it dwelt on matters which, however clear to himself, were not fitted or not ripe for parliamentary inspection. Of his future intentions, he would speak in well-turned periods, which left his hearers wondering at his communicativeness, and at their own incapacity to profit by it, till at last they acquiesced in the modest conviction, “that all they knew was—nothing could be known.” When, on the other hand, he had a difficult and complicated subject to explain, he got rid at will of his abstract phrases and of his double negatives. His budget speeches are master-pieces of lucidity; and the House will long recollect the relief which it felt in monetary discussions, when his famous question of “What

is a pound?" with its plain-spoken materialistic solution, used to sweep away the foggy masses of Birmingham financial metaphysics, like a sudden shift of wind to the north.

Sir Robert Peel's qualifications as a speaker have, on the whole, been justly appreciated. He had little capacity for that elevated rhetoric, which like every other form of eloquence, reached its perfection in Demosthenes; but he had a quality for which the great Athenian orator was equally distinguished—a thorough understanding of his audience, and a steady view to practical results. His voice was musical and powerful, but his action was eminently ungraceful, and his perorations were sometimes more pompous than impressive: on the other hand, his arrangement of topics was admirably skillful, his memory unailing, and his readiness as a debater seldom equalled. His playfulness was happier than is commonly supposed, and it was all the more effective from its general reference to the familiar conventionalities of Parliament. His transient allusions to individuals, his smiles, and gestures, and quotations, used to convulse the House with laughter, which seemed unaccountable when reported in the newspapers. The professional nature of his jokes, perhaps, deprives him of some of the credit which he deserved. They served their purpose at the time; and success is the best test of the rhetorical fitness of humor, if not of its intrinsic value. It may be, also, that in Parliament, as in every private circle, there is as much genuine playfulness exercised in dealing with ancient jests and accustomed associations, as in conceiving the more recondite and startling combinations which are recognized as specimens of humor by the world at large. Where information was required, no statesman of his time was equally capable of supplying it, nor could any contemporary orator adapt himself better to the temper of his audience; but in style, the sole preservative of speeches or of writings, his rhetoric was altogether deficient. His greatness as a speaker must rest on the solid basis

of success. For twenty years, among able reasoners and brilliant declaimers, some of them his superiors in every assignable quality of an orator, he led the House with a recognized superiority to all parliamentary competitors, of which no example had been offered since the time of the elder Pitt.

The circumstances and personal demeanor of Sir Robert Peel were well calculated to strengthen his influence in the country. The recent elevation of his family by manufacturing prosperity, while it appealed to the sympathy of the most active and rising section of the political community, seemed to account for the untiring and business-like industry of his habits, and for his consummate familiarity with the mysteries of trade and of finance. A more real support, however, was added by the possession of a princely fortune, administered in perfect accordance with the tastes and customs of Englishmen, and furnishing him with the means of moving on an equal level with the most powerful class of the aristocracy. If some of the body, in anger or in jealousy, confided to their sycophants their incurable distrust and dislike for the blood of the cotton-spinner, he was not the less surrounded by the homage which rank in this country prudently pays to wealth and substantial power. The ablest living politician, born a millionaire, was careful to present, in his own person, to his social equals, the type of the wealthy English gentleman of the nineteenth century. The first who ever took double honors at Oxford, he possessed the classical accomplishments which the traditions of his youth attributed to the statesmen of the past generation, perhaps in higher perfection than any of them. We have no doubt that he knew Greek better than Pitt or Fox; perhaps he knew it better than Grenville or Canning. In later life, he appropriated, with ready tact, the popular sciences which modern taste prescribes to the enlightened aristocrat. Political economy he practised rather than talked; but the applauding

public saw among the list of his guests the geologists and the agricultural chemists, and rejoiced to know that its favorite ruler solaced his leisure with the studies or the conversation which instructed and amused itself. Artists also, and men of letters, were flattered by his notice, and repaid it by the credit which their society conferred on his taste and judgment. His character, however, as a landlord and a farmer came nearer to the hearts of his countrymen. The importance which he attributed to his celebrated short-horn bull, gave rise to much justifiable laughter; but his prelections on green crops, and his extensive system of draining, secured to him the respect of a class which practically believes the long-preached doctrine, that the substitution of two blades of grass for one is better than all the achievements of political philosophy. Nor was he deficient in the lighter accomplishments which become the country squire. He was unfortunately not a bold or skilful rider, and we are not aware whether he had cultivated the art of fishing, in which he must have been eminently qualified to excel; but he was well known as a keen and killing shot, and his zeal as a game preserver is said to have sometimes conflicted inopportunely with his devotion to the interests of the farmer.—Whatever propensities to innovation existed in his nature were directed to serious political ends; in all his personal habits, both from inclination and prudence, he conformed to established custom; and in the avoidance of all religious or irreligious extremes, as well as in the uniform propriety and decorum of his domestic character, he reflected and shared the virtues which are most esteemed by the strongest and steadiest portion of the community.

The portions of his public career which have been most diligently canvassed are the two great changes in opinion which he underwent, and effected in practice, with respect to Catholic Emancipation and the Corn-laws. In 1829 he held only the second place, although he incurred almost all the

odium which was heaped on the lately Protestant Cabinet. It is remarkable that the Duke of Wellington, while he justly obtained the chief credit of the patriotic change over-awed by the weight of his character the scurrility of his irritated opponents. The accusations of falsehood and meanness were reserved for Peel alone, while his lofty colleague was assailed with such harmless missiles as raving insinuations of his treasonable designs on the Crown. The ex-member for Oxford had his own conscience alone to console him for the invectives of the crowd, and the anger of his alienated friends. He might foresee that calmer reflection would exonerate him from the charge of interested motives in resigning the leadership of a powerful party, and opening the way to a speedy downfall of a Ministry which had appeared to be destined for permanence; but it was impossible to blind himself to the fact, that the reputation and power which he had been building up for more than twenty years was destroyed, and that the public belief in his consistency and political foresight was rudely, if not irrevocably, shaken. There can be no doubt that he deserved censure, not for consenting to the Catholic Relief Bill, in 1829, but for opposing it in previous years. The reasons for the change had become little stronger, and the benefits to be obtained by it had been, in a great measure, sacrificed by delay. The excuse for his conduct is, that he was grown wiser by experience, and the best compensation for his error was the self-sacrificing courage with which he redeemed it. The bitter resentment which punishes the desertion of a party by its leader was about the same time curiously contrasted with the general tolerance for the mere change of opinion, especially in the popular direction. Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston, with the rest of Canning's immediate followers, veered round on the more important question of Parliamentary Reform as directly as Peel had done with respect to the Catholics, at the same time that the Duke of Richmond took his seat with



Lord Ripon in the Cabinet directed by Lord Grey. We censure neither the change itself nor the indifference with which it was generally regarded; but the remembrance of similar profitable gyrations may well have served to mitigate the anger expressed for the apostate, who was, at least, a martyr to his apostacy.

The struggle of the Reform Bill restored him in a short time to the command of his alienated party. He contended with abundant vigor and ability against the change which had become inevitable; but the experience of very few following years must have convinced him of the error of his judgment. If personal ambition had been his ruling motive, he would have rejoiced to see that while he was relieved from his old dependence on the borough-owners of his party, a new class of politicians had risen into importance, of whom he was eminently qualified to be the leader. We cannot doubt that on public grounds, when his early apprehensions were removed by time, he appreciated the security which the Constitution had derived from the excision of abuses, which were even more dangerous by the scandal which they justly caused, than by the practical evils which they produced. To his individual fame and greatness the passing of the Reform Bill was greatly serviceable. He was relieved from a barren combat, in which he might have wasted his life by the defence of an untenable position, or compromised his reputation by deserting it at last. He had mistaken the merits of the dispute while it lasted; but he at once, and apparently alone, understood the practical result. He saw the resources which still remained to the defeated party, and determining, at once to reorganize it, he relieved it from the crippling traditions which confined it to the office of mere indiscriminate resistance.

Notwithstanding the success which rewarded his ten years' opposition, and the brilliant reputation which he acquired by his six months' tenure of office in 1834-5, it is,

perhaps, a subject for regret that for so long a period his administrative activity was suspended, and the practical statesman absorbed in the party leader. From the moment of his return to office, he devoted himself wholly to the country. His followers complained, not unnaturally, that, after making them his instruments for acquiring power, he had forgotten their interests as a party. The gulf which separated him from them in the autumn of 1845, had been threatening to open long before. The bold imposition of the Income-tax, accompanied by the Customs' reductions of 1842, was not the measure which might have been expected from the champion of the aristocracy of the land. The more extensive reform of the tariff, which he effected two years later, was recommended by the success and popularity of the changes which preceded it, and facilitated by the commencement of a period of general prosperity and confidence. It was not until 1845 that disaffection among his adherents openly burst forth, on the Minister's determination to substitute a permanent endowment for the annual grant to Maynooth. Many well-meaning zealots were scandalized at the slight supposed to be offered to Protestantism; and an occasion or an excuse was afforded for the brilliant acrimony of Mr. D'Israeli, and the persevering hostility of the *Times*. Still the bulk of the party adhered, though dissatisfied, to their leader. A minority of them cordially approved his policy, and waited in hope for its development. The remainder knew the futility of opposition on minor points to a Minister who never propounded a measure without resolving to establish it by law.

It would be useless to speculate on the motives which finally determined Sir Robert Peel to abolish the Corn-laws. It is probable that the moment selected for the change was decided, as he always afterwards declared, by the failure of the potato crop in Ireland. The formidable organization of the Corn-law League may not have been without its influence

on his policy ; but we incline to the belief that the success of his own commercial reforms produced the most decisive effect on the peculiar constitution of his mind. In defending his changes of the tariff, he had been compelled again and again to enforce the main axioms of political economy ; and the sophistry involved in his defence of the Corn-laws as an exceptional case, must every day have proved more painful. Habitually attentive to facts, he required experimental proof before he became an entire convert to the Free-trade theory ; but a few tangible results, produced by himself, relieved him from all farther hesitation. It was painful to confess a long course of error, and to be alienated from the great body of his friends and supporters ; and yet, when he determined on his final change of policy, there must have been a consolation to a generous mind in the reflection that he could personally only suffer loss from the resolution which was to confer benefits so signal on his country. Mean opponents, in the belief that his wealth consisted chiefly of personal property, insinuated a suspicion that his object was to lower the price of land, in anticipation of becoming afterward a purchaser. The son of a duke was not ashamed to ask, in the House of Commons, for the particulars of his private fortune, pretending to believe, or, more basely still, believing, that the acting sovereignty of England had been willfully bartered for an increase of ten or fifteen per cent. on an already enormous income. To the duty of carrying out his new convictions, Sir Robert Peel deliberately sacrificed the party leadership which he had so long possessed, and the office in which he was apparently fixed for life without fear or competition. His opponents had shortly before professed the same change of opinion, when nothing else could secure them in power ; he changed when nothing else could endanger it. They had occupied, in common with him, an untenable position ; but when both moved in the same direction, they fell back on the bulk of their forces ;

he, moving in advance, was separated from his. Thus it was that the same change in one party was applauded as a master-piece of strategy, in the other, was branded as desertion. The country at large, apart from the conflicting camps, viewed the rivals with more impartial justice. He who could only lose by changes was not sacrificed to those who, though equally honest in their convictions, could only gain by yielding to them. But there was a more important distinction between the converted Minister and those who had preceded him, in their abandonment of the Corn-laws. Whoever might denounce the grievance, he was known to have the power to remove it; and accordingly, six months after the public declaration of his resolution, the anomaly disappeared from the statute-book.

The dignity and patriotism of his conduct, after retiring from office, have been generally and justly acknowledged. He could not, perhaps, deny to himself that there was some foundation for the reproaches and the anger of his alienated friends. It had been one of the greatest errors of his political life to meet the party move of the fixed duty in 1841 by a successful party resistance. The penalty of the blunder was justly inflicted when, after five years, he fully redeemed it. The vulnerable parts of his conduct were eagerly fastened upon by his assailants, and the nourishment which they found was sufficient to pamper into sudden bulk two parasitical Parliamentary reputations. The hard-mouthed invectives of Lord George Bentinck, and the brilliant sarcasms of Mr. D'Israeli, derived all their interest and importance from the greatness of their intended victim. The survivor, once an undervalued man of genius, can feel but a qualified satisfaction in the applause which was refused to his polished eloquence when it advocated large and generous theories, and lavishly conceded to his witty expositions of party disappointment, and his skill in tormenting and persecuting obnoxious greatness.

It has been justly remarked that part of Sir Robert Peel's power was founded on the very slowness of his progress. In the development of his political views, he represented the changes which took place during his lifetime in public opinion and feeling. Neither lagging behind nor venturing far in advance of the general progress of the age, he was able to understand, and guide, and realize the tendencies by which he was himself influenced. The principal test of his individual greatness is to be found in the constant enlargement of his character; somewhat narrow in youth, and in maturity only an abler and more judicious partisan, he gradually expanded, by experience and reflection, into a generous and comprehensive statesman. It is not uncommon for early vivacity to condense, as youthful spirits disappear, into worldly keenness and commonplace; and many instances will have occurred to a thoughtful observer of the genial influence of time on pedantry and formality, when it arises from a narrow education, and not from a prosaic nature. Prudence and decorum have sometimes their wild oats to sow, and leave the ground clearer after a preliminary crop of prejudices. By far the greater number contract with age; but the larger and stronger natures expand, as Peel's expanded, by observation, and still more by action. Attentive from the first to his immediate duties, he was rewarded for his diligent inspection of what was near him by a constantly increasing circle of vision. His character was strong enough to correspond with the enlargement of his intellectual views; and he had the courage to follow his convictions when they were bold and new, as he had acted upon them when they were recommended by the traditions and practice of the teachers and colleagues of his youth. Even his outward appearance corresponded in its development to his mind. The sagacious but common-place countenance of his earlier manhood was marked, as he advanced in years, by a peculiar expression of refined and somewhat playful acuteness. The ready adap-

tation of his features to the purposes of not unfriendly or disrespectful caricature, was chiefly facilitated by the more recent traits of countenance to which we refer. A faithful portrait conveyed so much of his character, that the slightest exaggeration immediately represented the humorous or satirical purpose of the artist. No caricaturist could have made him look dull, or silly, or intemperate; but his sagacious look was easily converted into a glance of triumphant slyness, or sometimes of complacent superiority. By far the best portraits of him which remain are to be found among the sketches of *HB.* and of *Punch.* We hope that, among the various memorials which are to be erected in his honor, there will be found at least one which may preserve the memory of his features, and be worthy of its subject and of the country; but even if our artists add another failure to the long list of our national shortcomings, we have no fear that history will fail to do justice to an honest and generally successful statesman. The emotion which has been occasioned by his death is honorable to the character of the country, and to himself it constitutes a memorial so noble and befitting a worthy ruler,

“That kings for such a tomb might wish to die.”

## ALFRED TENNYSON.

"A haunting music, sole, perhaps, and lone  
Supportress of the faery roof, made moan  
Throughout, as fearing the whole charm might fade."—KEATS.

"Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,  
But feeds on the aerial kisses  
Of shapes that haunt thoughts' wildernesses.  
He will watch from dawn to gloom  
The lake-reflected sun illumine  
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,  
Nor heed nor see what things they be;  
But from these, create he can  
Forms more real than real man—  
Nurslings of immortality."—SHELLEY.

THE name of Alfred Tennyson is pressing slowly, calmly, but surely—with certain recognition, but no loud shouts of greeting—from the lips of the discerning along the lips of the less informed public to its "own place" in the stony house of names. That it is the name of a true poet, begins to be everywhere acknowledged; and he now stands upon the firm ground of an universal recognition of his genius, after no worse persecution than is comprised in the charges of affectation, quaintness, and mannerism. But little is known of his personal history, more than that he is the son of a clergyman of Lincolnshire, England; that he went through the usual routine of a University Education at Trinity College, Cambridge; that he is one of a large and gifted circle of



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ENGRAVED BY J. SARTON.

*A. Linnyson*



brothers and sisters still living; that his chief social characteristic is a strong disposition to avoid general society, preferring to sit up all night talking with a friend, or else to sit and think alone. Beyond a very small circle he is never to be met. There is nothing eventful in his biography, and need not restrain us from the brief view of his qualities and excellences as a poet, which we now propose to give.

Perhaps the first spell cast by Tennyson, the master of so many spells, he casts upon the ear. His power as a lyrical versifier is remarkable. The measures flow softly or roll nobly to his pen; as well one as the other. He can gather up his strength, like a serpent, in the gleaming coil of a line; or dart it out straight and free. Nay, he will write you a poem with nothing in it except music, and as if its music were everything, it shall charm your soul. Be this said, not in reproach, but in honor of him and of the English language, for the learned sweetness of his numbers. The Italian lyrists may take counsel, or at once enjoy,

“Where Claribel low lieth.”

But if sweetness of melody and richness of harmony be the most exquisitely sensuous of Tennyson's characteristics, he is no less able to “pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone,” for certainly his works are equally characterized by their thoughtful grace, depth of sentiment, and ideal beauty. And he not only has the most musical words at his command, but he possesses the power of conveying a sense of color, and a precision of outline by means of words, to an extraordinary degree. In music and color he was equalled by Shelley, but in *form* clearly defined, with no apparent effort, and no harsh shades or lines, Tennyson stands unrivalled.

Tennyson may be considered generally under four different aspects—developed separately or in collective harmony, according to the nature of his subject—that is to say, as a poet of fairy-land and enchantment; as a poet of profound

sentiment in the affections, (as Wordsworth is of the intellect and moral feelings;) as a painter of pastoral nature; and as the delineator and representer of tragic emotions, chiefly with reference to one particular passion.

With regard to the first of these aspects of his genius, it may be admitted at the outset that Tennyson is not the por-trayer of individual, nor of active practical character. His characters, with few exceptions, are generalizations, or refined abstractions, clearly developing certain thoughts, feelings, and forms, and bringing them home to all competent sym-pathies. Those critics who have seized on the poet's early loves—his Claribels, Lilians, Adelines, Madelines—and com-paring them with real women, and the lady-loves of the actual world, have declared that they were not natural beings of flesh and blood, have tried them by a false standard. They do not belong to the flesh-and-blood class. There is no such substance in them. They are creatures of the elements of poetry. And for that reason, they have a sensuous life of their own; as far removed from ordinary bodily condition as from pure spirit. Standing or seated, flying or floating, laughing or weeping, sighing or singing, pouting or kissing, they are lovely under-bodies, which no German critic would for a moment hesitate to take to his visionary arms.

In the description of pastoral nature in England, no one has ever surpassed Tennyson. The union of fidelity to nature and extreme beauty is scarcely to be found in an equal degree in any other writer. He is generally as sweet, and fresh, and faithful in his drawing and coloring of a landscape, as the prose pastorals of Miss Mitford, which is saying the utmost we can for a possessor of those qualifications. But besides this, Tennyson idealizes, as a poet should, wherever his sub-ject needs it—not so much as Shelley and Keats, but as much as the occasion will bear, without undue preponderance, or interfering with the harmony of his general design. His landscapes often have the truthful ideality of Claude, com-

bined with the refined reality of Calcott, or the homely richness of Gainsborough. The landscape painting of Keats was more like the back-grounds of Titian and Annibal Carracci; as that of Shelley often resembled the pictures of Turner. We think the extraordinary power of language in Shelley sometimes even accomplished, not only the wild brilliancy of coloring, but the apparently impossible effect, by words, of the wonderful aerial perspective of Turner—as where he speaks of the loftiest star of heaven “pinnacled dim in the intense inane.” But with Tennyson there is no tendency to inventiveness in his descriptions of scenery; he contents himself with the loveliness of the truth seen through the medium of such emotion as belongs to the subject he has in hand. But as these emotions are often of profound passion, sentiment, reflection, or tenderness, it may well be conceived that his painting is of that kind which is least common in art. The opening of “*Ænone*” is a good example, and is a fine prelude to love’s delirium, which follows it.

“There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier  
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.  
 The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,  
 Puts forth an arm and creeps from pine to pine,  
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand  
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down  
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars  
 The long brook falling through the clov’n ravine  
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.”

The frequent tendency to the development or illustration of tragic emotion is illustrated in his “*Dirge*,” the “*Death of Love*,” the “*Ballad of Oriana*,” the “*Supposed Confession*,” and “*Mariana*,” all of which are full of the emotions and thoughts which lead directly, if they do not involve, tragic results. The same may be said of the following poems: the “*Lady of Shalott*,” “*Eleanore*,” “*Ænone*,” the “*New-Year’s Eve*,” and the “*Sisters*.”

The "Sisters" is a ballad poem of six stanzas, each only four lines, with two lines of a chorus sung by the changeful roaring of the wind "in turret and tree"—which is made to appear conscious of the passions that are at work. In this brief space is comprised, fully told, and with many suggestions beyond, a deep tragedy.

The story is briefly this. A youthful earl of great personal attractions seduces a young lady of family, deserts her, and she dies. Her sister, probably an elder sister, and not of equal beauty, had, apparently, also loved the earl. When, therefore, she found that not only had her love been in vain, but her self-sacrifice in favor of her sister had only led to the misery and degradation of the latter, she resolved on the earl's destruction. She exerted herself to the utmost to attract his regard; she "hated him with the hate of hell," but, it is added, that she "loved his beauty passing well," for the earl "was fair to see." Abandoning herself in every way to the accomplishment of her purpose, she finally lulled him to sleep, with his head in her lap, and then stabbed him "through and through." She composed and smoothed the curls upon "his comely head," admiring to see that "he looked so grand when he was dead;" and wrapping him in a winding-sheet, she carried him to his proud ancestral hall, and "laid him at his mother's feet."

We have no space to enter into any psychological examination of the peculiar character of this sister; with regard, however, to her actions, the view that seems most feasible, and the most poetical, if not equally tragic, is that she did not actually commit the self-abandonment and murder; but went mad on the death of her sister, and imagined in her delirium all that has been related. But "read the part" how we may, there never was a deeper thing told in briefer words.

The later poems of Tennyson have exemplified more strikingly his tendency to, and his power in, the treatment of tragic subjects. The one most penetrating to the heart, the

most continuous, and most persevered in with passionate intensity, so that it becomes ineradicable from the sensibility and the memory, is "Locksley Hall." The story is very simple; not narrative, but told by the soliloquy of anguish poured out by a young man amid the hollow weed-grown courts of a ruined mansion. He loved passionately; his love was returned; and the girl married another—a dull, every-day sort of a husband. The story is a familiar one in the world—too familiar; but in Tennyson's hands it becomes invested with yet deeper life, a vitality of hopeless desolation. The sufferer invoking his betrayer, her beauty and her falsehood, by the memory of their former happiness, says that such a memory is the very crown of sorrow:

"Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,  
In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.  
Like a dog he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,  
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.  
Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,  
To thy widowed marriage-pillow, to the tears that thou shalt weep.  
Thou shalt hear the 'Never! never!' whispered by the phantom years,  
And a song from out the distance, in the ringing of thine ears;  
And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain."

\* \* \* \* \*

Of similar character and depth of tone is the poem of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," who impelled to suicide one of the victims of her heartless beauty. The long-drawn music of her very name is suggestive of the proud pedigree to which she was ready to offer up any sacrifice. For continuity of affectionate tenderness and deep pathos in the closing scene, we should mention "The Lord of Burleigh," and the idyl of "Dora," the style of both being studiously artless, the latter, indeed, having a scriptural simplicity which presents a curious contrast to the poet's early manner.

We cannot pass by our especial favorite, *The Lotos-Eaters*. This is poetry of the very highest order—in every way charm



ing—subject and treatment both. The state of mind described, is one which every cultivated mind will understand and enter into, and which a poet, in particular, must thoroughly sympathize with—that lassitude which is content to look upon the swift-flowing current of life, and let it flow, refusing to embark thereon—a lassitude which is not wholly torpor, and which has mental energy enough to cull a justification for itself from all its stores of philosophy—a lassitude charming as the last thought, before sleep quite folds us in its safe and tried oblivion. No need to eat of the Lotos, or to be cast upon the enchanted island, to feel this gentle despondency, this resignation made up of resistless indolence and well-reasoned despair. Yet these are circumstances which add greatly to the poetry of our picture. To the band of weary navigators who had disembarked upon this land—

“Where all things always seemed the same—  
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

IV.

“Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,  
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave  
To each; but whoso did receive of them,  
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
Far, far away, did seem to mourn and rave  
On alien shores! and if his fellow spake,  
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave,  
And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,  
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

V.

“They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;  
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore  
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,

Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
 Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'  
 And all at once they sang, 'Our island home  
 Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'"

## CHORIC SONG.

## I.

"There is sweet music here, that softer falls  
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,  
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls  
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;  
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,  
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;  
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.  
 Here are cool mosses deep,  
 And through the moss the ivies creep,  
 And in the stream the long-leav'd flowers weep,  
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

## II.

"Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,  
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
 While all things else have rest from weariness?  
 All things have rest: why should we toil alone?  
 We only toil, who are the first of things,  
 And make perpetual moan,  
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown:  
 Nor ever fold our wings,  
 And cease from wanderings,  
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;  
 Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings—  
 'There is no joy but calm!'  
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?"

\* \* \* \* \*

## IV.

"Hateful is the dark-blue sky,  
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.  
 Death is the end of life; ah! why  
 Should life all labor be?"

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
 Let us alone. What is it that will last?  
 All things are taken from us, and become  
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.  
 Let us alone. What pleasures can we have  
 To war with evil? Is there any peace  
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave?  
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave  
 In silence—ripen, fall, and cease:  
 Give us long rest, or death, dark death, or dreamful ease!"

## VI.

"Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,  
 And dear the last embraces of our wives,  
 And their warm tears: but all hath suffered change;  
 For surely now our household hearths are cold:  
 Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:  
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.  
 Or else the island princes over-bold  
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings  
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,  
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.  
 Is there confusion in the little isle?  
 Let what is broken so remain.  
 The gods are hard to reconcile:  
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.  
 There is confusion worse than death,  
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
 Long labor unto aged breath."

## VIII.

"We have had enough of action, and of motion, we  
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,  
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.  
 Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,  
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined,  
 On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind."

There are no qualities in Tennyson more characteristic

than those of delicacy and refinement. How very few are the poets who could equally well have dealt with the dangerous loveliness of the story of "Godiva."

"Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,  
The grim Earl's gift ; but ever at a breath  
She lingered, looking like a summer moon  
Half-dipt in cloud : anon she shook her head,  
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee  
Unclad herself in haste ; adown the stair  
Stole on ; and like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached  
The gateway," &c.

The mind which can force up a vital flower of ideality through the heavy fermenting earth of human experiences, must have a deep intellectual root and active life. Among these experiences we must of course include those inner struggles of the soul with its own thoughts ; dealings with the revelations that seem to come from other states of existence ; difficult contests between the mortal promptings and resistances that breed so many doubts and hopes, and things inscrutable ; and thoughts that often presents themselves in appalling whispers, against the will and general tone and current of the mind. Tennyson's intellectual habit is of great strength ; his thoughts can grow with large progressive purpose either up or down, and the peculiarity is that in him they commonly do so to a "haunting music." No argument was ever conducted in verse with more admirable power and clearness than that of the "Two Voices." The very poetry of it magnifies itself into a share of the demonstration ; take away the poetry and the music, and you essentially diminish the logic.

Tennyson's most recent and most characteristic poem, is the strangely beautiful and ideal tribute to the memory of

his departed friend, the son of the historian Hallam, to whom he was bound by many of the most sacred ties of life. This poem, entitled simply "In Memoriam," has touched a chord in the heart of the age to which the responsive echoes of admiration and fame will long abide. We should fail to convey any adequate portraiture of the genius or character of the poet were we to omit a reference to some of the spiritual and beautiful creations in which it abounds. With these references, our remarks upon Tennyson shall close, yet not before they shall have conveyed to the reader the impression in which the world is fast concurring, that the Laureate's wreath now rests, by right, upon the foremost poet of our era.

The friendship which this sadly beautiful tribute commemorates, began in college, and made more dear and intimate in the intercourses of a home in the country, is thus delicately pencilled to the eye.

"He brought an eye for all he saw ;  
 He mixt in all our simple sports ;  
 They pleased him, fresh from bawling courts  
 And dusky purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,  
 Immantled in ambrosial dark,  
 To drink the cooler air, and mark  
 The landscape winking through the heat ;

\* \* \* \*

O bliss, when all in circle drawn  
 About him, heart and ear were fed  
 To hear him, as he lay and read  
 The Tuscan poets on the lawn :

Or in the all-golden afternoon  
 A guest, or happy sister, sung,  
 Or here she brought the harp and flung  
 A ballad to the brightening moon.'

The "happy sister" was to have been the bond of their

love. How beautifully this is told, and how lovely the vision of this life of related companionship !

" When I contemplate all alone,  
The life that had been thine below,  
And fix my thoughts on all the glow  
To which thy crescent would have grown ;

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,  
A central warmth diffusing bliss  
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,  
On all the branches of thy blood ;

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine ;  
For now the day was drawing on,  
When thou should'st link thy life with one  
Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Had babbled ' Uncle ' on my knee ;  
But that remorseless iron hour  
Made cypress of her orange flower,  
Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

What reed was that on which I leant ?  
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake  
The old bitterness again, and break  
The low beginnings of content."

The deepest interest of these poems is in the strivings of the spirit to hold converse with the dead, to conceive aright the nature of the unseen ties that may still connect the loving and faithful of each world, and through the heart to reason against and set aside the fear of widening separation between souls in different conditions of existence, and subject perhaps to different laws and measures of spiritual growth.

There is no more common trepidation of the heart, than that new and inconceivable modes of existence may so deprive us of all fellowship " in the links that bind the changes" of the dead, that never can we be truly mated again. The fear belongs to the speculative, not to the spiritual nature.

It is powerfully put in one of these poems, and nobly answered in the next.

"I vex my heart with fancies dim :  
 He still outstript me in the race ;  
 It was but unity of place  
 That made me dream I rank'd with him.

And so may Place retain us still,  
 And he the much-beloved again,  
 A lord of large experience, train  
 To riper growth the mind and will :

And what delights can equal those  
 That stir the spirit's inner deeps,  
 When one that loves, but knows not, reaps  
 A truth from one that loves and knows ?"

Again how true to love, and therefore to God, is the strong desire for personal identity and recognition, though compelled to struggle with spiritual trusts and weapons against some of nature's signs of individual decay ! There is something spiritual even in the constancy with which he clings to the "eternal form" that shall still individualize, "divide the eternal soul from all beside," as a protest and protection against the heartless mockery of any "remerging in the general Soul."

"The wish that of the living whole  
 No life may fail beyond the grave ;  
 Derives it not from what we have  
 The likest God within the soul ?

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
 That Nature lends such evil dreams ?  
 So careful of the type she seems,  
 So careless of the single life ;

That I, considering everywhere  
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
 And fin ling that of fifty seeds  
 She often brings but one to bear ;

I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my wait of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs,  
That slope through darkness up to God ;

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope."

The fears and doubts that issue out of the perishableness of our bodies and the sins of our souls, are worthily extinguished by the cries of the heart, and the prophecies of the spirit accredited by Faith as God's own voice and word. That faith is itself not the evidence, but the reality of a divine nature in us.

"Oh, yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood :  
  
That nothing walks with aimless feet ;  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete :  
  
That not a worm is cloven in vain ;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.  
  
Behold ! we know not anything ;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring."

This subservience of Knowledge to Faith appears from first to last as the poet's confidence, for he everywhere takes the knowledge of the Heart as that margin of experience, of



real contact with God, which gives strength and ground to trust the infinite unknown. Thus in the prefatory poem:—

“ Our little systems have their day ;  
 They have their day and cease to be ;  
 They are but broken lights of thee,—  
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;  
 For knowledge is of things we see ;  
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
 A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
 But more of reverence in us dwell ;  
 That mind and soul, according well,  
 May make one music as before,

But vaster.”

How truly religious is this noble affirmation of the rights of the Heart to have its experiences and testimonies taken for the holy pledges of God !

“ If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,  
 I heard a voice, 'Believe no more,'  
 And heard an ever-breaking shore  
 That tumbled in the Godless deep ;

A warmth within the breast would melt  
 The freezing reason's colder part,  
 And like a man in wrath the heart  
 Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt.' ”

This faith can spiritually subdue all the outward and material evidences of decay and annihilation—the worm and the grave, but it cannot subdue the hunger of the heart for renewed personal communication. If it could, indeed, it would subdue the heart itself, the basis of Faith, for what redemption of His pledges could God owe to us, if it could become to us a matter of indifference whether our affections

fed on phantoms or realities? It is unsatisfied desire that promises the future.

"I wage not any feud with Death  
For changes wrought on form and face ;  
No lower life that earth's embrace  
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,  
From state to state the spirit walks ;  
And these are but the shatter'd stalks  
Or ruined chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I death, because he bare  
The use of virtue out of earth ;  
I know transplanted human worth  
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere."

There are two pieces which we wish to bring into immediate connection : the difference between all earthly partings and that parting which places the great gulf of death between us and our friend ; and the spiritual qualifications for any feeling of communion with the dead :—

"Could we forgot the widow'd hour  
And look on Spirits breathed away,  
As on a maiden in the day  
When first she wears her orange-flower !

When crown'd with blessings she doth rise  
To take her latest leave of home,  
And hopes and light regrets that come  
Make April of her tender eyes ;

And doubtful joys the father move,  
And tears are on the mother's face,  
As parting with a long embrace  
She enters other realms of love ;

Her office then to rear, to teach,  
 Becoming as is meet and fit  
 A link among the days, to knit  
 The generations each with each ;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given  
 A life that bears immortal fruit  
 In such great offices as suit  
 The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern !  
 How often shall her old fire-side  
 Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,  
 How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,  
 And bring her babe, and make her boast,  
 Till even those that miss'd her most,  
 Shall count new things as dear as old :

But thou and I have shaken hands,  
 Till growing winters lay me low ;  
 My paths are in the fields I know,  
 And thine in undiscover'd lands."

---

"How pure at heart and sound in head,  
 With what divine affections bold  
 Should be the man whose thought would hold  
 An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
 The spirits from their golden day,  
 Except, like them, thou too canst say,  
 My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,  
 Imaginations calm and fair,  
 The memory like a cloudless air.  
 The conscience as a sea at rest ;

But when the heart is full of din,  
And doubt beside the portal waits,  
They can but listen at the gates  
And hear the household jar within."

We must draw these extracts to a close. The key-note of the whole poem is struck at the beginning:—

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
I feel it when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

And the same sentiment seeks strength to sustain and justify itself in the last prayer:—

"O living will that shalt endure  
When all that seems shall suffer shock,  
Rise in the spiritual rock,  
Flow through our deeds and make them pure,  
  
That we may lift from out the dust  
A voice as unto him that hears,  
A cry above the conquer'd years  
To one that with us works, and trust  
  
With faith that comes of self-control  
The truths that never can be proved,  
Until we close with all we loved,  
And all we flow from, soul in soul."

Though Tennyson often writes, or rather sings apparently from his own personality, you generally find that he does not refer to himself, but to some imaginary person. He permits the reader to behold the workings of his individuality, only by its reflex action. He comes out of himself to sing a poem, and goes back again; or rather sends his song out from his shadow under the leaf, as other nightingales do; and refuses to be expansive to his public, opening his heart on the hinges of music, as other poets do. We know nothing of him ex-

cept that he is a poet ; and this, although it is something to be sure of, does not help us to pronounce distinctly upon what may be called the mental intention of his poetry. Tennyson gives one the idea of a poet who is not in a fixed attitude ; not resolute as to means, not determined as to end—sure of his power, sure of his activity, but not sure of his objects. We seem to look on while a man stands in preparation for some loftier course—while he tries the edge of his various arms and examines the wheels of his chariots, and meditates, full of youth and capability, down the long slope of glory. He constantly gives us the impression of something greater than his works. And this must be his own soul. He may do greater things than he has yet done ; but we do not expect it. If he do no more, he has already done enough to deserve the lasting love and admiration of posterity.

•





ENGRAVED BY J. BANTLEY — THE ORIGINAL BY J. HILLIER

THE END OF THE WORLD

[illegible]

1. The first step in the process of the formation of the new state is the declaration of independence. This is a process that is often a result of a long and difficult struggle. The process of the formation of the new state is often a result of a long and difficult struggle.

These findings suggest that the use of a VLSI-based architecture for processing signals with narrow bandwidths is not only feasible but also offers significant advantages over conventional architectures. With careful design and implementation, VLSI-based architectures can provide a cost-effective and efficient solution for signal processing applications.

the same time, the network was able to  
re-establish contact with the other





## MISS PARDOE.

MISS PARDOE is the second daughter of Major Thomas Pardoe, of the Royal Wagon Train, an able and meritorious officer, who, after having partaken of the hardships and shared the glories of the Peninsular campaigns, concluded a brilliant military career on the field of Waterloo, and has not since been engaged in active service. It is but doing bare justice to this amiable and excellent man to say that he was as much beloved by the men whom he commanded, as he was popular among his fellow-officers, and his honorable retirement is still cheered by the regard and respect of all who have ever known him.

Miss Pardoe gave promise, at a very early age, of those talents which have since so greatly distinguished her. Her first work, a poetical production, was dedicated to her uncle, Captain William Pardoe, of the Royal Navy, but is not much known, and though exhibiting considerable merit, will hardly bear comparison with her more mature and finished productions. The earliest of her publications which attained much notice, was her "Traits and Traditions of Portugal," a book which was extensively read and admired. Written in early youth and amid all the brilliant scenes which she describes, there is a freshness and charm about it, which cannot fail to interest and delight the reader.

The good reception which this work met with, determined the fair author to court again the public favor, and she pub-

lished several novels in succession—"Lord Morcar," "Hereward," "Speculation," and "The Mardyns and Daventrys." In these it is easy to trace a gradual progress, both in power and style, and the last-named especially is a work worthy of a better fate than the generality of novels. But we are now approaching an era in the life of Miss Pardoe. In the year 1836 she accompanied her father to Constantinople, and struck by the gorgeous scenery and interesting manners of the East, she embodied her impressions in one of the most popular works which have for many years issued from the press. "The City of the Sultan" at once raised her to the height of popularity. The vividness of the descriptions, their evident truthfulness, the ample opportunities she enjoyed of seeing the interior of Turkish life, all conspired to render her work universally known and as universally admired. This was speedily followed by "The Beauties of the Bosphorus," a work, like "The City of the Sultan," profusely and splendidly illustrated, and this again by "The Romance of the Harem."

Miss Pardoe's powers of description and habits of observation, appeared to point out to her her line of literature, as peculiarly that of recording the wonders of foreign lands, and a tour which the family made through the Austrian empire, enabled her to give the world the results of her observations on Hungary in that excellent work, "The City of the Magyar," a work now more than ever deserving of public notice—less gay and glittering than "The City of the Sultan," her work on Hungary exhibits deeper research; its statistics are peculiarly accurate; and it is on all hands admitted to be one of the best books of travel ever submitted to the public.

A very short time after the publication of this work, appeared "The Hungarian Castle," a collection of Hungarian legends in three volumes, interesting on all grounds, but especially as filling up a very little known page in the legendary history of Europe.

About this time, Miss Pardoe, finding her health suffering from the too great intensity of study and labor to which she had subjected herself, retired from the great metropolis, and has since resided with her parents in a pleasant part of the county of Kent. The first emanation from her retirement was a novel entitled "The Confessions of a Pretty Woman," a production which was eagerly read, and rapidly passed into a second edition. In due course of time this was followed by another—"The Rival Beauties." These tales are more able than pleasing; they are powerful pictures of the corruptions prevalent in modern society, and bear too evident marks of being sketches from the life. We have placed "The Rival Beauties" out of its proper order, that we may conclude by a notice of those admirable historical works on which Miss Pardoe's fame will chiefly rest: her "Louis the Fourteenth," and "Francis the First." The extremely interesting character of their times admirably suited Miss Pardoe's powers as a writer, and she has in both cases executed her task with great spirit and equal accuracy. The amount of information displayed in these volumes is really stupendous, and the depth of research necessary to produce it, fully entitles Miss Pardoe to take a very high rank among the writers of history.

Her style is easy, flowing, and spirited, and her delineations of character as vivid as they are just; nor would it be easy to find any historical work in which the *utile* is so mingled with the *dulce*, as in those of Miss Pardoe.

She has just issued "A Life of Mary de Medici," a subject extremely suited to her pen.

Miss Pardoe, entering early the field of authorship, has borne a conspicuous and honorable part in that noble exemplification of woman's mission in literature, which the female prose writers of Great Britain of the present century have made. The number, genius, and success of these writers have created a new and interesting era in English literature,

in which many of the time-honored maxims respecting the relative ability of the sexes have been slowly undergoing a process of correction. Time was when the gallant suggestion of the great Peasant-poet, that Nature "tried her 'prentice hand on man," before venturing on the finer task of fashioning woman, was accepted only as a sportive caprice of fancy; the sort of playful resignation of superiority which threw Samson at the feet of Delilah, and made Hercules put aside his strength—

"Spinning with Omphale—and all for Love!"

And even yet, with all the proofs of intellectual vigor and compass, and the fruits of genius which enrich our literary treasures, the gifts of female hands, it is one of the rare feats of generosity to which but few attain; for men, when serious, are not gallant to admit women to an intellectual equality with themselves. The prevalent opinion long has been, and, to a great extent, still is, that women are inferior to the grosser sex in respect of intellect; and if in any degree that opinion has been modified, and adjusted to a more reasonable and defensible estimate of the relative intellectual strength of the two sexes, it is to the contributions of such writers as Miss Pardoe, which unite historic research with the splendors of fancy, and the masculine labor of the scholar with the delicacy and finish of woman's touch, in no small degree, that the result has been attained.

The question of the intellectual superiority as between the sexes, is one of great delicacy, and on which there is likely always to be much diversity of opinion. We very much doubt whether sufficient *data* exist for any safe or confident decision; for the position of women in society has never yet been—perhaps never can be—such as to give fair play to their capabilities. It is true, no doubt, that none of them have attained the very highest eminence in the highest departments of intellect. They have had no Shakspeare, no Ba-

con, no Newton, no Milton, no Raphael, no Mozart, no Watt, no Burke; but, while this is admitted, it is surely not to be forgotten, that these are the *few* who have carried off the high prizes to which the millions of *men* were equally qualified by their training and education to aspire, and for which, by their actual pursuits, they may be held to have been contending; while the number of *women* who have had either the benefit of such training, or the incitement of such pursuits, has been comparatively insignificant. When the bearded competitors were numbered by thousands, and the smooth-chinned by scores, what was the chance of the latter?—or with what reason could their failure be ascribed to their inferiority as a class?

With this consideration distinctly borne in mind, it is nevertheless curious, and perhaps suggestive in reference to the question of equality, to observe, that in some departments of intellectual exertion, especially in those that demand either a long preparation, or a protracted effort of pure thought, women have never yet attained a rivalry with the stronger sex. By this we do not prejudice the question of superiority. We assume no general organic inferiority: we simply assert an organic *difference*. Women, we may be truly disposed to admit, are substantially equal in the aggregate worth of their endowments, without admitting that they are identical. They may be equal without being alike. Many of their endowments are specifically different. Mentally, as well as bodily, there seem to be organic diversities; and these must make themselves felt whenever the two sexes come into competition.

The grand function of woman, it must always be conceded, is, and ever must be, maternity; and this we regard as not only her distinctive characteristic, and most enduring charm, but as a high and holy office—the prolific source, not only of the best affections and virtues of which our nature is capable, but also of the wisest thoughtfulness, and most useful habits

of observation, by which that nature can be elevated and adorned. But, with all this, it is hardly deniable that it must essentially interfere both with that steady and unbroken application, without which no proud eminence in science can be gained—and with the discharge of all official or professional functions that do not admit of long and frequent postponement. All women are intended by nature to be mothers; and by far the greater number—not less, we suppose, than nine-tenths—are called upon to act in that sacred character; and, consequently, for twenty of the best years of their lives—those very years in which men either rear the grand fabric, or lay the solid foundations of their fame and fortune—women are mainly occupied by the cares, the duties, the enjoyments, and the sufferings of maternity. During large parts of these years, too, their bodily health is generally so impaired, or so precarious, as to incapacitate them for any strenuous exertion; and, health apart, the greater portion of their time, thoughts, interests, and anxieties, are, or ought to be, centered in the care and the training of those committed so helplessly to their charge. But how could such occupations consort with the intense and unremitting studies which seared the eyeballs of Milton, and, for a time, unsettled even the powerful brain of Newton? High art and science always require the whole man; and never yield the great prizes but to the devotion of a life. But woman's life, from her cradle upwards, is otherwise devoted; and those, whose lot it is to expend their best energies, from the age of twenty to forty, in the cares and duties of the domestic relation, have but slender chances, were there no other obstructions, of carrying off these great prizes. It is the same with the high functions of statesmanship, legislation, generalship, judgeship, and other elevated stations and pursuits, to which some women, we believe, have recently asserted the equal pretensions of their sex. Their still higher and indispensable functions of maternity afford the answer to all such claims. Now, if it be

said that these considerations apply only to wives and mothers, and ought not to carry along with them any disqualification of the unmarried, it should be remembered, that so far as the natural specific diversity between the sexes is concerned, the unmarried are the exceptions, and not the rule. Nature qualifies, and apparently designs, all women for the domestic function. It is impossible to know who are to escape that destiny, till it is too late to begin the training necessary for artists, scholars, or statesmen. On the other hand, the argument of man's superiority, derived from his obvious physical superiority, is hardly tenable. It is not the physical strength that woman lacks, in the contest for the highest honors of the intellectual arena, but opportunity. The law of her being interferes with the devotion requisite to obtain them. Physical strength bears but a slight relation to mental power, in any case. In the great contentions of man with man, it has not been physical strength that has generally carried the day; and it is an especially significant fact, that it is precisely in that art which demands least employment of physical force—viz., music—that the apparent inferiority of woman is most marked and unaccountable. Indeed, music suggests an embarrassing topic to those who maintain the mental equality of the sexes. It is true, that of all kinds of genius, the genius for music is the least akin to, and the least associated with, any other. But, on the other hand, it is an art that is cultivated by women more extensively than by the other sex, and in which, so far as mere taste and execution are concerned, many more women than men are found to excel. But while superiority of execution is undeniable, it is not a little remarkable, that, as composers, women have never attained any distinction. They have often been great as performers—whether with the impassioned grandeur of a Pasta and a Viardot, or with the perfect vocalization of a Lind or a Sontag—whether pianists, as Camille, Pleyel—violinists, such as Madame Flipowicz, or the little Milanols—



yet in musical composition they are absolutely without rank. We can understand their not creating the stormy grandeur and tumultuary harmonies, the gloom and the enchanting loveliness of a Beethoven, since to that height women have never attained in any art; but that no one among them should yet have rivalled the moonlight tenderness and plaintive delicacy of a Bellini, is remarkable as well as suggestive.

It is in literature, however, that women have most distinguished themselves; and, probably, because hundreds have cultivated literature, for one that has cultivated science or art. Their list of names in this department is a list that would rank high among the greater lights of the other and more boastful sex. Madame de Staël was certainly as powerful a writer as any man of her age or country; and whatever may be the errors of George Sand's opinions, she is almost without a rival in eloquence, power and invention—Mrs. Hemans, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Baillie, Miss Austen, Mrs. Norton, Miss Milford, Miss Landon, poets and descriptive writers, second only to the first-rate men of their day; while in the severer path of historic research and composition, Miss Strickland, Miss Pardoe, Miss Martineau, and Miss Kavanagh are exhibiting traits which possess some unquestionable points of superiority over those of the other sex. They would have been better than they were, if they had been more independent, and relied more completely upon their characteristic power and traits as women. That which irretrievably condemns the whole literature of Rome to the second rank—imitation—has also kept down the literature of woman. The Roman only thought of rivalling the Greek—not of mirroring life in his own nationality; and so women, thus far in the literary history of the sex, have too often thought but of rivalling men. Wherever this imitation has least existed, and women have least followed men, and spoken more as women, as in Fiction, their success has been greatest. Not to mention other names, surely no man has surpassed

Miss Austen as a delineator of common life. Her range, indeed, is limited, but her art is perfect. She does not touch those profounder and more impassioned chords which vibrate to the heart's core—never ascends to its grand or heroic movements, nor descends to its deeper throes and agonies; but in all that she attempts, she is uniformly and splendidly successful.

It is curious too, and worthy of a passing remark, that women have achieved success in every department of fiction but that of humor. They deal, no doubt, in sly humorous touches often enough; but the broad provinces of that great domain are almost uninvaded by them: beyond the outskirts and borders, they have never ventured to pass. Compare Miss Austen, Miss Ferriar, and Miss Edgeworth, with the lusty mirth and riotous humor of Shakspeare, Rabelais, Butler, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, Dickens, or Thackeray. It is like comparing a quiet smile with the inextinguishable laughter of the Homeric gods! So, also, on the stage. There have been comic actresses of incomparable merit—lively, pleasant, homorous women—gladdening the scene with their airy brightness and gladsome presence; but they have no comic energy. There have been no female Munden, Liston, Matthews or Keeley—there has hardly been a Burton in petticoats. Perhaps a suggestion, in reference to the question—not of equality—but of organic and essential diversity, may be derived from this evident lack of humor.

In historical composition women begin to equal the excellence which they have attained in fiction; and for the same reason, confining themselves to those kinds of historic writing which bring most into play the peculiarly feminine qualities, they have shown less dependence, and therefore attained greater success. In picturesque biography, or the minute description of those lights and shades of events which the stately tread of the historian is apt to pass over, but which, after all, are necessary to complete the picture of affairs and

men as they really are, the genius of woman seems particularly adapted. The biographical and historical portraiture of English annals which Miss Strickland has furnished, and of French affairs and men which Miss Pardoe has contributed to our literature, have hardly an equal in delicacy and minuteness of painting, and life-like reproduction of the scenes described. We hope that this field of literature may be taken under the special guardianship of woman; her traits and talents fit her for eminence and success in it.

As we have said, Miss Pardoe's fame rests upon her historical works. It is understood that her tastes and theories now are almost exclusively in that direction; the world may perhaps be favored with still better exemplifications of woman's promise and power in literature from her accomplished pen. Her portrait would indicate that much of life yet remains to her for the achievement of greater fame and usefulness.





HUPAGE: 1855.

1855: 1855.

NICHOLAS, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

[illegible]

gust, 1831; and, 7th, the Grand Duke Michael Nicholae-witsch, born 25th October, 1832.

As the third son of the Emperor Paul I., the present emperor did not appear destined to ascend a throne which was occupied by his brother Alexander, and which would on his demise become the property of the next son of Paul I., the Grand Duke Constantine, provided the Emperor Alexander should leave no issue. Removed also by his youth from those scenes of warfare and bloodshed which involved Europe in so much misery from the commencement of the first French revolution until 1815, he was on the conclusion of peace at that epoch only nineteen years of age, and had passed all his younger years in serious studies and quiet enjoyment. After peace had been finally proclaimed, the young prince travelled in France, Germany, and England, accompanied by his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, and paid much attention to the political and social institutions of all the lands which he visited. Attached from his earliest life to solid and important studies, he passed his time in a manner worthy of one thereafter destined to take so distinguished a part in the world's history; and although at that period of his being he had no right to anticipate that he would become the monarch of Russia, he was fully justified in his belief that high destinies awaited him, and that he might at least exercise great influence over society in Russia.

History, the higher branches of the mathematics, and the sciences, were the objects of his peculiar study, and his mind was strengthened and developed by his profound and continuous application. From the time of his marriage in 1817, he resided in his palace of Anitschkoff, and took no part whatever either in political or governmental affairs. Suddenly, in Nov. 1825, the Emperor Alexander died, regretted by all his subjects, as he was pre-eminently loved. On the arrival of the intelligence at Warsaw, the viceroy assembled the public authorities and the regiments in garrison, and re-

quired that they should take the oath of allegiance to the Cesarewitsch Nicholas, their new emperor. He sent similar orders into all the provinces of his government, directing the same regulations to be observed. He had two years previously renounced his right to the crown of Russia, and now when the moment had arrived for fulfilling his voluntary engagement, he was faithful to his previous declaration. The reason why the Grand Duke Constantine so acted has never been *officially* announced, but it has been generally attributed to the fact that having married a Polish lady, the daughter of a private Polish gentleman, after his divorce from the Grand Duchess Ulrica of Saxe Cobourg, the Russian imperial blood could not acknowledge or recognize such an alliance; and as he would not reign as emperor without his consort being empress, he signed an act of renunciation to the crown and deposited one copy in the archives of the senate and another in those of the Church of the Assumption at Moscow. On the other hand, though aware that his brother Constantine had signed the act of renunciation in question, the young Emperor Nicholas declared that he should consider it null and void, and stated most deliberately that he was fully prepared to take the oath of allegiance to his sovereign Constantine, and to administer that oath also to all the political and military corps of the empire. To his brother Constantine he is said also to have addressed the most pressing invitations to ascend the vacant throne; and not until that brother had re-expressed his firm resolution never to accede to his proposal, would Nicholas consent to be called emperor, or to admit of the oath of allegiance being taken to him. The whole empire rapidly followed the directions of the viceroy of Poland; and, with the exception of a cabal and some serious riots at St. Petersburg, no disturbance took place on this very singular and almost unparalleled arrangement. An association of citizens and soldiers in the capital had resolved to change the order of political and state insti-



tutions in Russia, and to proclaim a representative government. It chose as the period for the accomplishment of its plan the 26th of December, the day on which the oath of allegiance was to be taken to the new emperor. It was purposely and sedulously proclaimed by the conspirators, that the Prince Constantine desired to be emperor; that he was marching at the head of a large army on the capital, and that he was resolved on founding a constitutional monarchy. Deceived by their chiefs, seduced by their promises and by hopes of success, the regiments of Moscow, the grenadiers, and the marine guards, refused to take an oath, and cried, "*Long live Constantine!*" When this act of treason was communicated to the youthful emperor, he immediately left his palace, at the head of the regiment of Préobrasynski, and, with his cannon, soon dispersed the whole of the rebels. Before his majesty had decided on resorting to force, he watched from his palace the insurrectionary movement, and observing a great number of soldiers with menacing looks, and uttering not less menacing cries, approach him, he asked, "Where are you going? What are you doing? Are you searching to discover the rebels? Do you think it is not in that direction," pointing with his finger at the same time, "that they are assembled?" These words were pronounced with so much of energy and firmness, that the soldiers retired from his presence discouraged, abashed, and in dismay. On the day after this revolutionary movement, the emperor reviewed the whole of the regiments in garrison. He granted to those of Préobrasynski and of Sémenoffsky the right of wearing on their epaulettes the name of "Alexander I.;" and he said to the marine guards, "You have lost your honor. Endeavor to regain it. I pardon you." The soldiers replied to this act of generosity by one loud huzza of gratitude and devotedness. When the Prince Trubetskoi, the chief of the conspirators, was conducted disarmed into the presence of the emperor, he attempted in the first instance to maintain that

he was innocent ; but when he perceived the documents which the government had seized, and which proved his guilt, he fell at the feet of the emperor, and implored that his life might be saved. The czar replied to him, "If you feel that you can live, and survive your disgrace, and the remorse of your own conscience, you may announce to your wife that your life is spared ; but it is the only thing I can promise you." After this declaration, Trubetskoi was conducted to the citadel with thirty of his accomplices. One hundred and twenty-one conspirators were afterwards tried before the high court of justice, and were condemned to severe punishments, which were subsequently commuted by Nicholas ; so that his clemency was the subject of universal and well-merited eulogy. Thus the reign of the czar commenced gloomily ; but his manly character soon triumphed over momentary obstacles, and in proportion as he became known, all who were at first opposed to his ascending the throne, preferring his brother Constantine, admitted their error, and deplored their insubordination.

The reign of the present czar had scarcely begun when some wise laws of a general and important nature were passed and promulgated. One modified the organization of the military colonies. This step had become necessary in consequence of the conduct of the chief director of those colonies, who, extending them much beyond the intentions of the late emperor, rendered them a subject of just uneasiness to Europe. Another law prescribed that the titles and decorations granted to Russian merchants should be personal, and should not descend to their children or their heirs. And, finally, an official report appeared containing very valuable statistics of the Russian empire ; and showing, amongst other important facts, that this empire contained a population of 59,534,000 individuals, and had an army of 1,089,180 men. And over this empire ruled the youngest of sovereigns, called unexpectedly

to the throne, and soon destined to be attacked by the old kingdom of Persia.

Persia had an ancient quarrel as to boundaries with Russia; but a treaty of peace concluded in October 1813 between those powers, in consequence of the mediation of Great Britain, appeared to put an end, during the reign of Alexander, to all complaints. Soon after the death of that monarch, the Persian government, believing that Russia would be involved in a civil war on the subject of the succession to the throne, and in a political war regarding constitutional or liberal institutions, declared that Russia had acted with injustice in extending her boundaries into Persia, and that the General Yermoloff, the governor of the Russian province of the Caucasus, had behaved most despotically in his administration. We have neither time nor space to examine with minuteness the various major and minor questions involved in the dispute between Persia and Russia; nor do we condescend to answer the French allegation, that the English fomented the quarrel; but certain districts of Georgia were invaded by the Persians, the Cossacks were compelled momentarily to retreat, and the Russians evacuated Elizabetopol. At the end of 1826 the Persians had made great progress, other districts were in their power, and the Governor-General Yermoloff had not troops enough at his command to stem the torrent which threatened the whole of the Russian power in the Caucasus. The emperor heard of these disasters with his usual composure, gave directions to the minister of war of very ample breadth, and directed that neither men nor money should be spared to secure a speedy and a satisfactory result. On September 21, 1826, the celebrated battle on the banks of the Djekam was fought; the Russians completely vanquished their enemies; and Elizabetopol was soon again in the hands of the conquerors. In 1827 the war ceased for a time; the emperor recalled from Caucasus the unpopular

Yermoloff, and to General Paskewitsch was confided the supreme direction of the provinces of Georgia and Astrakan. Then followed the Russian attacks on Etchsmiadzuie, on Sardas Abad, Abbas Abad, and Erivan, the conquest of which latter place led the emperor to confer on the general the honor of allowing him to style himself Paskewitsch Erivanski. The entry of the Russians into Taurus led to peace. The Persians sued for it, and the Emperor Nicholas granted it on two conditions: an indemnity of twenty millions of roubles; and the cession of the two important provinces of Erivan and Nakhischewan, the frontiers of which commanded, in a military point of view, the contiguous Persian provinces. Persia undoubtedly gained the guarantee of Russia in favor of the succession to the throne by the Prince Abbas Mirza, and which guarantee was equivalent to securing it from disastrous troubles in case of the death of the Schah. As the Schah, however, eluded the ratification of the treaty, war recommenced; and it was not till the spring of 1828 that it was finally terminated. It was then that Paskewitsch exclaimed, with triumph amounting to rapture, "We have conquered two provinces, taken 8 standards, 50 cannon, 2 sardars, 20 khans, and have made 6000 prisoners. These are our trophies!"

Although much occupied with the Persian war and the Russian provinces of the Caucasus, he resolved on assuring to Greece her independence. With England and France he united in this singular undertaking, and signed, in July 1827, a treaty which, in the month of October of the same year, he carried into effect, by sending to the gulf of Navarin his portion of the fleet which destroyed the Turkish-Egyptian vessels, and secured the object proposed. How far that combined movement has been really and permanently beneficial to the Greeks we may be allowed to question; but the steady purpose of the emperor, and the good faith with which he carried that purpose into effect, cannot be disputed by his most bitter foes.

The condition of Poland in the year 1827 also attracted the attention of the emperor, and the existence of secret societies was so fully proved, that measures of discovery and repression became indispensable. In Russia, the young monarch adopted measures to simplify the administration of justice; and amongst the Cossacks of the Don he abolished, by royal ukase, a long-existing but monstrous and barbarous mode of torture.

The war with Persia had scarcely ceased when one with Turkey commenced. The Ottoman Porte accused Russia of having kept up, if not excited, the insurrection in Greece. Russia accused the Porte of exciting revolt amongst the tribes of the Caucasus. A Russian army of 160,000 men, commanded by Fieldmarshal Wittgenstein, commenced the war in May 1828, and the emperor himself for a short period took the command of the reserve.

The campaign of 1825 was not very favorable to Russian arms, but the year 1829 repaired their losses; and the passage of the Balkan, which was deemed impracticable, as well as the reduction of Silistria, the invasion of Bulgaria, and the capture of Erzeroun, led to desertion in the Turkish army, and finally to a treaty of peace, which was signed in September of the latter year. By that treaty Turkey did not appear to lose any territory in Europe; but the suzeraineté of the Porte over Moldavia and Wallachia was reduced by it to the mere vain formality of investing their princes, and of receiving tributes which were in no wise guaranteed. In fact, the protectorate exercised by Russia over those provinces amounts in reality to a *bond fide* sovereignty. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten, that the opening of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, guaranteed by this treaty to all nations, was a large and liberal concession, which had long been sought for, and in vain. The indemnity paid by the Porte to Russia was large; but, until it was paid, two principalities remained in the power

of the emperor. The wisdom and moderation of the Emperor Nicholas in not pursuing his conquests to the city of Constantinople cannot be too highly praised. It was for him to decide at that moment the fate of Europe; and a war of utter destruction, or the maintenance of peace and order, wholly depended upon his fiat. His victorious army might then, at least, for a long period, have realized the projects of his great ancestress, Catherine the Great. The southern capital of Russia he might for a season have placed on the shores of the Bosphorus, and have bid defiance, for a few years, to Europe and the world. But such short-sighted policy was not that of the Emperor Nicholas, and his army retired from Turkey covered with honor and glory.

The French Revolution of 1830 followed rapidly after the termination of the war with Turkey, and again rendered the Emperor Nicholas a busy man. Attached to the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon, the emperor viewed the change of dynasty with concern and alarm, and refused to recognize Louis Philippe as king of the French. But when the Emperor Nicholas consented not to make war, either on the French, or on the Belgians, for their revolutions of 1830, he certainly displayed great self-command. For certainly all his tastes, feelings, convictions, and prejudices were ranged on the side of the King of Holland, and on that of the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon. And when France and England leagued to attack the Dutch forces, both by sea and land, to blockade the Dutch coasts, and bombard the citadel of Antwerp, if the Emperor Nicholas had been the warlike autocrat he was falsely represented to be, the occasion then presented itself for making war against all Western Europe. In Germany and Switzerland he undoubtedly acted with vigor in causing to be repressed the revolutionary movements therein; but he nevertheless exhibited great caution, forbearance and judgment, and he succeeded in restoring peace and order to those lands.

The revolution at Warsaw came like a thunderbolt to the emperor, and to the world at large. But the former never lost his calmness or self-possession. If Europe had sent forces to aid the revolution of Warsaw, the emperor would still have marched his battalions to the Vistula. But Europe did not interfere. The English Whigs would have done so if they had dared. The French would have done so, if Louis Philippe had not refused to comply with their demands. Austria could not, from principle, as well as from interest, do so, since she, also, had Polish subjects, as well as territories, of the once kingdom of Poland. Prussia was in the same condition. Spain and Portugal were occupied with their own revolutions, as were Holland, Belgium, and Italy. And as to the German states, they were themselves threatened with the plague of rebellion, which, also, did break forth in more than one kingdom. So the emperor was left to combat with Warsaw and the Poles, and he reduced them to entire subjection. It has been alleged by some party and political writers, that the emperor has since displayed much of vengeance and revenge towards his Polish subjects. This is not true. Undoubtedly he has attacked the revolt and the revolvers root and branch; but he has not acted with individual severity, and has not, as he might have done, erected the Polish peasantry and serfs against those who made the revolution of Warsaw, viz., the Polish nobles. Since the termination of the conflict between the forces of Russia and the duchy of Warsaw, innumerable benefits have been conferred by Nicholas on Poland, but he has incorporated it with the rest of his empire; it no longer enjoys the title of the "Kingdom of Poland," its language is not allowed to be spoken or written, the Diet is at an end, and the colors of Poland are those, not of its ancient kings, but of the Russian people. This is irritating and humiliating, no doubt; but who were the authors of these misfortunes but the Poles themselves?

Of the part taken by the emperor in the war of Austria with her rebellious province of Hungary, it is too recent, and too closely connected with feelings yet unsubsidied, to admit of candid estimate. Yet there is no reason to question the sincerity of the Czar, in desiring the suppression of what must have appeared to him a dangerous revolt; nor is any lack of energy or ability to be attributed to him in the management of the campaign. Whatever may be the verdict of justice respecting the Hungarian movement, there can be no doubt that its evil is rather to be attributed to Austria than to Russia.

The private life of the emperor is one of constant occupation. His body, though stately, is perfectly at the disposal of his mind. As his mind is rapid, so are his movements,—not hurried, but quick, well-arranged, and decisive. The meals of the emperor are those of one who treats all the animal occupations of man as quite of secondary importance. He eats, drinks, sleeps, but not for the pleasure either of eating, drinking, or sleeping. They are necessary to his nature, and, therefore, he partakes of them, but nothing more. The imperial hour of dinner is four. When dinner is concluded, and it is soon despatched, no one is expected to remain behind, and he who dines with his majesty may be safely lodged in his own house again before the clock strikes five. The Grand Duke Michael, the brother of the emperor, is just as rapid in his movements,—not rapid in his walk, nor yet in his conversation, but rapid in his conceptions, and diversity of occupations, turning from one subject, and from one proceeding, to another, without any apparent effort. The grand duke has a magnificent appearance, with great length of limb, and a peculiar curve of outline which render him recognizable, at any distance, among hundreds in the same uniform, and he may be seen pacing backwards and forwards on public occasions, looking most sternly on both spectators and soldiery.



The plainest dressed, but the most magnificent figure upon all such occasions in Russia, is, unquestionably, the emperor. As the empress hangs on the arm of her noble husband, arrayed in a blaze of jewels, and, with short steps, drags a heavy train of velvet behind her, the emperor accommodates his steps to her movements; but his commanding figure and lofty brow tower far above all, and, whilst the soul-stirring national hymn is played, "Boje Zarachrani," the Russians gaze on their emperor as though he was a god. On festivals or ceremonies of a religious character, the emperor invariably stands with head uncovered, and remains wholly motionless. Jove frozen by eternal cold, or riven by one of his own thunderbolts, could not possibly be more statue-like. Yet this is not to be attributed either to want of heart or of emotion. But he knows that every movement is watched, differently interpreted, and made to mean more than it was intended to evince. He knows that they say and think of him that he is "*le plus bel homme qu'on puisse s'imaginer*;" and as he hears this everywhere, and sees the same thought written in every smile and bow of the Russian beauties of his court, he cannot be indifferent to his person, or treat with contempt their adulation. Sometimes he may be seen dashing along with his white feathers streaming, muffled in his military cloak, in his solitary sledge drawn with one horse; and, at another time, striding with powerful steps, wholly unattended, in the dusk of the early evening, the whole length of the Nevski. Whenever and wherever he appears there is a sort of imposing character about his movements which rivets all eyes, and fixes the attention of every one. When his towering plume approaches, the crowd falls back, and, enframed in a vacant space, appears a figure to which there is no second in Russia, even if there be in the world. The Russians declare that it is "a figure of the grandest beauty, expression, demeanor, and carriage, uniting all the majesties and graces of all the heathen gods." When they

say and write this, they mean every word of it to the letter. The person of the emperor is that of a colossal man, in the full prime of life and of health. Forty-eight years of age, about six feet two inches in height, with a bust and person well filled out, without any approach to corpulency. His head is magnificently carved, he has a splendid breadth of shoulder and chest, great length and symmetry of limb, with finely-formed hands and feet.

His face is strictly Grecian, forehead and nose in one grand line; the eyes finely lined, large, open, and blue, with a calmness, a coldness, a self-possession, and dignity, which can alike quell an insurrection, daunt an assassin, or paralyze a petitioner. His mouth is regular, his teeth fine, his chin prominent, with dark moustache and small whisker. His eyes have been accused of never smiling, though his mouth does so often.

In Russia the czar delights at being present at the parties and fêtes of his nobles and wealthier subjects. When one of the generals in closest attendance upon his person is directed to intercede for his presence, he never refuses, and joins in the amusements and the banquet with sincere satisfaction. The empress is nearly always his constant companion, but her health has greatly suffered from the continual round of royal dissipation, and she is exposed to illnesses of a nervous and distressing nature. Wherever the imperial family appear, they are most affable, and evince a desire to please and be pleased, which tends in some measure to remove those apprehensions felt by all who approach them, lest by word or gesture they should offend "*la loi vivante*"—the emperor. So when the czar visited in England the houses of our nobles, he merely practised in this country the habits of his own; and when here he conversed with them on the merest trifles in the world, he indulged in the same description of conversation as that which is most common, and, we may add, most approved in Russia. There, where

politics are seldom mentioned, and where matters which may lead to any discussion are carefully avoided and shunned, the newest fashion, the last importation of foreign music, the state of the atmosphere, and the amusements at this or at that ball or banquet, are the sole topics of remark. The Russians, when the emperor visits them, will spend a small fortune at one festivity. No expense is spared: all that power, influence, and money, can obtain are got together to render the entertainment as splendid and even as regal as possible; and the host and hostess are far more than recompensed if the emperor smiles approval, and the empress pays a compliment. The emperor is exceedingly fond of his family. The héritier stands high in his father's opinion, and inherits the emperor's majestic person, but has a face fuller of sentiment; his lips are large, his eyelids pensive, and there is much of kindness in his expression. When at his majority he took the oath of allegiance to his father, and pronounced the words "until death shall take him from me," his eyes were suffused with tears, his lips trembled, and he was agitated and depressed. He loves, as well as honors, his father.

One of the passions of the emperor, that is, one of his passions for small matters and amusements, is for masked balls. On those occasions he, of course, is not masked, whilst all the world are; and then, throwing off all restraint, he allows his arm to be taken by all who present themselves for that honor. This is easily to be accounted for. On such occasions revelations are made to him often interesting to himself, his family, his dynasty, and his government. Individuals who do not dare to approach his person in public or in private lest their names should be known and they should be somewhat compromised by the disclosures they make, at masked balls feel none of this reluctance, and confide to the imperial ear secrets of vast importance. Undoubtedly, these are of comparatively rare occurrence in an empire where the

police are so active, zealous, and intelligent; but still they do take place, and the emperor avails himself of such means of communication.

The emperor is averse to etiquette. In limited monarchies etiquette *must* be absolute; in absolute ones there is no necessity. In Russia, where the czar is "the constitution of the country" personated in himself, no etiquette can exist, or rather only such as he pleases for the time being. Whatever he does is right, because he is the rule of what is right in all such matters. He cannot demean himself, because no one is above him. His actions are not restrained by any law of ceremony, nor by any obligation of dignity, nor by any fear of public opinion. His rank takes care of itself, it wants no propping, it is in one *morceau*, like his own column of Alexander. His only restraint is his own responsibility; in no country is this so awful. He, according to his pleasure, or disposition, could either render moderation habitual, or extravagance meritorious, morality popular, or frivolity to be praised; he could qualify vices to foibles, or ennoble vanities to virtues. How awful the responsibility! Yet, to the honor and praise of the Emperor Nicholas be it recorded, his influence is always exercised for moderation, morality, virtue, and religion. But though the emperor is averse to that etiquette which those who frequent constitutional courts would consider indispensable, yet the presence of the stately figure of the emperor in the portal, notwithstanding all his condescension and graciousness, is an undoubted restraint upon all present. Not so with the héritier. When he is the *sole* representative of the imperial family, his fine person and gentle demeanor only lend an additional grace to the ball or to the banquet. The emperor has a great taste for music, and is an enthusiastic admirer of the dance. Hence in no capital in the world are *artistes* of the first order so sure of meeting with a brilliant reception as they are at St. Petersburg; and the emperor not only confers on them his impe-

rial favor, but takes good care that his patronage of them shall be eminently beneficial to their pecuniary position. Taglioni is one of his most especial favorites. The music of Rossini he loves *à la folie*; and those who falsely accuse his majesty of being incapable of feeling enthusiasm should see him under the influence of a splendid ballet and a brilliant concert, for they would be compelled to admit that he was the most enthusiastic of all present.

The palace of the emperor at St. Petersburg is simple in decoration, much more so than those of his nobles. But all is light, clean, orderly, beautiful. It is not the palace of a sulky, indolent, oppressive, and tyrannical task-master, as his majesty has been falsely represented by his foes, but it is the princely and gentlemanly residence of an enlightened, active, and energetic, though absolute monarch. For men may be judged by their residences as well as by their physiology and physiognomy, their craniology, and their hand-writing; and the genius, taste, and principles of a monarch may be well understood from his palaces. The emperor's own room, in point of writing-tables and bureaux, is that of a man of business. His military tastes may be discovered through all. Models of cavalry regiments, paintings of military manoeuvres, and graphic sketches of every thing connected with the army, are there; for above and before all things the emperor is in heart a soldier. Is it not, then, greatly to his credit that, with such a taste, with unlimited power, and with prodigious resources to come up to all that he can will, that he has so greatly encouraged the arts of peace, and has contrived to keep the most warlike of his subjects from crying aloud for war? Is it not greatly to his credit that, tempted as he might have been by the position of France from 1830 to 1836 in one constant state of revolutionary insubordination, and appealed to as he was by the Legitimists and the Bourbons, as well as by the King of Holland and the Dutch, to interfere by armed force and put down the injustice and iniquities of

the revolutions of 1880 both in Belgium and France, and still more urged as he was by his own nobles so to interfere, that he refrained from that desired intervention and maintained peace?

In Russia the Emperor Nicholas is a monarch surrounded with glory. The Russians are indebted to him for the penal code, a model of wisdom and justice. He has extended the Russian empire in Asia; he has humiliated the Crescent, and has advanced all that tends to civilization in every portion of his dominions. Europe regards him as a powerful monarch who appears destined, like his predecessor, to be an active and noble agent in great events. By his talents, energy, and personal courage he is just the man to be a leader, and Europe, if he lives, is much more likely to become more monarchical than to become republican.

One of the finest sights in Russia is a review of the guards. Sixty thousand picked men are then assembled, and when the word of command is given by the emperor with his musical and manly voice, all eyes are fixed and all bosoms thrill. His knowledge of French, German, and English, as well, of course, as of the Russian language, is perfect, and he converses without embarrassment and with rather a pleasant accent in our own beautiful tongue. His habits are moderate, his personal expenses far from considerable, taking into consideration his exalted rank, his private character is distinguished for modesty and virtue, and his love of justice is proverbial. It is common to say in Russia of a just man "that he is as just as the emperor himself." The moral and physical courage of the emperor has been frequently displayed. At the period of the cholera, when the ignorant and infatuated people were massacring the medical men because they could not stop the ravages of that fearful disease, the emperor in person appeared amongst them, showed his nodding plumes, and commanded them to kneel with him on the earth and ask the pardon of heaven for such enormities.

He was obeyed ; he offered up an extemporaneous and eloquent prayer, and from that moment the carnage ceased. His moral courage on all trying occasions has not been less marvellous, and although tried by great events and fearful complications, he has ever held high his head, preserved a calm and dignified mind, and kept in abeyance all passions opposed to the triumph of reason. Nicholas writes decidedly the best hand of all the Russian emperors. It is calligraphically irreproachable, and as he begins with an arching stroke of the pen his name stands as beneath a roof. The emperor passes the greater part of his days in the open air, at reviews or in rapid journeys. Hence his late visit to England was by no means rapid in *his* eyes, nor wearisome to *his* frame. During summer the shade of his military hat draws across his forehead an oblique line, which marks the action of the sun upon the skin. The figure of the empress, when less oppressed by suffering, was very elegant. There was an indefinable grace about her whole person. Her mien, far from being haughty, was expressive of habitual resignation. One of her daughters, the Grand Duchess of Olga, is the most beautiful woman in the whole empire—perhaps in the world. The imperial family is one of the happiest upon earth, for their views, tastes, occupations, desires, are all similar, and in harmony with virtue and religion.







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*W. Macaulay*

## THE DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD

The discovery of the New World was a great event in the history of the world. It was the first time that a new continent had been discovered by man. The discovery was made by Christopher Columbus in 1492. He was an Italian explorer who was sailing for Spain. He was looking for a new route to the East Indies. He sailed across the Atlantic Ocean and discovered the Americas. The discovery of the New World led to the colonization of the Americas and the beginning of a new era in world history. The discovery was a great achievement and it changed the course of human history. It was the first time that a new continent had been discovered by man. The discovery was made by Christopher Columbus in 1492. He was an Italian explorer who was sailing for Spain. He was looking for a new route to the East Indies. He sailed across the Atlantic Ocean and discovered the Americas. The discovery of the New World led to the colonization of the Americas and the beginning of a new era in world history. The discovery was a great achievement and it changed the course of human history.



*W Macaulay*

## THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

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THE great essayist and historian, who takes rank, by almost universal suffrage, as the first of living English prose-writers, is the eldest son of Zachary Macaulay, a wealthy London merchant, who amassed his fortune in the Africa trade, and became subsequently the editor of the *Christian Observer*. He was born in the year 1800; studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, distinguishing himself in early life by the fore-tokens of that genius which has so transcendently displayed itself in his later history. He took the bachelor's degree in 1822, and on leaving Cambridge, was called to the bar by the Society at Lincoln's Inn in 1826. The same year the splendid presage of his future fame as an essayist, his famous article on Milton, appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. He became enlisted in politics; was rapidly promoted to several responsible offices under the Whig governments of Lord Grey and of Lord Melbourne, and was returned to Parliament in 1832, which post he adorned with a lustre unknown to the British Senate since the days of Burke, till 1847, when he was rejected by his Edinburgh constituents. He then left the arena of politics, avowedly forever; and it is only the present year, by a choice which in its manner and circumstance, is one of the most honorable political distinctions which the electors of Edinburgh could bestow, that he has been re-elected to the sphere he is splendidly competent to adorn. A new career of greatness may be opening to him.

Macaulay's literary history, though brilliant, is easily told. During his collegiate days, he published a most spirited ballad, "The War of the League." His "Lays of Ancient Rome," founded on heroic and romantic incidents related by Livy, were published in 1838. His connection with the Edinburgh Review continued from 1826 to 1846, when his last article appeared. After his retirement from Parliament, his "History of England from the accession of James II." was commenced, and has reached as yet but two volumes. Other volumes are understood to be nearly ready for publication.

Before proceeding to consider Macaulay's separate claims upon public admiration, we will sum up in a few sentences our impressions of his general character. He is a gifted, but not, in a high sense, a great man. He is a rhetorician without being an orator. He is endowed with great powers of perception and acquisition, but with no power of origination. He has deep sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. He is strong and broad, but not subtle or profound. He is not more destitute of original genius than he is of high principle and purpose. He has all common faculties developed in a large measure, and cultivated to an intense degree. What he wants is the gift that cannot be given—the power that cannot be counterfeited—the wind that bloweth where it listeth—the vision, the joy, and the sorrow with which no stranger intermeddleth—the "light which never was on sea or shore—the consecration and the poet's dream."

To such gifts, indeed, he does not pretend, and never has pretended. To roll the raptures of poetry, without emulating its *speciosa miracula*—to write worthily of heroes, without aspiring to the heroic—to write history without enacting it—to furnish to the utmost degree his own mind, without leading the minds of others one point further than to the admiration of himself, and of his idols, seems, after all, to have been the main object of his ambition, and has already been

nearly satisfied. He has played the finite game of talent, and not the infinite game of genius. His goal has been the top of the mountain, and not the blue profound beyond; and on the point he has sought he may speedily be seen, relieved against the heights which he cannot reach—a marble fixture, exalted and motionless. Talent stretching itself out to attain the attitudes and exaltation of genius is a pitiable and painful position, but it is not that of Macaulay. With piercing sagacity he has, from the first, discerned his proper intellectual powers, and sought, with his whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, to cultivate them. “Macaulay the Lucky” he has been called; he ought rather to have been called Macaulay the Wise.

With a rare combination of the arts of age and the fire of youth, the sagacity of the worldling and the enthusiasm of the scholar, he has sought self-development as his principal, if not only end.

He is a gifted, but not, in a high sense, a great man. He possesses all those ornaments, accomplishments, and even natural endowments, which the great man requires for the full emphasis and effect of his power (and which the *greatest* alone can entirely dispense with); but the power does not fill, possess, and shake the drapery. The lamps are lit in gorgeous effulgence; the shrine is modestly, yet magnificently, adorned; there is everything to tempt a god to descend; but the god descends not—or if he does, it is only Maia’s son, the Eloquent, and not Jupiter, the Thunderer. The distinction between the merely gifted and the great is, we think, this—the gifted adore greatness and the great; the great worship the infinite, the eternal, and the god-like. The gifted gaze at the moon like reflections of the Divine—the great, with open face, look at its naked sun, and each look is the principle and prophecy of an action.

He has profound sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. Genius, indeed, is his

intellectual god. It is (contrary to a common opinion) not genius that Thomas Carlyle worships. The word genius he seldom uses, in writing or in conversation, except in derision. We can conceive a savage cachinnation at the question, if he thought Cromwell or Danton a great genius. It is energy in a certain state of powerful precipitation that he so much admires. With genius, as existing almost undiluted in the person of such men as Keats, he cannot away. It seems to him only a long swoon or St. Vitus' dance. It is otherwise with Macaulay. If we trace him throughout all his writings, we will find him watching for genius with as much care and fondness as a lover uses in following the footsteps of his mistress. This, like a golden ray, has conducted him across all the wastes and wildernesses of history. It has brightened to his eye each musty page and worm-eaten volume. Each morning has he risen exulting to renew the search; and he is never half so eloquent as when dwelling on the achievements of genius, as sincerely and rapturously as if he were reciting his own. His sympathies are as wide as they are seen. Genius, whether thundering with Chatham in the House of Lords, or mending kettles and dreaming dreams with Bunyan in Elstowe—whether reclining in the saloons of Holland House with De Stael and Byron, or driven from men as on a new Nebuchadnezzar whirlwind, in the person of poor wandering Shelley—whether in Coleridge,

“With soul as strong as a mountain river,  
Pouring out praise to the Almighty giver;”

or in Voltaire shedding its withering smile across the universe, like the grin of death—whether singing in Milton's verse, or glittering upon Cromwell's sword—is the only magnet which can draw forth all the riches of his mind, and the presence of inspiration alone makes him inspired.

But this sympathy with genius does not amount to genius itself; it is too catholic and too prostrate. The man of the

highest order of genius, after the enthusiasm of youth is spent, is rarely its worshipper, even as it exists in himself. He worships rather the object which genius contemplates, and the ideal at which it aims. He is rapt up to a higher region, and hears a mightier voice. Listening to the melodies of Nature, to the march of the eternal hours, to the severe music of continuous thought, to the rush of his own advancing soul, he cannot so complacently bend an ear to the minstrelsies, however sweet, of men, however gifted. He passes, like the true painter, from the admiration of copies, which he may admire to error and extravagance, to that great original which, without blame, excites an infinite and endless devotion. He becomes a personification of art, standing on tip-toe in contemplation of mightier Nature, and drawing from her features with trembling pencil and a joyful awe. Macaulay has not this direct and personal communication with the truth and the glory of things. He sees the universe not in its own rich and divine radiance, but in the reflected light which poets have shed upon it. There are in his writings no oracular deliverances, no pregnant hints, no bits of intense meaning—broken, but broken off from some supernal circle of thought—no momentary splendors, like flashes of midnight lightning, revealing how much—no thoughts beckoning us away with silent finger, like ghosts, into dim and viewless regions—and he never even nears that divine darkness which ever edges the widest and loftiest excursions of imagination and of reason. His style and manner may be compared to crystal, but not to the “terrible crystal” of the prophets and apostles of literature. There is the sea of glass, but it is not mingled with fire, or at least the fire has not been heated seven times, nor has it descended from the seventh heaven.

Consequently he has no power of origination. We despise the charge of plagiarism, in its low and base sense, which has sometimes been advanced against him. He never commits conscious theft, though sometimes he gives all a father's wel-



come to thoughts to which he has not a father's claim. But the rose which he appropriates is seldom more than worthy of the breast which it is to adorn; thus, in borrowing from Hall the antithesis applied by the one to the men of the French Revolution and by the other to the restored Royalists in the time of Charles the Second, "dwarfish virtues and gigantic crimes," he has taken what he might have lent, and, in its application, has changed it from a party calumny into a striking truth. The men of the Revolution were not men of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices; both were stupendous when either were possessed: it was otherwise with the minions of Charles. When our hero lights his torch it is not at the chariot of the sun; he ascends seldom higher than Hazlitt or Hall—Coleridge, Schiller, and Goethe are untouched. But without re-arguing the question of originality, that quality is manifestly not his. It were as true that he originated Milton, Dryden, Bacon, or Byron, as that he originated the views which his articles develop of their lives or genius. A search after originality is never successful. Novelty is even shyer than truth, for if you search after the true, you will often, if not always, find the new; but if you search after the new, you will, in all probability, find neither the new nor the true. In seeking for paradoxes, Macaulay sometimes stumbles on, but more frequently stumbles over truth. His essays are masterly treatises, written learnedly, carefully conned, and pronounced in a tone of perfect assurance; the Pythian pantings, the abrupt and stammering utterances of the seer are wanting.

The real purpose of a writer is perhaps best concluded from the effect he produces on the minds of his readers. And what is the boon which Macaulay's writings do actually confer upon their millions of readers? Much information, doubtless—many ingenious views are given and developed, but the main effect is pleasure—either a lulling, soothing opiate, or a rousing and stimulating gratification. But what

is their mental or moral influence? What new and great truths do they throw like bomb-shells into nascent spirits, disturbing for ever their repose? What sense of the moral sublime have they ever infused into the imagination, or what thrilling and strange joy "beyond the name of pleasure" have they ever circulated through the heart? What long, deep trains of thought have his thoughts ever started, and to what melodies in other minds have his words struck the key-note? Some authors mentally "beget children—they travail in birth with children;" thus from Coleridge sprang Hazlitt, but who is Macaulay's eldest born? Who dates any great era in his history from the reading of his works, or has received from him even the bright edge of any Apocalyptic revelation? Pleasure, we repeat, is the principal boon he has conferred on the age; and without under-estimating this (which, indeed, were ungrateful, for none have derived more pleasure from him than ourselves), we must say that it is comparatively a trivial gift—a fruiterer's or a confectioner's office—and, moreover, that the pleasure he gives, like that arising from the use of wine, or from the practice of novel-reading, requires to be imbibed in great moderation, and needs a robust constitution to bear it. Reading his papers is employment but too delicious—the mind is too seldom irritated and provoked—the higher faculties are too seldom appealed to—the sense of the infinite is never given—there is perpetual excitement, but it is that of a game of tennis-ball, and not the Titanic play of rocks and mountains—there is constant exercise, but it is rather the swing of an easy chair than the grasp and tug of a strong rower striving to keep time with one stronger than himself. Ought we ask a grave and solid reputation, as extensive as that of Shakspeare or Milton, to be entirely founded on what is essentially a course of light reading?

We do not venture on his merits as a politician or statesman. But, as a speaker, we humbly think he has been over-

rated. He is not a sublime orator, who fulminates, and fiercely, and almost contemptuously, sways his audience; he is not a subtle declaimer, who winds around and within the sympathies of his hearers, till, like the damsel in the "Castle of Indolence," they weaken as they warm, and are at last sighingly but luxuriously lost. He is not a being piercing a lonely way for his own mind, through the thick of his audience—wondered at, looked after, but not followed—dwelling apart from them even while riveting them to his lips—still less is he an incarnation of moral dignity, whose slightest sentence is true to the inmost soul of honor, and whose plain, blunt speech is as much better than oratory, as oratory is better than rhetoric. He is the primed mouthpiece of an elaborate discharge, who presents, applies the linstock, and fires off. He speaks rather before than to his audience. He is, indeed, a master of rhetorical display; he aspires to be a philosopher; he is a brilliant *litterateur*; but, besides not speaking oratorically, he does not speak at all, if speaking means free communication with the souls and hearts of his hearers.

✓ We are compelled, therefore, as our last general remark on Macaulay, to call him rather a large and broad, than a subtle, sincere, or profound spirit. A simple child of Nature, trembling before the air played by some invisible musician behind him, what picture could be more exactly his antithesis? But neither has he, in any high degree, either the gift of philosophic analysis, or the subtle idealizing power of the poet. Clear, direct, uncircumspective thought—vivid vision of the characters he describes—an eye to see, rather than an imagination to combine—strong, but subdued enthusiasm—learning of a wide range, and information still more wonderful in its minuteness and accuracy—a style limited and circumscribed by mannerism, but having all power and richness possible within its own range—full of force, though void of freedom—and a tone of conscious mas-

tery, in his treatment of every subject, are some of the qualities which build him up—a strong and thoroughly furnished man, fit surely for more massive deeds than either a series of sparkling essays, or what shall probably be a one-sided history.

In passing from his general characteristics to his particular works, there is one circumstance in favor of the critic. While many authors are much, their writings are little known; but if ever any writings were published, it is Macaulay's. A glare of publicity, as wide almost as the sunshine of the globe, rests upon them; and it is always easier to speak to men of what they know perfectly, than of what they know in part. To this there is perhaps an exception in his contributions to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine."

Macaulay's best contributions to this are a series of poems, entitled, "Lays of the Roundheads." These, though less known than his "Lays of the League," which also appeared in "Knight," are, we think, superior. They are fine anticipations of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Like Scott, vaulting between Claverhouse and Burley, and entering with equal gusto into the souls of both, Macaulay sings with equal spirit the song of the enthusiastic Cavalier, and that of the stern Roundhead. He could have acted as poet-laureate to Hannibal as well as to the republic, and his "Lays of Carthage" would have been as sweet, as strong, and more pathetic than his "Lays of Rome." "How happy could he be with either, were t' other dear charmer away." Not thus could Carlyle pass from his "Life of Cromwell" to a panegyric on the "Man of Blood," whose eyes

*"Could bear to look on torture, but durst not look on war."*

But Macaulay is the artist, sympathizing more with the poetry than with the principles of the great puritanic contest.

His Roman Lays, though of a later date, fall naturally under the same category of consideration. For martial

spirit, we are free to confess the Lays have never been surpassed, save by Homer, Scott, and by Burns, whose one epithet "red wat shod," whose one description of the dying Scotch soldier in the "Earnest Cry," and whose one song, "Go fetch for me a pint of wine," are enough to stamp him among the foremost of martial poets. Macaulay's ballads sound in parts like the thongs of Bellona. Written, it is said, in the war office, the Genius of Battle might be figured bending over the author, sternly smiling on her *last* poet, and shedding from her wings a ruddy light upon his rapidly and furiously-filling page. But the poetry of war is not of the highest order. Seldom, except when the war is ennobled by some great cause, as when Deborah uttered her unequalled thanksgiving, can the touch of the sword extract the richest life's-blood of poetry. Selfish is the exultation over victory, selfish the wailing under defeat. The song of the sword must soon give place to the song of the bell; and the pastoral ditty pronounced over the reaping hook shall surpass all lyrical baptisms of the spear. As it is, the gulph between the Lays—amazingly spirited though they be—and intellectual, imaginative, or moral poetry, is nearly as wide as between Chevy Chase and Laodamia. Besides, the Lays are in a great measure centos; the images are no more original than the facts, and the poetic effect is produced through the singular rapidity, energy, and felicity of the narration, and the breathless rush of the verse, "which rings to boot and saddle." One of the finest touches, for example, is imitated from Scott.

"The kites know well the long stern swell  
That bids the Romans close"—

Macaulay has it. In the *Lady of the Lake* it is:—

"The exulting eagle screamed afar,  
She knew the voice of Alpine's war."

Indeed, no part of the *Lays* rises higher than the better passages of Scott. As a whole, they are more imitative and less rich in figure and language than his poetry; and we have been unable to discover any powers revealed in them which his prose works had not previously and amply disclosed.

This brings us to say a few words on his contributions to the "*Edinburgh Review*." We confess, that had we been called on while new from reading those productions, our verdict on them would have been much more enthusiastic. Their immediate effect is absolutely intoxicating. Each reads like a new *Waverley* tale. "More—give us more—it is divine!" we cry, like the Cyclops when he tasted of the wine of *Outis*. As Pitt adjourned the court after Sheridan's *Begum* speech, so, in order to judge fairly, we are compelled to adjourn the criticism. Days even have to elapse ere the stern question begins slowly, through the golden mist, to lift up its head—"What have you gained? Have you only risen from a more refined '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*?' Have you only been conversing with an elegant artist? or has a prophet been detaining you in his terrible grasp? or has Apollo been touching your trembling ears?" As we answer, we almost blush, remembering our tame and sweet subjection; and yet the moment that the enchantment again assails us, it again is certain to prevail.

But what is the explanation of this power? Is it altogether magical, or does it admit of analysis? Macaulay's writings have one very peculiar and very popular quality. They are eminently clear. They can by no possibility, at any time, be nebulous. You can read them as you run. School-boys devour them with as much zest as bearded men. This clearness is, we think, connected with deficiency in his speculative and imaginative faculties; but it does not so appear to the majority of readers. Walking in an even and distinct pathway, not one stumbling stone or alley of gloom in its whole course, no Hill of Difficulty rising, nor Path of Danger

diverging, greeted, too, by endless vistas of interest and beauty, all are but too glad, and too grateful, to get so trippingly along. Vanity, also, whispers to the more ambitious: What we can so easily understand we could easily equal; and thus are the readers kept on happy terms both with the author and themselves. His writings have all the stimulus of oracular decision, without one particle of oracular darkness. His papers, too, are thickly studded with facts. This itself, in an age like ours, is enough to recommend them, especially when these facts are so carefully selected—when told now with emphasis so striking, and now with negligence so graceful; and when suspended around a theory at once dazzling and slight—at once paradoxical and pleasing. The reader, beguiled, believes himself reading something more agreeable than history, and more veracious than fiction. It is a very waltz of facts that he witnesses; and yet how consoling to reflect that they are facts after all! Again, Macaulay, as we have repeatedly hinted, is given to paradoxes. But then these paradoxes are so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved—his originalities are so orthodox—and his mode of expressing them is at once so strong and so measured—that people feel both the tickling sensation of novelty and a perfect sense of safety, and are slow to admit that the author, instead of being a bold, is a timorous thinker, one of the literary as well as political *juste-milieu*. Again, his manner and style are thoroughly English. As his sympathies are, to a great degree, with English modes of thought and habits of action, so his language is a stream of English undefiled. All the territories which it has traversed have enriched, without coloring its waters. Even the most valuable of German refinements—such as that common one of subjective and objective—are sternly shyed. That philosophic diction which has been from Germany so generally transplanted, is denied admittance into Macaulay's grounds. Scarcely a phrase or word is introduced which Swift would

not have sanctioned. In anxiety to avoid a barbarous and Mosaic diction, he goes to the other extreme, and practises purism and elaborate simplicity.

Again, this writer has—apart from his clearness, his bridled paradox, and his English style—a power of interesting his readers, which we may call, for want of a more definite term, tact. This art he has taught himself gradually; for in his earlier articles, such as that on “Milton,” and the “Present Administration,” there were a prodigality and a recklessness—a prodigality of image, and a recklessness of statement—which argued an impulsive nature, not likely so soon to subside into a tactician. Long ago, however, has he *changé tout cela*. Now he can set his elaborate passages at proper distances from each other; he peppers his page more sparingly with the condiments of metaphor and image; he interposes anecdotes to break the blaze of his splendor; he consciously stands at ease, nay, condescends to nod, the better to prepare his reader, and breathe himself for a grand gallop; and though he has not the art to conceal his art, yet he has the skill always to fix his reader—always to write, as he himself says of Horace Walpole, “what everybody will like to read.” Still further, and finally, he has a quality different from and superior to all these—he has a genuine literary enthusiasm, which public life has not yet been able to chill. He is not an inspired child, but he is still an ardent schoolboy, and what many count and call his literary vice we count his literary salvation. It is this unfeigned love of letters and genius which (dexterously managed, indeed) is the animating and inspiring element of Macaulay’s better criticisms, and the redeeming point in his works. It is a love which many waters have been unable to destroy, and which shall burn till death. When he retires from public life, like Lord Grenville, he may say, “I return to Plato and the Iliad.”

We must be permitted, ere we close, a few remarks on some of his leading papers. Milton was his “Reuben—his



first-born—the beginning of his strength; and thought by many “the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power.” It was gorgeous as an eastern tale. He threw such a glare about Milton, that at times you could not see him. The article came clashing down on the floor of our literature like a gauntlet of defiance, and all wondered what young Titan could have launched it. Many inquired, “Starting at such a rate, whither is he likely to go?” Meanwhile the wiser, while admiring, quietly smiled, and whispered in reply, “At such a rate no man can or ought to advance.” Meanwhile, too, a tribute to Milton from across the waters, less brilliant, but springing from a more complete and mellow sympathy with him, though at first overpowered, began steadily and slowly to gain the superior suffrage of the age, and from that pride of place has not yet receded. On the contrary, Macaulay’s paper he himself now treats as the brilliant bastard of his mind. Of such *splendida vitia* he need not be ashamed. We linger as we remember the wild delight with which we first read his picture of the Puritans, ere it was hackneyed by quotation, and ere we thought it a rhetorical bravura. How burning his print of Dante! The best frontispiece to this paper on Milton would be the figure of Robert Hall, at the age of sixty, lying on his back, and learning Italian, in order to verify Macaulay’s description of the “Man that had been in Hell.”

In what a different light does the review of Croker’s Boswell exhibit our author? He sets out like Shenstone, by saying “I will, I will be witty;” and like him, the will and the power are equal. Macaulay’s wit is always sarcasm—sarcasm embittered by indignation, and yet performing its minute dissections with judicial gravity. Here he catches his Radamanthus of the Shades, in the upper air of literature, and his vengeance is more ferocious than his wont. He first flays, then kills, then tramples, and then hangs his victim in chains. It is the onset of one whose time is short, and who

expects reprisals in another region. Nor will his sarcastic vein, once awakened against Croker, sleep till it has scorched poor Bozzy to ashes, and even singed the awful wig of Johnson. We cannot comprehend Macaulay's fury at Boswell, whom he crushes with a most disproportionate expenditure of power and anger. Nor can we coincide with his eloquent enforcement of the opinion, first propounded by Burke, then seconded by Mackintosh, and which seems to have become general, that Johnson is greater in Boswell's book than in his own works. To this we demur. Boswell's book gives us little idea of Johnson's eloquence, or power of grappling with higher subjects—"Rasselas" and the "Lives of the Poets" do. Boswell's book does justice to Johnson's wit, readiness, and fertility; but if we would see the full force of his fancy, the full energy of his invective, and his full sensibility to, and command over, the moral sublime, we must consult such papers in the "Idler" as that wonderful one on the Vultures, or in the "Rambler," as Anningait and Ajut, his London, and his Vanity of Human Wishes. Boswell, we venture to assert, has not saved one *great* sentence of his Idol—such as we may find profusely scattered in his own writings—nor has recorded fully any of those conversations, in which, pitted against Parr or Burke, he talked his best. If Macaulay merely means that Boswell, through what he has preserved, and through his own unceasing admiration, gives us a higher conception of Johnson's every day powers of mind than his writings supply, he is right; but in expressly claiming the immortality for the "careless table-talk," which he denies to the works, and forgetting that the works discover higher faculties in special display, we deem him mistaken.

In attacking Johnson's style, Macaulay is, unconsciously, a suicide—not that his style is modelled upon Johnson's, or that he abounds in *sesquipedalia verba*—he has never needed large or new words, either to cloak up mere common-place,

or to express absolute originality—but many of the faults he charges against Johnson belong to himself. Uniformity of march—want of flexibility and ease—consequent difficulty in adapting itself to common subjects—perpetual and artfully balanced antithesis, were, at any rate, once peculiarities of Macaulay's writing, as well as of Johnson's, nor are they yet entirely relinquished. After all, such faults are only the awkward steps of the elephant, which only the monkey can deride. Or we may compare them to the unwieldy, but sublime, movements of a giant telescope, which turns slowly and solemnly, as if in time and tune with the stately steps of majesty with which the great objects it contemplates are revolving.

The article on Byron, for light and sparkling brilliancy, is Macaulay's finest paper. Perhaps it is not sufficiently grave or profound for the subject. There are, we think, but two modes of properly writing about Byron—the one is the *Monody*, the other the *Impeachment*; this paper is neither. Mere criticism over such dread dust is impertinent; mere panegyric impossible. Either with condemnation melting down in irrepressible tears, or with tears drying up in strong censure, should we approach the memory of Byron, if, indeed, eternal silence were not better still.

Over one little paper we are apt to pause with a peculiar fondness—the paper on Bunyan. As no one has greater sympathy with the spirit of the Puritans without having any with their peculiar sentiments than Carlyle, so no one sympathizes more with the literature of that period, without much else in common (unless we except Southey), than Macaulay. The "*Pilgrim's Progress*" is to him, as to many, almost a craze. He cannot speak calmly about it. It continues to shine in the purple light of youth; and, amid all the paths he has traversed, he has never forgotten that immortal path which Bunyan's genius has so boldly mapped out, so variously peopled, and so richly adorned. How can it be

forgotten, since it is at once the miniature of the entire world, and a type of the progress of every earnest soul? The City of Destruction, the Slough of Despond, the Delectable Mountains, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Beulah, and the Black River, are still extant, unchangeable realities, as long as man continues to be tried and to triumph. But it is less in this typical aspect than as an interesting tale that Macaulay seems to admire it. Were we to look at it in this light alone, we should vastly prefer "Turpin's Ride to York," or "Tam O'Shanter's Progress to Alloway Kirk." But as an unconscious mythic history of man's moral and spiritual advance, its immortality is secure, though its merits are as yet in this point little appreciated. Bunyan, indeed, knew not what he did; but then he spake inspired; his deep heart prompted him to say that to which all deep hearts in all ages should respond; and we may confidently predict that never shall that road be shut up or deserted. As soon stop the current or change the course of the black and bridgeless river.

We might have dwelt, partly in praise and partly in blame, on some of his other articles—might, for instance, have combated his slump and summary condemnation, in "Dryden," of Ossian's poems—poems which, striking, as they did, all Europe to the soul, must have had some merit, and which, laid for years to the burning heart of Napoleon, must have had some corresponding fire. That, said Coleridge, of Thomson's "Seasons," lying on the cottage window-sill, is true fame; but was there no true fame in the fact that Napoleon as he bridged the Alps, and made at Lodi impossibility itself the slave of his genius, had these poems in his travelling carriage? Could the chosen companion of such a soul, in such moments, be altogether false and worthless? Ossian's Poems we regard as a ruder "Robbers"—a real though clouded voice of poetry, rising in a low age, prophesying and preparing the way for the miracles which followed; and we doubt if Macaulay himself has ever

equalled some of the nobler flights of Macpherson. We may search his writings long ere we find anything so sublime, though we may find many passages equally ambitious, as the Address to the Sun.

He closes his collected articles with his Warren Hastings, as with a grand finale. This we read with the more interest, as we fancy it a chapter extracted from his forthcoming history. As such it justifies our criticism by anticipation. Its personal and literary sketches are unequalled, garnished as they are with select scandal, and surrounded with all the accompaniments of dramatic art. Hastings' trial is a picture to which that of Lord Erskine, highly wrought though it be, is vague and forced, and which, in its thick and crude magnificence, reminds you of the descriptions of Tacitus, or (singular connexion!) of the painting of Hogarth. As in Hogarth, the variety of figures and circumstances is prodigious, and each and all bear upon the main object, to which they point like fingers; so from every face, figure, aspect, and attitude, in the crowded hall of Westminster, light rushes on the brow of Hastings, who seems a fallen god in the centre of the god-like radiance. Even Fox's "sword" becomes significant, and seems to thirst for the pro-consul's destruction. But Macaulay, though equal to descriptions of men in all difficult and even sublime postures, never describes scenery well. His landscapes are too artificial and elaborate. When, for example, he paints Paradise in Byron or Pandemonium in Dryden, it is all by parts and parcels, and you see him pausing and rubbing his brows between each lovely or each terrible item. The scene reluctantly comes or rather is pulled into view, in slow and painful series. It does not rush over his eye and require to be detained in its giddy passage. Hence his picture of India in Hastings is an admirable picture of an Indian village, but not of India, the country. You have the "old oaks"—the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head—the courier shaking his bunch of iron

rings to scare away the hyenas—but where are the eternal bloom, the immemorial temples, the vast blood-spangled mists of superstition, idolatry, and caste, which brood over the sweltering land—the Scotlands of jungle, lighted up by the eyes of tigers as with infernal stars—the Ganges, the lazy deity of the land, creeping down reluctantly to the sea—the heat, encompassing the country like a sullen sleepy hell—the swift steps of tropical Death, heard amid the sulphury silence—the ancient monumental look, proclaiming that all things here continue as they were from the foundation of the world, or seen in the hazy distance as the girdle of the land—the highest peaks of earth soaring up towards the sun—Sirius, the throne of God? Macaulay too much separates the material from the moral aspects of the scene, instead of blending them together as exponents of the one great fact, India.

## WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THIS distinguished author was born in Warwick, in 1775, and was educated at Rugby and Oxford, whence he was rusticated for the boyish freak of firing a gun in the quadrangle of the college. His academic life terminated with this event; for he never returned to complete his course, or obtain his degree. His sturdy and somewhat rebellious traits showed themselves at an early period, and to the short allowance to which one display of these qualities subjected him, it is probable that the world owes the beginning of his beneficent and honorable career as a thinker. Settling down in Swansea, in Wales, on a small and incompetent allowance, his first literary adventure was made. Its success necessitated what followed. He subsequently came into possession of a large estate, which, making him entirely independent, has enabled him to indulge his propensity to literature, and perhaps contributed somewhat to that defiant species of independence which has become characteristic of the man. In 1806 he left England, being disgusted with some financial occurrences with a bad specimen of his countrymen, and resided for several years in Italy. In 1814 he married a descendant of the French Baron de Neuve Ville; and returning to England about 1830, has there resided, occasionally contributing to the columns of the *Examiner*, and exemplifying in everything the lineaments and traits of the Englishman of Englishmen.



Walter Savage Landor



## THE LITERARY LIFE

The first literary work of O'Connell, *My Mother's Boy*, appeared in 1906. It was a collection of stories and poems, and it was the first of a series of literary efforts. The book was well received, and it established O'Connell as a writer. He continued to write, and his work became more and more popular. In 1910, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1912, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1914. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1916, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1918, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1920. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1922, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1924, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1926. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1928, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1930, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1932. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1934, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1936, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1938. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1940, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1942, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1944. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1946, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1948, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1950. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1952, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1954, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1956. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1958, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1960, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1962. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1964, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1966, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1968. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1970, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1972, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1974. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1976, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1978, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1980. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1982, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1984, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1986. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1988, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1990, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1992. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 1994, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1996, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 1998. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 2000, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 2002, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 2004. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 2006, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 2008, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 2010. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 2012, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 2014, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 2016. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name. In 2018, he published *The Boy Who Wasn't There*, a novel that was a great success. It was followed by *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 2020, and *The Boy Who Wasn't There* in 2022. These books were all very popular, and they made O'Connell a household name.



*Walter Savage Landor*



Mr. Landor's sympathies are entirely and even fiercely with popular progress; he is an avowed republican; and many of his views pertain to extreme liberalism; yet he expresses all this with an air of *hauteur* and of *Noli me tangere* exclusiveness, fit for the choicest oligarchy, and redolent of the *salons*. His republic must be Athens *rediviva*—peopled, not by coarse artisans and ancient *sans-culottes*, but by Pericles and his brilliant contemporaries—all the deficiencies and anomalies of the real being mellowed into the serene beauty of a refined ideal. He fights for the people with the weapons of the patrician—like Monsieur dropping the duke, and becoming Philip Egalité, in the cause of the masses. His democracy is exhibited in principles, in doctrines, in political and social economy, in abstract theory and profound speculation; his aristocracy, in a certain contemptuous, overbearing tone, in a severe irony and frequent floods of sarcasm upon his fellow men, and an expressed consciousness of superiority and impatience of lesser minds. Like his imaginary Porson, he is ill-disposed to countenance the moderns—and his defiance of the universal herd of critics, his earnestly-uttered indifference for the “sweet voices” of his countrymen, is emphatic, outspoken, daring. A champion for the rights of the people, he writes over the heads of the people; popular in tone and purpose, he is unpopular, because highly *recherché*, in style and effect.

His unpopularity is, indeed, negative—it arises not from aversion, but from neglect—men do not dislike, but simply are unacquainted with him. His name is breathed far and wide, and is recognized as a familiar sound by hundreds who never read a line of *Gebir*, or the *Imaginary Conversations*, except *per* quotation. We have all heard of Walter Savage Landor, and of his authorship in the matter of certain dialogues, wherein fancy impersonates characters of high and low degree, sometimes with the witchery and moonlight of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, sometimes with the fireside

interest of a Winter's Tale. But in the vast majority of instances we have taken these things on tradition; and if some copyist of Whately, who ingeniously creates *Historic Doubts* as to the career and existence of such a man as Napoleon Buonaparte, were disposed to deny the entity of any such writer as Mr. Landor, we traditionists might be perplexed for proof positive, not having seen the man, nor the works of his brain. It is to be hoped that in this case, however, the traditionists are becoming more interested in the articles of their creed, and that they are gradually proceeding from the walk by faith to the walk by sight, from hearsays and rumors to personal experiences and intimate acquaintanceship. An admirable critic has remarked that Mr. Landor is "a man of great genius, and, as such, he *ought* to interest the public, More than enough appears of his strong eccentric nature, through every page of his now extensive writings, to win, amongst those who have read him, a corresponding interest in all that concerns him personally." He is not, it must be allowed, over conciliatory in his tone, nor is there a vestige of submissiveness, of stooping to conquer, in his manner. "Let us step aside," is his resolve, "and stand close by the walls of the old houses, making room for the swell-mob of authors to pass by, with their puffiness of phraseology, their German-silver ornaments, their bossy and ill-soldered sentences, their little and light parlor-faggots of trim philosophy, and their top-heavy baskets of false language, false criticism, and false morals." But he has been willing to bide his time—and gradually his fame is extending—though, compared with popular writers, his audience is small. If one were to tell him that he is tossed aside by the students of *Harry Lorrequer* and Albert Smith, he would answer, with unruffled mien, I did not write for *them*. We may apply to himself the words he ascribes to Barrow—If others for a time are preferred to me, let my heart lie sacredly still; and I shall ever hear from it the true and plain oracle, that not for ever will the magis-

tracy of letters allow the rancid transparencies of coarse colormen to stand before my propylæa. Such sentiments are of frequent occurrence in the *Imaginary Conversations*.

Germany has drawn a broad line of distinction between her *classical* and her *dramatic* writers. According to Menzel, Voss, for instance, took Homer for his model—Gessner took Theocritus—Ramler imitated Horace. The banners of romanticism, as a hostile power, were surrounded by Frederick and William Schlegel, by Ludwig, Tieck, Arnim, Fouque (of *Undine* renown), Callot, Hoffmann, &c. Two schools—of contrary purposes and methods—are thus fostered in literary *Deutschland*. Now, Mr. Landor presents a happy illustration of their union and harmony—for it would be hard to say whether he more sympathizes with the classical or with the romantic; instead of singing, How happy could I be with either! he cherishes and does justice to both. It may be said that the classical is clearly his *forte*, witness his *Pericles and Aspasia*—and the fine statuesque charm of those dialogues wherein Sophocles, Plato, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Cicero, and Lucian take part. But on the other hand we may *cite* (as Justice Shallow's original did) the person of "the youth William Shakspeare, accused of deer-stealing," and such other worthies among the imaginary interlocutors as Dante, "the man who had seen hell," and Joan of Orleans, Tasso and Cornelia, Petrarch the lover of Laura, and Boccaccio with his century of tales, *Arcadian* Sidney and *Faëry Queene* Spencer, Niccolo Machiavelli, who, according to Butler, "gave his name to our old Nick," and Michael Angelo the sublime. Perhaps Mr. Landor interfuses the two elements more pleasantly than accurately—giving a tinge of Christian romanticism to the sentiments and phrases of the great men of Greece and Rome, and imbuing those of Christendom in her teens with something of the old classic spirit—so that the sentences of some amongst them sound as if translated by an accomplished linguist from the canonical pages of the *Phædo*, or the



tria; between Romilly and Percival, Pitt and Canning, Kosciusko and Poniatowski. Does he ask for the sentimental and the reflective? Let him peruse the beautiful thoughts interchanged between the poets Sidney and Brooke, in the woods of Penshurst, caring not how long they tarry among

“Night airs that make tree-shadows walk, and sheep  
Washed white in the cold moonshine on gray cliffs;”

or let him wander, listeningly, languishingly, in the track of Epicurus and those two bright maidens, who talk with the old man eloquent upon life and death, and old age and immortality, as they enjoy the sea-air, and tread down oleanders and strawberry plants at every step; or let him hear the two Ciceros gravely discourse, as Romans should in the day of Rome's trouble and rebuke; or let him give ear to Pericles the wise, and frank magnanimous Sophocles, whose dramatic art portrayed so powerfully, so touchingly, the woes of the house of *Œdipus*, and the mad death-scene of *Ajax*. Does he inquire for what is romantic, for narrative and tale, not without passion and excitement? He may find what he seeks in the dialogue between *Leofric* and the *Lady Godiva*, of *Coventry* renown; or the horrible scene in the *Russian* palace, where *Catherine* listens through the double door to the sounds of murder, the murder of the emperor her husband, and exults with appalling mirth at the noise of the splashing blood-drops. “There, there again! The drops are now like lead: every half-minute they penetrate the eider-down and the mattress. How now! which of these fools has brought his dog with him? What tramping and lapping! The creature will carry the marks all about the palace with his feet and muzzle.” The “affair” at the *Pyramids*, where an *English* officer is shot by the *French* as he sits noting down home-thoughts in his pocket-book, is another illustration under this head—and again the dialogue between



Peter the Great and his unfortunate son Alexis, and the prolix narrative of sailor Normanby's history, recounted to the Duke de Richelieu; and the strange interview of the patriot Hofer with Metternich and the imperial Francis. Or does the reader desiderate a train of philosophical thought and meditative wisdom? There are the discussions of *Æschines* and *Phocion*, of *Milton* and *Andrew Marvel*, and especially of *Isaac Barrow* and *Isaac Newton*. Does he enjoy shrewd debate, humorous fancy, sharp repartee, mirthful suggestion, satirical observation? Food enough and to spare is there in the interlocutions of the King of the Sandwich Isles and Mr. Peel, Don Miguel and his royal mother, the evangelical Mr. Bloombury and his apoplectic noble friend, Lord Bacon and Richard Hooker, Pope Leo XII. and his free-spoken valet. In short, Mr. Landor, in these brilliant *Imaginary Conversations*, ranges—as a living commentator has said—over every age—"shooting his soul into sages, and statesmen, and poets, and grammarians, and conquerors of every shape and degree—catching their spirit—dissecting their motives—thinking their thoughts—speaking their words—yet casting into, and over all, the peculiarity and boldness of his own intellect!"\* We must say a word on one or two of the principal dialogues.

That between Southey and Porson—in two parts—is among the best known. The writer's cleverness and versatility of talent appear to advantage here. The subject discussed is the literary position of Wordsworth—whom the Greek professor attacks with unqualified hostility, and apparently as the mouth-piece of Mr. Landor, who may be far from subscribing to the entire body of accusation, but must surely have vented that acute criticism, overflowing with wit, philosophy, and learning, from the abundance of his own heart; Southey's apologies for his brother Laker are exqui-

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\* Gilfillan.

sitely finished, but they are sufficiently inferior in acumen and vigor to the onslaughts of Porson, to prove that the latter does duty for Landor. The strictures upon the Rydal poet are severe in the extreme—may we not add, painfully, unreasonably so? There is an air of rancor, of actual malice, in the probing dissection elaborated by the Cambridge professor, who, says Mr. De Quincey, assuredly never heard of Wordsworth, and probably never saw him;—"it would have taken three witches, and three broom-sticks clattering about his head, to have extorted from Porson any attention to a contemporary poet who did not give first-rate feeds. And a man that besides his criminal conduct in respect of dinners, actually made it a principle to drink nothing but water, would have seemed so depraved a character in Porson's eyes that, out of regard to public decency, he would never have mentioned his name, had he even happened to know it." While, therefore, it is vexatious to read the merciless attack of our "Savage," with intent to do some grievous bodily harm to the mild laureate, it must be owned that the papers in question are replete with masterly writing, and sparkle with no ineffectual fire. Porson is made to paraphrase, with brilliant emendations, and critical additions, the bitter lines of Byron, which teach that Wordsworth

"Both by precept and example, shows  
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,  
Convincing all by demonstration plain,  
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;  
And Christmas stories, tortured into rhyme,  
Contain the essence of the true sublime."\*

Porson characterizes much in the *Lyrical Ballads* as "heavy trash," "squashiness," "conceited silliness"—and he revels in the denunciations of unsparing hostility. "Wordsworth's is an instrument which has no trumpet-stop." "Among all

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\* *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

the bran in the little bins of his beer-cellar, there is not a legal quart of that stout old English beverage with which the good bishop of Dromore\* regaled us. The buff jerkins we saw in Chevy Chase, please me better than the linsy-woolsy which enwraps the puffy limbs of our worthy host at Grassmere. His impatience is laughable: nothing is more amusing than to see him raise his bristles and expose his tusk at every invader of his brushwood, every marauder of his hips and haws. Our friend's poetry, like a cloak of gum elastic, makes me sweat without keeping me warm. I am weary of decomposing these lines of sawdust. If there is a Wordsworth school, it certainly is not a grammar-school. Really, is there any girl of fourteen whose poetry, being like this, the fondest mother would lay before her most intimate friends? My oil and vinegar are worth more than the winter cabbage you have set before me, and are ill spent upon it. Never let old women poke me with their knitting-pins, if I recommend them, in consideration of their hobbling and wheezing, to creep quietly on by the level side of Mr. Wordsworth's lead-mines, slate-quarries, and tarns, leaving me to scramble as I can among the Alpine inequalities of Milton and Shakspeare." And so on.

But who shall gainsay the pre-eminent merit of much of the occasional criticism and of many philosophical reflections interspersed throughout this celebrated conversation? High and impracticable as Mr. Landor's theory of criticism is, it deserves grave attention, and is all alive with somewhat disagreeable truths. His contempt for the reviewing tribe leaves far behind that of Byron and Bulwer Lytton. Adverse as he makes Porson declare himself to the style and manner of Wordsworth, he annexes his conviction that all his reviewers put together could never compose anything equal to the worst paragraph in his volumes! He denies the exist-

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\* Percy's *Reliques*.

ence in any English review of a temperate, accurate, solid exposition of any English work whatever. There is hardly, says he, a young author who does not make his first attempt in some review; showing his teeth, hanging by his tail, pleased and pleasing by the volubility of his chatter, and doing his best to get a penny for his exhibition and a nut for his own pouch, by the facetiousness of the tricks he performs upon our heads and shoulders.\* In the same article occurs the comical description of the uncouth professor's seduction to a London *route*, under the impression that he was bound for an oyster cellar—how he received on the stairs many shoves and elbowings, and could not help telling the gay wag who deceived him, that if indeed it *was* the oyster cellar in Fleet-street, the company was much altered for the worse, and that in future he should frequent another—how he would fain have effected a precipitate retreat if he could but have found the door, from which every effort he made seemed to remove him farther and farther—and how one pretty woman said loudly, "He has no gloves on!"—and an elder one replied, "What nails the creature has! Piano-forte keys wanting the white!"

The prolonged discussions between Dr. Johnson and Horne Tooke are full of pleasant reading for the curious in grammar and "derivations," and will be hailed with delight by every lover of the *Diversions of Purley*. Tooke is the leading talker, and has all the learning and most of the wit on his side; but Johnson's bluff, ruff, and ready manner is ably portrayed—and as we listen we can almost image the very presence of "brave old Samuel"—even as Macaulay etches it—"the gigantic body, the huge massy face, seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig with the scorched foretop, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick:—we see the eyes

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\* *Southey and Porson (First Dialogue).*

and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing; and then comes the 'Why, sir!' and the 'What then, sir!' and the 'No, sir!' and the 'You don't see your way through the question, sir!'"\* At first the Doctor is rude and bearish, forbidding and intolerant; gradually he relents beneath the warmth of Tooke's eloquence, attracted by his moderation and erudition, and not a little moved by his cleverly managed compliments and humble reverential tone towards the author of the Dictionary. Then comes an *aside*, "Strange man! it is difficult to think him half so wicked as he is"—and again—"I did not imagine that this logical wronghead could balance and swing and dandle me so easily;"—and at the finale—"How! have I then shaken hands with him? *and so heartily?*"

Mr. Landor himself figures, and to advantage, in the conversations with Pallavicini, and with an English and Florentine visitor. He avows the opinions spoken in his own name, and those only; though it is easy to see him incarnated in many of the persons whose sentiments he refuses to adopt in a responsible sense. The dialogue with the French Abbé Delille is highly entertaining, and redundant with learning; how amusing Landor's remarks upon his friend's translation of Milton—"in your trimmed and measured dress he might be taken for a Frenchman. *Do not think me flattering.* You have conducted Eve from Paradise to Paris, and she really looks prettier and smarter than before she tripped. With what elegance she rises from a most awful dream! You represent her as springing up *en sursaut*, as if you had caught her asleep, and tickled the young creature on that sofa." His are withering sarcasms on Voltaire and Boileau—for instance, when the abbé admits that Voltaire was too severe upon Shakspeare, Landor's bristling rejoinder is, "Severe? Is it severity to throw a crab or a pincushion at the Farnese Her-

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\* Macaulay's *Essays*, Vol. I.

cules or the Belvidere Apollo? It is folly, perverseness, and impudence, in poets and critics like Voltaire, whose best composition in verse is a hard mosaic, sparkling and superficial, of squares and parallelograms, one speck each."

Our author's humor, quiet and unobtrusive, is seen favorably in the brief interview between Lord Bacon and the "judicious" Hooker, parish priest, and author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*—characteristic traits of both are introduced—the dissimulating spirit of the courteous Chancellor, and the meekness, simplicity, and temperance of the reverend Richard;—"There are men," says Bacon, "so squeamish that, forsooth, they would keep a cup to themselves, and never communicate it to their nearest and best friend . . . Pledge me; hither comes our wine;"—and then the outbreak on the servant—"Dolt! villain! *is not this the beverage I reserve for myself?* . . . Bear with me, good master Hooker, but verily I have little of this wine, and I keep it as a medicine for my many and growing infirmities. You are healthy at present: God, in his infinite mercy, long maintain you so! Weaker drink is more wholesome for you." Brimful of fun, too, is the scene between Don Miguel and his mother, where the prince describes his visit to England, and the monstrosities of British cookery, and the horrors that are patent on the Anglican dinner-table, so revolting to the Portuguese ideal. He observes that we prefer the coarse and inferior species of fish to the nobler—soles to porpoise, turbot to seal, cod to dolphin. "I once was served with what I flattered myself were surely snails, but I found they were only oysters. Another time, when I fancied I had a fine cuttle-fish before me, they put me off with a sole. Once they placed the hinder quarter of a prodigious sheep directly opposite, with the least becoming part of its tail toward me." Whereat his mother exclaims, in polite consternation, "Sheep! tail toward an Infante of Portugal! son of an Infanta of Spain! What in the name of Holy Mary could a sheep or a tail do there?" And

Miguel bewilders the good lady more and more by assuring her that the English verily eat mutton ; aye, openly, and even at great dinners, and not merely in times of scarcity ; and contrive to swallow turbot without saffron and assafoetida. Very lively, again, are the scenes between Bossuet and the young duchess de Fontange, and between Joseph Scaliger and Montaigne. A rare abundance of wit and wisdom will be found in the dialogue between William Penn and Lord Peterborough, which would furnish needy scribes with plenipotentary powers of essay-writing, so far as materials and suggestions are concerned. The idiosyncrasies of Quaker and chivalric peer are well depicted and preserved throughout ; both speakers discourse in an enlarged and enlightened spirit, as they journey together through the tangled woodlands of Pennsylvania, their theme the Old World and its history, the New World and its prospects, religion and religions, English laws and natural rights, tithes and aristocrats, patriotism and the Society of Friends.

A conversation between Middleton and Magliabechi—the heterodox Protestant and the alarmed Romanist—is made the vehicle for opinions on theology of a thoroughly latitudinarian color. So is that between Dr. Barrow and his pupil, Sir Isaac Newton ; Mr. Landor's *animus* is evidenced in a note as follows—"Newton was timid and reserved in expressing his opinions, and was more orthodox (in the Anglican sense of orthodoxy) early in life than later. What he thought at last is not clear ; and perhaps it was well for him that it was no clearer. Under his eyes, in the reign of William III., a youth of eighteen was punished with death for expressing such opinions as our philosopher hinted to Le Clerc. To remove," continues Mr. Landor, "and consume the gallows on which such men are liable to suffer, is among the principal aims and intent of these writings." The two Cantabs are made to utter sentiments truly noble and profound ; the remarks on political ambition, on an austere Cal-

vinism, and on Bacon's *Essays*, are valuable, and will repay the loving student, whose patience will be little taxed, for there is nothing dry or obscure about the animated dialogue. The excellent doctor makes no very perilous venture when he presumes to encourage Newton by saying, "happen what may, I doubt nothing of your surpassing the foremost of your competitors; of your very soon obtaining a name in the university little below (!) Dr. Spry's of Caius, Dr. Brockhouse's of St. John's, Dr. Cockburn's of Emanuel, &c., &c.; nay, a name which, within a few years, may reach even to Leyden and Paris, as that of a most studious young man, distinguished alike for application and invention." Considerable skill, and something more than mere tact, were required for the writer to throw himself back upon the times of his dialogueists to renounce his *à posteriori* standing-point for their *à priori* position; not to make Barrow talk like Whewell, not (if we may say it) to antedate the past; and in this Mr. Landor is careful not to overstep the modesty of nature, while at the same time, he ingeniously notes down the pregnant guesses and far-seeing speculations of genius. A mean writer would signally fail in such touches, unless framed on an authorized model.

Perhaps the most vigorous of the later conversations, is that of Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker—the scorn, the proud independence, the conscious superiority of the poet, are played off triumphantly against the prelate, and the vindication of Milton may be called complete. Mr. Landor is less unequal here than in very many of his works; the power and eloquence are sustained throughout, lofty as is the key. He manifests in no mean form the excellence of his "energetic reason" and "shaping mind," while pitting the outspoken, austere Marvel against a courtly lord spiritual, who held that princes (his own words) may with less danger give liberty to men's vices and debaucheries than to their consciences. The retorts of Milton's friend are magnificent, though many of



them are black-dyed in the gall of bitterness. Amazing is the number of profound and choicely-worded aphorisms which might be extracted from this interview; they all, however, occur in the words of the layman, for the development of whose artistic skill the poor bishop is but a lay figure. Parker is ever adjusting the wickets and replacing the skittles, and Marvel is ever knocking them down. The sage, trite maxims (somewhat musty) of the right reverend peer, are but texts for potent homilies from the irreverend poet. "We are all of us dust and ashes," moralizes the former; and the latter rejoins, "True, my lord; but in some we recognize the dust of gold and the ashes of the phoenix; in others the dust of the gateway and the ashes of turf and stubble." Parker contends that very conscientious men may surely have reprehended Milton according to the lights that God has lent them; and Marvel replies that they might have burnt God's oil in better investigations. Parker complacently declares, "I know nothing of your new-fangled sects; but the doctrines of the Anglican and the Romish church approximate." Marvel answers that the shepherd of the seven hills teaches his sheep in what tone to bleat before him, just as the Tyrolean teaches his bull-finch; first by depriving him of sight, and then by making him repeat a certain number of notes at stated intervals. Says Parker, "I do not give up a friend for a trifle;" whereto his tormentor makes reply, "Your lordship, it appears, must have more than a trifle for the surrender." . . . "I am afraid, Mr. Marvel, there is some slight bitterness in your observation." *Marvel*.—"Bitterness it may be from the bruised laurel of Milton." There are in the same paper some admirable thoughts upon reform, dogmatism, persecution; upon Milton as poet and politician, and the troublous age wherein his spirit shone like a star and dwelt apart. Louis XIV. is defined "a nucleus of powder—an efflorescence of frill." Sharp-tongued strictures are used upon the canonization of Charles *the Martyr*; upon the trick-

ling and dimpling watery strains of weakling versifiers, more popular than their contemporary, the "creator" of *Comus* and *Paradise Lost*; upon French taste in the drama, where Orestes is a monseigneur and struts under a triumphal arch of curls; and Andromache declaims with upright hair larded and dredged.

The long series of "talk" between the emperor of China and Tsing-Ti, his ambassador to England, abounds with facetious criticisms on British and European sayings and doings, though the fun is somewhat wire-drawn and far-fetched occasionally, as might be expected in so prolix a dissertation. The mandarin describes in detail the scrapes he got into by his literal interpretation of the Christian Scriptures,—singing psalms in the streets when he felt merry, and pelted by the mob for his pains; getting a "cuff in the muzzle" for imparting the kiss of peace to his host's wife; and horrified at the jury and witnesses in their infraction of the prohibition of oaths. Social manners are amusingly sketched by the observant Asiatic, whose eight audiences before the exalted head of the Celestial Empire deserve attention.

Two dialogues between Southey and Landor embody a discussion on Milton, containing many beautiful, and some crotchety passages. His system of spelling is wilful, some say affected. Thus, he writes always Aristoteles for Aristotle—for which fancy a celebrated Greek scholar assails him with critical banter, showing the inconsistency of the innovator in continuing to use such abbreviations as Virgil, Ovid, Livy, &c., while eschewing the popular form Aristotle. "Apply," says De Quincey, "the principle of abbreviation involved in the names Pliny, Livy, Tully, all substituting *y* for *ius*, (Plinius, Livius, Tullius), to Marius—that grimmest of grim visions that rises up to us from the phantasmagoria of Roman history. Figure to yourself, reader, that truculent face, trenched and scarred with hostile swords, carrying thunder in its ominous eyebrows, and frightening armies a mile off

with its scowl, being saluted by the tenderest of feminine names, as, 'My Mary!'"\* An essay towards reforming deflexions from orthography seems at this time of day the essay of a knight-errant, a Quixote renewed. Endless are the difficulties and the anomalies that bristle around the pathway of the adventurous reformer; at every step he gets deeper in the mire; heterography is hydra-headed—orthography is like the fruit and water to aspiring Tantalus. "The whole world lies in heresy and schism upon the subject. . . . It is absolutely of no use to begin with one's own grandmother in such labors of reformation. It is toil thrown away; and as nearly hopeless a task as the proverb insinuates that it is to attempt a reformation in that old lady's mode of eating eggs."

Among other interlocutors summoned into life and eloquence by our author, are Melancthon and Calvin—representing (not with historical accuracy, by the way,) tolerance and intolerance—Dante and Beatrice—Michael Angelo and Machiavelli—Lucian and Timotheus—the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert H. Inglis—Æsop and Rhodope—Joan of Arc and Agnes Sorel—Wilberforce and Romilly—Tasso and Cornelia—Essex and Spencer—Galileo and Milton. Mr. Landor is far from uniform in his success; some of his portraits stand out with life-like prominence, as Sir Frederick Vernon stood, *in propria personâ*, before Francis Osbaldistone in *Rob Roy*; others are faint, dim, spiritless, not to say unlike. All the leading talkers are Mr. Landor himself, Protean as are the changes, from the palmy days of Greece to the exhibition of Marshal Bugeaud in Algeria—from Philip II. of Spain to the jocular La Fontaine—from Sophocles, who realized *Antigone*, to Addison, who attempted *Cato*; now bringing before us a love scene between Mary Stuart and the bold bad Bothwell, now transporting us to the blue islets of the Pacific, and

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\* De Quincey, on *Orthographic Mutineers*, 1847.

announcing the name of Queen Pomare and the English Pritchard; at one time recording the converse of Diogenes and Plato in the true classic vein (anti-Platonic though Landor be), and at another chronicling the small-beer prosings of Lord Eldon and Encombe.

"Gebir, a poem," has been marvellously little read. "There is delight in singing, though none hear beside the singer," says the author to Robert Browning—it is to be feared Gebir gave him scope for such felicity. Yet the beauties are not few, nor wanting in freshness; and the polished finish of the diction, the harmony of the rhythm, the musical flow of many parts, raise the poem high above many better-known performances. In the first book occurs that exquisite image of the sea-shell,

" Shake one, and it awakens; then apply  
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

The third book sends Gebir, like Dante, to the "silent and unsearchable abodes of Erebus and night," where he beholds his shadowy ancestors, while the waves of sulphur bellow through the blue abyss. The death of Gebir—brought about like that of Hercules, by female intervention and a poisoned vesture—is powerfully and touchingly described—and we shudder as we read how Dalica, the wicked nurse of the heroine, around his shoulders drew the garb accursed, and bowed her head, departing—how, scarcely, with pace uneven, knees unnerved, reached he the waters that sounded murmuring drearily in his troubled ear, and rose wild, in strange colors, to his parching eyes—

" They seem'd to rush around him, seem'd to lift  
From the receding earth his helpless feet.  
He fell: Charoba shriekt aloud; she ran;  
Frantic with fears and fondness, mazed with woe,

Nothing but Gebir dying she beheld.  
 . . . In vain they bore him to the sea, in vain  
 Rubb'd they his temples with the briny warmth;  
 He struggled from them strong in agony,  
 He rose half up, he fell again, he cried  
 Charoba, O Charoba ! "

*Count Julian* ranks highest among the dramatic scenes of Mr. Landor—none of which are adapted for popularity or renown. One of his reviewers observes that prose—witty, weighty, eloquent, and thoughtful—is his domain; and that his muse seems to require either perfect freedom or a cage—the liberty of prose, or the captivity of rhyme—as the half-and-half franchise of blank-verse seems to tame, without tuning, his genius. A copious miscellany of poetical fragments, in blank and rhyme, closes the second volume of his works—and includes many graceful, many epigrammatic, and many *so-so* verses. They show the man in his strange originality, heartiness, and power, and enlist for him the love of every loving soul. His literary history is shadowed forth in such lines as the following—

" I never courted friends or Fame ;  
 She pouted at me long, at last she came,  
 And threw her arms around my neck and said,  
 One hour earlier from thy coronal.  
 Take what hath been for years delay'd,  
 And fear not that the leaves will fall."

There are pleasant verses addressed to Southey, to Charles Dickens, Barry Cornwall, R. Browning, Julius Hare, John Forster, Charles Lamb and his sister, Macaulay, Lady Blessington, Wordsworth, Michelet, and others. The delicacy of the poet's compliments is equal to their evident sincerity, for no one can read far into the thoughts of Landor without the conviction of his being a cordial, a real man. And a tender spirit was it that breathed the gentle stanzas—

"Loved, when my love from all but thee had flown,  
Come near me ; seat thee on this level stone ;  
And ere thou lookest o'er the churchyard wall,  
To catch, as once we did, yon waterfall,  
Look a brief moment on the turf between,  
And see a tomb thou never yet hast seen.  
My spirit will be sooth'd to hear once more  
Good-bye, as gently spoken as before."

We have said nothing of three prominent works of our author; nor is there space for doing so now. The *Examination of William Shakspeare* before Sir Thomas Lucy, on the charge of deer-stealing, is by many accounted his masterpiece; it was no light enterprise, that of giving to Shakspeare a form and words, and making him jest with the knight and Sir Silas, the epicurean, testy chaplain—and bully the witnesses, and recite ballads, and vow everlasting fidelity to "that idle and silly slut, that sly and scoffing giggler," (as Justice Shallow calls her), Hannah Hathaway. The *Pentameron* consists of discourses on Dante, and other subjects, by Petrarch and Boccaccio; and breathes the spirit of mediæval Italy as naturally as the *Pericles and Aspasia* correspondence does that of Attica in her glory.

From early days, it seems, Landor was characterized by an independent, eccentric will. The story of his catching the Warwickshire farmer in his net, and refusing the angry prisoner an *exeat* till he came to terms about his fish-ponds, is amusing and credible enough. At Rugby school he is said to have been leader of the boys, yet without associating with them; and was renowned for his sturdy opposition to every glimpse of tyranny, whether on the part of masters or pupils, the manner of his resistance gaining him a name for arrogant pride. This was a type of his after career and reputation. Oxford sent this queer customer about his business for firing off a gun in the court of Trinity college, and he came to London and studied Italian. His subsequent life has been chiefly

spent in Italy; whence he dispatched to his native land those *Imaginary Conversations* on which his chief repute is built; Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Forster conducting them through the press. The former gentleman, in his *Guesses at Truth*, calls him "the greatest master of style in our days;" and it may be worth adding that in the manuscripts transmitted from the sunny South, very few words have ever been altered—"every word was the right one from the first."\*

The abundance of aphorisms, maxims, laconic sentences, apophthegms, and epigrammatic oracular *dicta* to be found in his works is almost without parallel in our literature. Comprehensive and symmetrical as his genius certainly is, no author will better bear dissection, fragmentary quotation, and piecemeal extraction. The mirror in its unity, and the mirror broken into pieces—in both cases, we see the strong lines and "noticeable" features of Walter Savage Landor. Try his royal octavos, reader, and see if it be not so.

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\* "I have also observed the same fact in Arnold's manuscripts, in which, indeed, from the simple, easy flow of his style, one might sooner expect it. Lieber tells us that Niebuhr also said to him, 'Endeavor never to strike out anything of what you have once written down.' So Cobbett's great rule was, 'Never think of mending what you write: let it go: no patching.' Cobbett's own writings are a proof of the excellence of his rule: what they may want in elegance they more than make up for in strength."—See *Guesses at Truth*, First Series, p. 295.







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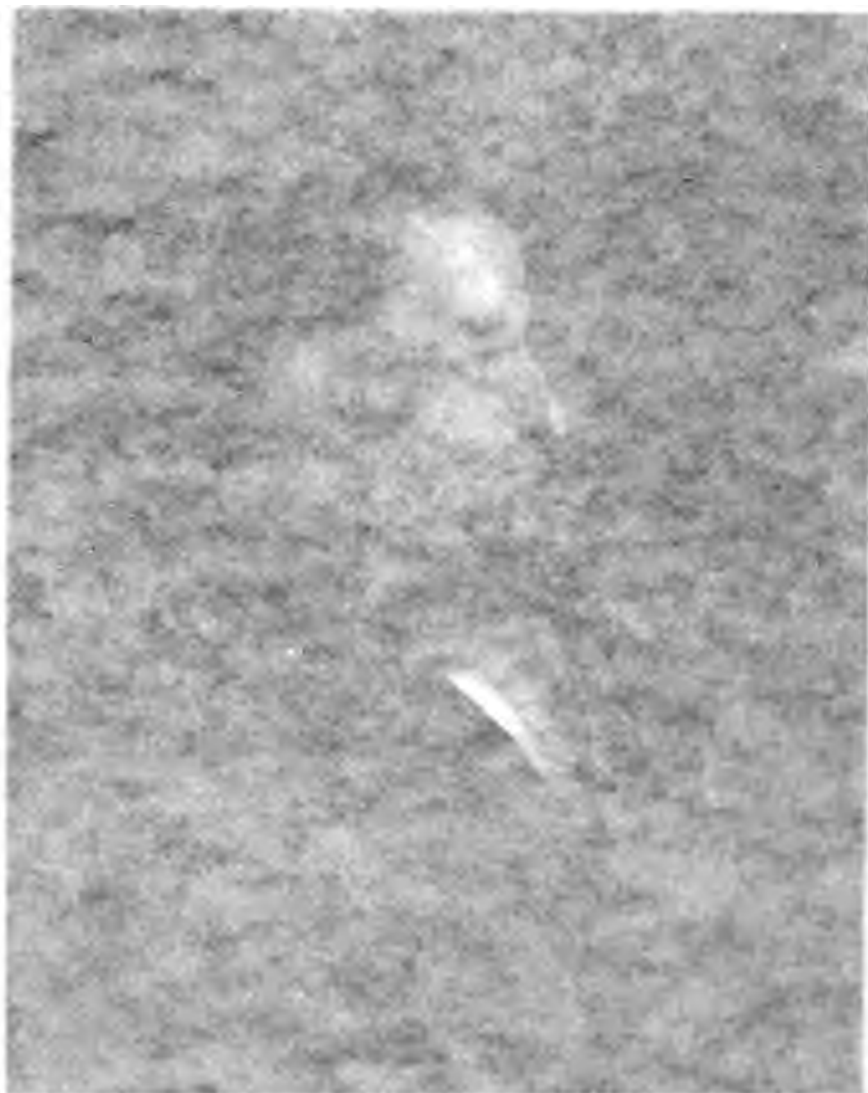
*P. P. Hay*

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*W. H. P. 4*

## L O R D J E F F R E Y .

FRANCIS JEFFREY, the celebrated critic, essayist, and founder of the *Edinburgh Review*, lays claim to a distinguished place among the illustrious men of the era. His genius, taste, and great achievements in literature, not only secured a world-wide fame for him, but exerted a formative power upon the intellect, political and moral sentiments of the age. He was a native of Edinburgh, where he spent his life, and contributed not a little to the literary distinction and supremacy of that city, which has acquired the title of the Modern Athens. Jeffrey was born in 1773, and died in 1850; and during that long period, in the great world of opinion, was one of England's foremost men. The material incidents in the life of Lord Jeffrey go within a small compass. He was born in Edinburgh in 1773, and received his early education in the High School of that city. In 1787 he became a student in the University of Glasgow, from which place he removed, in 1791, to pass a portion of that year as an inmate of Queen's College, Oxford. He then returned to Edinburgh, and three years later, in the twenty-first year of his age, he was called to the Scottish bar. His success was so limited, that in 1801, when he married, his income from his profession had never exceeded a hundred a-year. In 1802 Jeffrey stood committed, with others, in the starting of the *Edinburgh Review*, of which journal he soon afterwards became editor, retaining that office until 1829. In 1830 he

became Lord Advocate, and obtained a seat in the House of Commons; and in 1834 he took his place on the bench as a judge of the Court of Session. In the discharge of the duties of this office he continued until within a few days of his decease, which took place in January, 1850, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

It is as a critic that Jeffrey will be best known to posterity, and perhaps there never was a human mind so well adapted for exercising the art of criticism. Eminently analytical in its texture, it discriminated beauties and defects, truth and error in literary composition, or in philosophical speculation, with a delicacy and precision which nothing, however minute or evanescent, could evade. The same critical acumen distinguished his professional appearances, both as an advocate and as a judge; for, accompanied as they were with great learning and eloquence, they were still more valuable for their subtle elucidation of principles and analysis of authorities. A correct judgment fortified these powers of discrimination, and in literature this was refined into an exquisite taste, which instinctively guided him in his criticisms. His emotions were more lively than profound, and his intellect more adorned by fancy than imagination; and hence he hit the proper medium between that enthusiasm which leads to exaggerated praise or blame, and that insensibility which ignores sensations it does not feel. Great eloquence he unquestionably had, but it was not always roused into extraordinary vigor, seldom, indeed, but in his speeches on occasions of peculiar interest; and in his writings, it is in general seen rather in the flow of refined thought and graceful language, than in the torrent of passion or imagination. He possessed, however, a brilliant fancy in a very remarkable degree, which, so far from leading him astray, being habitually under the control of a sober judgment, aided him powerfully in stating clearly and illustrating with copiousness whatever he desired to express or expound. It indeed made his path

radiant as with phosphoric light wherever he trod, whether among the flowery meads of poetry, the arid regions of law and business, or the obscure depths of metaphysics. It may not be so generally conceded, though we hesitate not to assert it, notwithstanding some superficial appearances to the contrary, that to these intellectual capabilities he added the scarcely less valuable requisites of candor and temper, the purest motives and the most generous sympathies. A thorough acquaintance with, at least, *English* literature, an ardent love of literature for its own sake, and habits of the most untiring industry, completed qualifications as a critic, which, whether as regards the matter of the criticism, or the charm of the composition, have probably been unrivalled in ancient or in modern times.

One so highly gifted could not fail to be a most important coadjutor of those choice spirits who, at the beginning of this century, originated the *Edinburgh Review*. It was proposed to them by the late Rev. Sydney Smith, "one day when they met, in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey," and the proposal was received with acclamation. To his editorial management it was committed almost from its commencement, and he continued to superintend its publication down to 1829, when, on being elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, he withdrew from the management out of a delicate regard for the purity of the bar, feeling, as he himself has recorded, "that it was not quite fitting that the official head of a great Law Corporation should continue to be the conductor of what might fairly enough be represented as, in many respects, a Party Journal." During this long period it owed the greatest share of its success and renown to him, who not only contributed largely to the most brilliant of its pages, but who discharged the still more difficult and important task of presiding over the other distinguished contributors, and bringing out periodically, upon a systematic plan, a

work which was intended to overturn established modes of thought in literature, philosophy, and politics, and to advance the popular discussion of these to a rank which it had never before attained. It is in this latter point of view, as much as in reference to his individual writings, that Jeffrey must be regarded, in considering the influence which he has exercised upon the public mind.

What the *Edinburgh Review* became and performed under his management, it would exceed our limits to detail; but the subject bears too closely on our present purpose to be left altogether without notice. Periodical literature had, by the end of the last century, to a great extent, changed its character as well as lost its lustre. The admirable essays of Addison and Steele, and, at a later period, of Johnson and Goldsmith, had given place to journals devoted to notices of new publications; and, as it was their main purpose to puff these into repute, the reviews were in general confined to what was calculated for that object. Occasionally a bookseller's interest, or a critic's spleen, ruffled the wonted serenity of their pages, but seldom did they display talent above mediocrity, and never did they aspire to investigate or expound principles. Sir Walter Scott has thus graphically described the effect of the *Edinburgh Review* on this degraded state of periodical criticism:—

“From these soothing dreams, authors, booksellers, and critics were soon to be roused, by a rattling peal of thunder; and it now remains to be shown how a conspiracy of beardless boys innovated upon the memorable laws of the old republic of literature, scourged the booksellers out of their senate-house, upset the tottering thrones of the idols whom they had set up, awakened the hundred-necked snake of criticism, and curdled the whole ocean of milk and water, in which, like the serpentine supporter of Vistnou, he had wreathed and wallowed in unwieldy sloth for a quarter of a century. Then, too, amid this dire combustion, like true

revolutionists, they erected themselves into a committee of public safety, whose decrees were written in blood, and executed without mercy."

This is rather highly colored; but it is not to be denied that the young reviewers discharged their assumed functions occasionally with excessive severity; nor need it be concealed that, besides indiscretions of this kind, they committed graver errors arising from party spirit, the excitement of the times, and the confidence, coupled with the inexperience of youthful minds. Inconsistency, or rather diversity of opinion, is inseparable from an undertaking of this kind, the product of different minds, with only a general common purpose to keep them to uniformity; and such faults are not only venial in themselves, but prove the independence and variety of intellect with which the work is conducted. It is not by these blots that the "Edinburgh Review," or its original projectors, should now be judged, but by the improvement which it rapidly effected in periodical literature, and by the beneficent influence which it has exercised on the progress of opinion and the intellectual development of the age. It "aimed high from the beginning," said its editor, in reviewing his connection with it; and it cannot be denied that it succeeded in its aims. The productions of genius are, to a great extent, independent of criticism; and it would be too much to say, that the brilliant literary era of the early part of this century owed its existence to the writers who hailed its advent, illustrated its glories, and castigated its delinquencies. Their influence was felt rather in awakening the public mind to enlarged views of the multifarious and important topics of which they treated, and in perfecting periodical criticism by abandoning the beaten path of mere critical remarks on books, for the wider field of discussion of principles and systems. They exalted periodical journalism from a subordinate and ancillary, to a paramount and independent place in literature, and made it the popular vehicle, not only



of criticism, but of original speculation, with their great attainments and varied talents placed among the most valuable contributions to the literature and philosophy of the age.

Jeffrey's exact share in this grand work can never be ascertained, but there can be no doubt that it was great, and his position entitles him to the presumption that it was the greatest. His own articles were numerous and multifarious. He admits them to have tripled in number those contained in the collected edition published as his, and we have reason to suspect that they were considerably more. We believe, also, that he was in the constant practice of making important additions to papers written by others. But such contributions must have formed but a part of his labors and honor in the conduct of such a journal. He describes himself, in reference to his chief coadjutors, as a "feudal Monarch who had but a slender control over his greater Barons;" but the voluntary fealty which they yielded to him marked *their* sense of his capabilities for being their leader, and the success which attended their enterprise must be ascribed not more to their prowess than to the wisdom of his government. An eminent position in literature, multifarious knowledge, firmness, temper, skill, and industry, were indispensable qualifications for providing once a quarter a goodly volume, which was to sustain and extend the fame of its predecessors as the chief periodical organ and director of public opinion; and all these were possessed in a high degree by its celebrated editor. Perhaps no other individual could have moderated in a synod of such spirits as gave it its first impulse, or could have communicated to their individual endeavors that homogeneity which was required for their common object. But much as he was feared by those who awaited the fiat of the "Review," he was in a greater degree beloved by those with whom he was associated in its conduct, and there can be no doubt that much of its success was owing to the feelings of

regard entertained for himself. Sir Walter Scott, a keen Tory partisan, who disliked it for its politics, which Jeffrey told him was its "*right leg*," used to apologize for his occasional contributions to a Whig journal, by his personal liking for its editor.

Of the quarrels in which Jeffrey was involved through his connection with the "*Review*," only two have acquired celebrity—those with Moore and Byron—and both ended most honorably for him. The former, after the parties had resorted to not the most intellectual or rational, but if report speaks true, in their case not the most *dangerous* mode of settling the dispute, resulted in a close friendship which death only could dissolve. Lord Byron has recorded his sense of the critic's conduct in a well-known passage in his "*Don Juan*," from which we can afford space for only three lines:—

"I do not know you, and may never know  
Your face—but you have acted on the whole  
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul."

That the same generous tone pervaded Jeffrey's own mind throughout his editorship, though assailed with a great deal of acrimonious abuse, none will now deny, and he has left some touching proofs of this in the short but valuable notices he has introduced into the acknowledged edition of his "*Essays*." Nothing could be written in a finer spirit than what he has thus recorded of his feelings towards the chiefs of the Lake School of Poetry, with which the "*Review*" had so long waged a redoubted warfare. Of Southey he says:—

"I have in my time said petulant and provoking things of Mr. Southey, and such as I would not say now. But I am not conscious that I was ever unfair to his poetry; and if I have noted what I thought its faults in too arrogant and derisive a spirit, I think I have never failed to give hearty and cordial praise to its beauties, and generally dwelt much more largely on the latter than on the former. Few things,

at all events, would now grieve me more than to think I might give pain to his many friends and admirers by reprinting, so soon after his death, anything which might appear derogatory either to his character or genius; and therefore, though I cannot say that I have substantially changed any of the opinions I have formerly expressed as to his writings, I only insert in this publication my review of his last considerable poem, which may be taken as conveying my matured opinion of his merits, and will be felt, I trust, to have done no scanty or unwilling justice to his great and peculiar powers."—Vol. iii., p. 133.

And still more touchingly of Wordsworth:—

"I have spoken in many places rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; and forgetting that even on my own view of them they were but faults of taste or venial self-partiality, I have sometimes visited them, I fear, with an asperity which should be reserved for objects of Moral reprobation. If I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical merits, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope I should repress the greater part of these *vivacités* of expression; and, indeed, so strong has been my feeling in this way, that, considering how much I have always loved many of the attributes of his Genius, and how entirely I respect his Character, it did at first occur to me whether it was quite fitting that, *in my old age and his*, I should include in this publication any of those critiques which may have formerly given pain or offence to him or his admirers. But when I reflected that the mischief, if there really was any, was long ago done, and that I still retain in substance the opinions which I should now like to have seen more gently expressed, I felt that to omit all notice of them on the present occasion, might be held to impart a retractation, which I am as far as possible from intending, or even be represented as a very shabby way of backing out of sentiments which should either be man-

fully persisted in, or openly renounced, and abandoned as untenable," &c.—Vol. iii., page 233.

The great influence which Jeffrey exercised over literature can never be properly estimated without taking into account his editorial connection with the "Review;" but it is by his writings that he must be judged of as an author and a critic.

In glancing over these multifarious labors, it is impossible not to be struck, in the first instance, with the vast variety of subjects which they embrace, and the ease, versatility, and grace with which all of them are discussed. Poetry and belles lettres formed the more peculiar province of his criticism, but he ranged extensively over Literary Biography, History, Mental Philosophy, Metaphysics, Jurisprudence, Politics, and Miscellaneous Literature, and occasionally Physical Science, his latest contribution, being, we believe, a paper on the discovery of the composition of water, in a recent number. On all of these topics it may truly be said that he touched nothing which he did not illustrate and adorn. His information is in general exact, and, at least in English literature, profound, and there are invariably to be found in his writings on all subjects—the most elevated or the most trite—acute and lively remarks, solid sense, and accuracy of judgment, while an unfailing flow of easy and graceful diction imparts an inexpressible charm to the whole. There is no straining for effect, no affectation of originality or profundity, and though his papers frequently contain some very masterly disquisitions on principles, they are more generally in the form of critiques upon the works reviewed than in that of mere essays. This practical feature, though it may have made them more effective for the occasion, certainly detracts from their more permanent interest.

It is on his criticisms on Poetry that his fame as a critic chiefly rests; and taking into account the obscure nature of metaphysical speculations on the theory of art and the diversities of individual tastes, the pretty universal appreciation,

if not acceptance of his expositions of principles, as well as of their application, forms the highest tribute to his originality and judgment. The art of criticism, though old enough, had not before his time been very successfully cultivated. The literature of Greece and Rome, and, unfortunately, the former chiefly through the very inferior medium of the latter, has exerted, and still exerts, a vast influence on the critical judgments of modern nations, long after their own literature has rivalled, and in some respects surpassed, the productions of ancient times. In France, even after the age which produced Molière and Bossuet, so little were enlarged principles of criticism understood, that men disputed fiercely whether the ancients or the moderns were categorically to be preferred, and down to the end of last century the controversy was held to be unsettled, but not perceived to be absurd. In England, the influence of ancient literature was immense, notwithstanding the glories of the age of Elizabeth, and it acquired additional force by our literary importations from France during that of Anne. Johnson did much to shake off the thralldom by the exercise of his vigorous sense; but his contracted range of sympathies circumscribed his capabilities of appreciating poetry, and his own writings exhibit a somewhat slavish Latin affinity. Even Hume, the most independent thinker of that period, betrays the same benumbing influence in his critical speculations as well as in his style. But toward the end of the century the ruling authority in criticism, in Scotland at least, was that of a much less acute intellect, Dr. Hugh Blair, whose judgments were founded entirely on classical models, unredeemed by any pretensions to boldness or originality. In this school Shakspeare and Milton were tested by classical standards, while the other great writers of the Elizabethan and succeeding age, were but little known; Homer and Eschylus were talked about much more than studied or understood; and Virgil and Cicero, Pope and Addison, were supreme.

It is the glory of Jeffrey as a critic, if not to have taught a more accurate estimate of the works of ancient writers, at least to have awakened the public mind to the glories of that early indigenous literature on which the literary renown of England must mainly rest, and demonstrated its excellence by the application of principles of great importance and truth. Educated at Oxford, it cannot be supposed that he had no direct acquaintance with Greek literature, though it must be admitted that he never displays any very accurate or profound knowledge of it; and there is nothing in his writings to lead to the conclusion that he was on much more intimate terms with that of Rome. But whether from enlightened discrimination, or natural predilection, he certainly clung with the utmost devotion to that school of writers which he thus describes:—

“There never was anywhere, anything like the sixty or seventy years that elapsed from the middle of Elizabeth’s reign to the period of the Restoration. In point of real force and originality of genius, neither the age of Pericles, nor the age of Augustus, nor the times of Leo X., nor of Louis XIV., can come at all into comparison; for in that short period, we shall find the names of almost all the very great men that this nation has ever produced,—the names of Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Spencer, and Sydney, and Hooker, and Taylor, and Barrow, and Raleigh, and Napier, and Milton, and Cudworth, and Hobbes, and many others,—men, all of them, not merely of great talents and accomplishments, but of vast compass and reach of understanding, and of minds truly creative and original; not perfecting art by the delicacy of their taste, or digesting knowledge by the justness of their reasonings; but making vast and substantial additions to the materials upon which taste and reason must hereafter be employed, and enlarging to an incredible and unparalleled extent both the stores and the resources of the human faculties.”

It was, then, from this school that Jeffrey drew his canon

of poetical criticism ; and his leading principle is, that " the very essence of poetry—apart from the pathos, the wit, or the brilliant description which may be embodied in it, but may exist equally in prose—consists in the fine perception and vivid expression of that subtle and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and the moral world ; which makes outward things and qualities the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions, or leads us to ascribe life and sentiment to everything that interests us in the aspects of external nature." (Vol. iii., p. 284.) This analogy impresses all language with forms of thought that are in reality so many metaphors borrowed reciprocally from the opposite forms of existence, which, by familiarity, lose their metaphysical effect, but this effect, wherever it exists, is—Poetry. It may be exercised either by the direct method of similes and metaphors, which is the more common, or by the more refined mode of creating a harmony between visible objects and the emotions wished to be excited—"kindling the whole surrounding atmosphere with a harmonizing and appropriate glow, and bringing all that strikes the sense into unison with all that touches the heart."

We are not disposed altogether to impugn these principles, but like most others, when used too exclusively, they afford an imperfect view of the subject. Poetry cannot well be abstracted from the pathos, the wit, the brilliant description embodied in it, or even from the setting of fine language in which it is imbedded. A more catholic, and, we apprehend, a juster view of it, is to consider all these, and everything else that tends to produce Beauty, as among the elements of Poetry ; and the analogy between the physical and the moral worlds traced by metaphor in either of its modes, is just one of the sources—it may be the greatest and the noblest—from which poetry is evolved. We do not assert that Poetry and Beauty are identical ; but there cannot be Poetry without Beauty, and whatever tends to pro-

duce an essential part of anything, tends to produce that thing itself. We apprehend that it will be found that, so little is the analogy referred to absolutely essential to Poetry or Beauty, the simple *Reproduction* of the appearances of physical objects by means of art, is one of the most general sources of both. This is constantly exemplified, especially by the plastic arts, the phenomena of which are certainly not attempted to be explained by Jeffrey, and cannot be explained by the theory we are discussing.

Be that as it may, however, there can be no doubt that he was right in recalling the national taste to the neglected beauties of the old English writers; and although we wish, for the sake of the catholicity of his criticism, that he had shown more acquaintance with other schools, particularly with the early literature of Greece, in which he could have found kindred beauties, we have no fault to find with his appreciation of that to which he swore fealty. And yet his admiration is more marked by delicacy of taste, accuracy of judgment, and exuberance of fancy, than by enthusiasm. Of Shakspeare, who, of all mortal beings, might have been supposed to have called forth all his fire, he thus discourses, in a characteristic passage of linked sweetness, long drawn out, that has few parallels in English literature:—

“In many points he has acquitted himself excellently, particularly in the development of the principal characters, with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancy of all English readers, but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out, that fond familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers, and odors, and dews, and clear waters, and soft airs, and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable



relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul, and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins, contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements!—which HE ALONE has poured out from the riches of his own mind, without effort or restraint, and continued to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress, from love of ornament or need of repose!—HE ALONE, who, when the object requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical, and who yet without changing his hand or stopping his course, scatters around him as he goes all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace, and is a thousand times more full of fancy, and imagery, and splendor, than those who, in pursuit of such enchantments, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares."

This is followed by other passages of exquisite beauty, and of more accurate construction, which we cannot quote. In the same spirit, though never with more admiration, he ranges over the other writers of that school, and hails its "second spring" in Keats and others of his own day, everywhere expatiating on their most characteristic points, with a relish for their beauties, of which their most ardent admirers have no reason to complain. Of his correct estimate of Milton alone have we any reason to doubt, for though he has subscribed to some splendid passages in Campbell's "Specimens," as "offerings not unworthy of the shrine," we are disappointed to find in the acknowledged essays so little on the subject of, after Shakspeare, our greatest poet.

Next in importance to the criticisms on poetry, are the essays on Mental Philosophy. Jeffrey has recorded his partiality for this branch of study, and his early devotion to it. His writings leave us room to regret that he did not devote himself more continuously to subjects for which his singular acuteness, fertility of illustration, and precision of language, peculiarly qualified him. So early as 1804, we find him entering the lists with Bentham and Dugald Stewart; and, during the next quarter of a century, he occasionally buckled on his armor to overthrow some overgrown folly. Phrenology received a wound at his hand, from which it has never recovered; and Utilitarianism, as expounded in the *Westminster Review*, was scarcely more fortunate. In his controversy with Stewart, on observation, and not experiment, being the proper *organum* in investigations on the mind, he was certainly in the right; and it is to be regretted that on this occasion he did not pursue his advantage by a more extended correction of the current notions as to Bacon's views on the inductive method—a triumph which has been reserved for his brilliant successor, Mr. Macaulay. His most elaborate production of this kind is the most finished of all his works, the essay on Beauty, originally a review of Mr. Allison's *Essays on Taste*, and afterward corrected and enlarged for the "Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*." The theory which this essay illustrates is that of Association, and is intimately connected with his views on the principles of poetry, to which we have already alluded. We cannot pause to discuss a theory which, notwithstanding the eloquence and ingenuity with which it is illustrated and defended, is not generally received as satisfactory. As a piece of writing, it is not surpassed by anything in our language, for elegance of composition and beauty of illustration.

In general, his writings were not so correct in point of composition, though the papers on metaphysical subjects are written with more care and accuracy than any others. On

literary and general subjects he seems to have been seduced into a rapid habit of composition, for which his fertility of ideas and command of language gave facilities that his multifarious occupations could not afford to forego. The charm of his compositions, therefore, arises rather from the beauty of the language than its correctness, and still more from the graceful fancy which played sportively around the efforts of his understanding. There are no Johnsonian periods, and few that can be said to have been elaborately polished, while there are many that are inartificially constructed, and not much indebted to skill in punctuation ; but such is the charm of thought, and felicity in the choice of words, that these defects are lost sight of in the graceful flow of sprightly and not inharmonious diction. A more delightful author could not be taken up, for, with no affectation of originality of thought, or fineness of expression, he rambles on, touching on everything of interest in his course, gay or grave, lively or severe, as the occasion requires, with a vivacity and grace which seem to arise spontaneously from the subject, rather than from the effort of the critic—a pungent but playful wit, which delights while it corrects—and, above all, an exuberant fancy, which illustrates whatever is most abstruse, and enlivens whatever is most dull. But his vivacity never descends to levity, and has always a practical object in view. He begins a disquisition by telling us that “ Burns is certainly by far the greatest of our poetical prodigies—from *Stephen Duck* down to *Thomas Dermody* ;” but we are soon convinced that, according to the popular notion of uneducated poets, he was no prodigy of that kind at all—a conclusion which, as our italics show, had been archly demonstrated from the first.

But Jeffrey has still higher claims as a reviewer to our admiration and respect, which he thus puts forward in his late Preface:—“ The praise, in short, to which I aspire and to merit which I am conscious that my efforts were most constantly directed, is, that I have more uniformly and earnest-

ly than any preceding critic, made the moral tendencies of the works under discussion a leading subject of discussion, and neglected no opportunity, in reviews of Poems and Novels, as well as of graver productions, of elucidating the true constituents of human happiness and virtue, and combating those besetting prejudices and errors of opinion, which appear so often to withhold men from the path of their duty, or to array them in foolish and fatal hostility to each other." We admit the claim, and could adduce many proofs of its justice, particularly his celebrated essay on Swift; but the following indignant animadversion on the immoral tendency of Lord Byron's writings will suffice, and must conclude our notice of Jeffrey as a critic, though we are very far from having even enumerated all the points of view in which he presents himself in that capacity:—

"*This* is the charge which we bring against Lord Byron. We say that under some strange misapprehension as to the truth, and the duty of proclaiming it, he has exerted all the powers of his powerful mind, to convince his readers, both directly and indirectly, that all ennobling pursuits, and disinterested virtues, are mere deceits or illusions—hollow and despicable mockeries for the most part, and, at best, but laborious follies. Religion, love, patriotism, valor, devotion, constancy, ambition—all are to be laughed at, disbelieved in, and despised! and nothing is really good, so far as we can gather, but a succession of dangers to stir the blood, and of banquets and intrigues to soothe it again! If this doctrine stood alone with its examples, it would revolt, we believe, more than it would seduce. But the author of it has the unlucky gift of personating all those sweet and lofty illusions, and that with such grace, and force, and truth to nature, that it is impossible not to suppose for the time that he is the most devoted of their votaries—till he casts off the character with a jerk—and the moment after he has moved and exalted us to the very height of our conception, resumes his

mockery at all thing serious or sublime, and lets us down at once on some coarse joke, hard-hearted sarcasm, or fierce and relentless personality, as if on purpose to show

‘Whoe’er was edified, himself was not;’

or to demonstrate practically, as it were, and by example, how possible it is to have all fine and noble feelings, and yet retain no particle of respect for them, or of belief in their intrinsic worth or permanent reality,” &c.

Jeffrey’s other claims to distinction our limits will only permit us to discuss still more cursorily. As an orator he had considerable drawbacks, in a diminutive person and a somewhat mincing manner of speaking, and his mental organization was too metaphysical and too little impassioned for attaining the very highest effect of public speaking. And yet he was a most effective pleader, and scarcely less successful in his popular oratory. From the institution of Jury Trial in civil causes in Scotland, in 1815, he was generally employed in all cases of importance or public interest; but although these afforded more room for popular display, we apprehend that he was still more at home in addressing the bench, where his refined intellect found a more befitting audience. On such occasions his style of speaking approached nearer to that of his metaphysical essays than to that of any other of his writings, while before juries it was more enlivened by flashes of wit and fancy, rising occasionally to the most earnest and dignified eloquence. His sentences were generally long and parenthetical; but, such was the felicity of the diction, and the skill with which he managed the intonation of his voice, that the pregnant sense was evolved with marvellous distinctness and effect.

In 1834 he was appointed one of the Judges of the Edinburgh Court of Session, in which capacity he labored, till within a few days of his death, with pristine vigor and success. In place of giving himself up to literary pursuits, or, it

might have been literary indolence, for both of which he had great temptations, and might have found great excuse, he devoted himself to his judicial labors with an energy and a sense of duty which were above all praise, and which added increased lustre to his character. Lord Byron had finely said of him as a barrister,

“As Cæsar wore his robe, you wear your gown;”

but with the ermine his robe acquired a vast accession of almost unexpected dignity, which placed him in a position of the first judicial eminence. At the bar he had been distinguished more as a brilliant advocate than as a profound lawyer, though we well remember the start he took in the estimation of the profession when, on his appointment as Dean of Faculty, he threw off his literary occupations, and devoted himself exclusively to law. It was not, however, till he became a judge that the full extent of his legal acquirements and capabilities were seen, but he then rapidly distinguished himself as a lawyer of the most profound attainments and views, as much characterized by their soundness as by their originality. But it is not in these pages that his merits in this respect can be discussed, and we must pass on to the more popular subjects of his judicial demeanor and eloquence.

Now, admirable as he was in both of these respects, it would convey an altogether wrong impression to compare him to those classic oracles of the law, such as Lord Mansfield and Sir William Grant, of whom our conception is, the perfection of patient listeners and grave expounders. Lord Jeffrey was neither the one nor the other, and probably more resembled Montesquieu or D'Aguesseau than any of our own judicial sages, not excepting Lord Chancellor Erskine. A patient listener he certainly was not, for his acute intellect enabled him to anticipate the bearings of an argument, and he constantly interrupted the pleaders before him by ques-

tions which it was often not easy either to answer or evade. They were, however, generally very much to the point, though occasionally, like most other very clever people, who anticipate the slower movements of others, he missed the mark; and they were invariably so characterized by suavity of manner, and brilliancy of illustration, that they pleased almost as much as they puzzled—the litigant, of course, always excepted. When he came to deliver his opinion, he was very much the *Edinburgh Reviewer* on the bench—with the same acuteness of observation, accuracy of judgment, and variety of learning, but with the same discursiveness, the same flow of easy and graceful diction, and the same play of fancy, which indeed seemed to sparkle brighter by contrast with the usual solemnity—we will not say dullness—of the bench. Subtle and ratiocinative as were his elucidations, and pregnant with the soundest and most enlarged views of law, there was nothing oracular or dogmatic in his manner of stating them. Dignified and solemn he often was, and always when the occasion particularly required him to be so; but there was no affectation of pomp or ceremony, and his manner toward both the bench and the bar was, in a high degree, candid, courteous, and deferential. Indeed, often as he differed from his brethren, he seldom did so without a graceful compliment, or an expression of deference which seemed almost an apology for his dissent.

Jeffrey's usual conversation was in a singular degree pleasing, and this arose, not less from its high intellectual tone, than from the genial spirit which never abandoned him. He was by no means a professed wit, though he often uttered what might well be called witty things; but these were not so much the grotesque combinations of incongruities, as shrewd remarks, illustrated by fanciful images, which in ordinary unrestrained conversation sprung up in his mind with a fertility and spontaneity which were very remarkable. Nor was he, in the usual sense of the term, good-humored, for

there was a *brusquerie* in his manner, which imparted an air, but only an air, of petulance and impatience. His good-humor lay much deeper, and seemed to spring more from his moral feelings than from constitutional habit. There were, indeed, few good qualities of the heart which he did not possess in an eminent degree, and these, particularly his beneficence, were enhanced by the unostentatious way in which they were exercised. The wisdom, moderation, and high-mindedness of his character were conspicuous, and to these the highest tribute was paid by the respect and veneration which it commanded, long after he had withdrawn from all public exertion, except the discharge of his judicial duties. By the political party to which he had adhered with undeviating consistency, he was to the last revered as one who, not less from his eminent services, as from his exalted character and illustrious reputation, was, as far as he could with propriety be, their ornament and support. By his more immediate acquaintances, among whom he ranked some of the most eminent men of his day, he was all but adored, as their guide, philosopher, and friend, and many who could not boast of his friendship, regarded him at a distance with scarcely less affection and respect.



## MRS. NORTON.

THE time is not long passed, when female authorship was a topic of disgust or of ridicule, and the vulgar-minded of both sexes thought themselves wise in sneering at the very notion of learning and genius in woman; and when—worst of all—religion was dragged into the question, and serious persons doubted whether the pursuit of literature by women were not incompatible with the full and cheerful performance of their social and domestic duties. That time is happily passed: the sensual philosophy with which it was so closely connected, and in which it had its origin, has lost its hold upon the intellect of the age; women move amongst us on nobler and truer principles, joint-heirs with the stronger sex, who have begun to feel their exalted origin and destiny, and to recognize that inborn dowry of spirit and power, the existence of which the material systems of the last century had denied or obscured. A different tone prevails in society on this subject; the peculiar talents of women are acknowledged, and the powers common to them and to men, are, in particular instances of exhibition, fairly appreciated. It is impossible to look over the list of female writers of acknowledged genius and universal fame, without a just feeling of pride, and something better, in the number of the names it includes. England's female poets are among the brightest ornaments of her literature.

Few of these poets have displayed more erudition, or



## W. S. MORTON.

The literature of the United States, in the nineteenth century, was a product of a period of great intellectual and moral activity. The writers of this period were not only men of letters, but men of action, who were deeply concerned with the problems of their time. They were men of high character and high ability, who were not content with mere literary success, but who sought to improve the world by their writings. Their works were full of life and energy, and they were read with interest and admiration by all who were capable of understanding them. The literature of this period is a valuable record of the thoughts and feelings of a great people, and it is one of the greatest treasures of our country.

For of these poets have displayed more erudition, or



*JOHANNA OF CAPTAIN AND CHANCELIER BY J. M. W. TURNER*

THE END OF THE WORLD



given unmistakable tokens of power, than Mrs. Norton, the grand-daughter of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She has inherited much of the brilliant genius of the great orator and poet. Married in early life, and evidently most unequally, her domestic life, since that time, has been unhappy, and at one time painfully distressing. She was for several years separated from her husband, who at length attempted to effect a divorce from his wife. The attempt was accompanied by incessant and outrageous attacks upon the character of the lady, which were continued with a pertinacity that argued malignity more than justice. She was triumphantly acquitted and restored implicitly to the confidence of her friends, though she has ever since lived separate from her husband. The right and wrong of such a contest, of course, the public only judges of at a distance, and usually with but little forbearance towards the weaker and more exposed party. It is much in favor of Mrs. Norton that she has not forfeited the confidence of her most intimate friends, and that in the darkest hour of her persecution, she enjoyed the esteem of some of the first personages in England. She is now under forty years of age, possessed of remarkable beauty and grace, and the centre of a large circle of admiring friends—too large and too fascinating, it may be, for the healthy growth of her genius. But it is with Mrs. Norton's literary character and performances that we have now to do.

Some years ago, a brilliant writer in a leading review characterized Mrs. Norton as the Byron of modern poetesses. "She has," thought the critic, "very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness—his strong practical thought, and his forceful expression." These qualities are undeniable, but they are neither imitations of Byron, nor associated with those baser and more shallow qualities which, after all, en-

tered largely into this once over-praised poet. The sincerity and feeling to which Byron could make but fitful and hollow pretensions, are the native qualities of Mrs. Norton's genius. She is among the deepest, truest of modern poets. There is a meaning, an allusion, an aiming, throughout the larger part of her writings, which indicate the presence and power of deep personal sorrow, with which the reader, though understanding nothing of its cause, finds himself incapable to resisting. A fine specimen of her style, characteristic of both the heart and the power of her genius, occurs in the Dedication of her published volume to the Duchess of Sutherland:

"Once more, my harp! once more, although I thought  
 Never to wake thy silent strings again,  
 A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,  
 And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,  
 Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,  
 Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below!

And unto Thee—the beautiful and pure—  
 Whose lot is cast amid that busy world  
 Where only sluggish Dulness dwells secure,  
 And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled,  
 To Thee—whose friendship kept its equal truth  
 Through the most dreary hour of my embittered youth—

I dedicate the lay. Ah! never bard  
 In days when poverty was twin with song;  
 Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starr'd,  
 Cheered by some castle's chief, and harbored long;  
 Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,  
 Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise.

For easy are the alms the rich man spares  
 To sons of Genius by misfortune bent,  
 But thou gav'st *me* what woman seldom dares,  
 Belief—in spite of many a cold dissent—

When slandered and maligned, I stood apart  
 From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not crushed  
 my heart.

Thou, then, when cowards lied away my name,  
 And scoff'd to see me feebly stem the tide ;  
 When some were kind on whom I had no claim,  
 And some forsook on whom my love relied,  
 And some, who might have battled for my sake,  
 Stood off in doubt to see what turn the world would take,—

Thou gav'st me that the poor do give the poor,  
 Kind words and holy wishes, and true tears ;  
 The lov'd, the near of kin, could do no more,  
 Who chang'd not with the gloom of varying years,  
 But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,  
 And blunted slander's dart with their indignant scorn.

For they who credit crime are they who feel  
 Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin ;  
 Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal  
 O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win ;  
 And tales of broken truth are still believed  
 Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.

But like a white swan down a troubled stream,  
 Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling  
 Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam,  
 And mar the freshness of her snowy wing—  
 So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,  
 Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide ;

*Thy* pale and pearly cheek was never made  
 To crimson with a faint, false-hearted shame ;  
*Thou* didst not shrink—of bitter tongues afraid,  
 Who hunt in packs the object of their blame ;  
 To Thee the sad denial still held true,  
 For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its mercy drew.

And though my faint and tributary rhymes  
 Add nothing to the glory of thy day,  
 Yet every poet hopes that after times  
 Shall set some value on his votive lay—



And I would fain one gentle deed record  
Among the many such with which thy life is stored.

So when these lines, made in a mournful hour,  
Are idly open'd to the stranger's eye,  
A dream of thee, arous'd by Fancy's power,  
Shall be the first to wander floating by;  
And they who never saw thy lovely face  
Shall pause—to conjure up a vision of its grace!"

The Dream, so dedicated, is a very beautiful poem, the frame-work of which is simply a lovely mother watching over a lovely daughter asleep; which daughter dreams, and, when awaked, tells her dream; which dream depicts the bliss of a first love and an early union, and is followed by the mother's admonitory comment, importing the many accidents to which wedded happiness is liable, and exhorting to moderation of hope, and preparation for severe duties. It is in this latter portion of the poem that the passion and the interest assume a personal hue; and passages occur which sound like javelins hurled by an Amazon. Thus:

"Heaven give thee poverty, disease, or death,  
Each varied ill that waits on human breath,  
Rather than bid thee linger out thy life  
In the long toil of such unnatural strife.  
To wander through the world unreconciled,  
Heart-weary as a spirit-broken child,  
And think it were an hour of bliss, like heaven,  
If thou could'st *die*—forgiving and forgiven—  
Or with a feverish hope, of anguish born,  
(Nerving thy mind to feel indignant scorn  
Of all the cruel foes that 'twixt ye stand,  
Holding thy heart-strings with a reckless hand),  
Steal to his presence, now unseen so long,  
And claim *his* mercy who hath dealt thee wrong;  
Into the aching depths of thy poor heart,  
Dire, as it were, even to the roots of pain,

And wrench up thoughts that tear thy soul apart,  
 And burn, like fire, through thy bewildered brain,  
 Clothe them in passionate words of wild appeal,  
 To teach thy fellow-creature *how* to feel—  
 Pray—weep—exhaust thyself in maddening tears—  
 Recall the hopes, the influences of years—  
 Kneel—dash thyself upon the senseless ground,  
 Writhe as the worm writhes with dividing wound—  
 Invoke the heaven that knows thy sorrows' truth,  
 By all the softening memories of youth—  
 By every hope that cheered thine earlier day—  
 By every tear that washes wrath away—  
 By every old remembrance long gone by—  
 By every pang that makes thee yearn to die ;  
 And learn, at length, how deep and stern a blow  
 Men's hands can strike, and yet no pity show !”

There are many such passages as this ; and we think we shall advantageously display Mrs. Norton's varied powers, by immediately contrasting it with one of those many tender pauses which lie islanded amidst the arrowy rushing of her passion :—

“ Oh ! Twilight ! Spirit that dost render birth  
 To dim enchantments : melting heaven with earth ;  
 Leaving on craggy hills and running streams  
 A softness like the atmosphere of dreams ;  
 Thy hour to all is welcome ! Faint and sweet  
 Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,  
 Who, slow returning from his task of toil,  
 Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,  
 And tho' such radiance round him brightly glows,  
 Marks the small spark his cottage-window throws,  
 Still as his heart forestalls his weary pace,  
 Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,  
 Recalls the treasures of his narrow life,  
 His rosy children, and his sun-burnt wife,  
 To whom *his* coming is the chief event  
 Of simple days in cheerful labor spent.

The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,  
 And these poor cottagers have only cast  
 One careless glance on all that show of pride,  
 Then to their task turn quietly aside;  
 But *him* they wait for, him they welcome home,  
 Fixed sentinels look forth to see him come;  
 The faggot sent for when the fire grew dim,  
 The frugal meal prepared are all for him;  
 For him the watching of that sturdy boy,  
 For him those smiles of tenderness and joy;  
 For him—who plods his sauntering way along  
 Whistling the fragment of some village song!

Dear art thou to the lover, thou sweet light,  
 Fair fleeting sister of the mournful night!  
 As in impatient hope he stands apart,  
 Companion'd only by his beating heart,  
 And with an eager fancy oft beholds  
 The vision of a white robe's fluttering folds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! dear to him, to all, since first the flowers  
 Of happy Eden's consecrated bowers,  
 Heard the low breeze along the branches play,  
 And God's voice bless the cool hour of the day.  
 For though that glorious Paradise be lost,  
 Though earth by blighting storms be roughly crossed,  
 Though the long curse demand the tax of sin,  
 And the day's sorrows with the day begin,  
*That* hour, ever sacred to God's presence, still  
 Keeps itself calmer from the touch of ill,  
 The holiest hour of earth. *Then* toil doth cease,  
 Then from the yoke the oxen find release—  
 Then man rests, pausing from his many cares,  
 And the world teems with children's sunset prayers!  
 Then innocent things seek out their natural rest,  
 The babe sinks slumbering on its mother's breast,  
 The birds beneath their leafy covering creep,  
 Yea, even the flowers fold up their buds and sleep;  
 And angels, floating by on radiant wings,  
 Hear the low sounds the breeze of evening brings,  
 Catch the sweet incense as it floats along,  
 The infant's prayer, the mother's cradle song,

And bear the holy gifts to worlds afar,  
As things too sacred for this fallen star.

One more specimen of Mrs. Norton's gentle strain must close our extracts from the "Dream." It is the recollection of her widowed mother; and is, in our judgment, pre-eminently beautiful. There is a tender Crabbism in it that goes right to the heart:—

"Oft since that hour, in sadness I retrace  
My childhood's vision of thy calm, sweet face  
Oft see thy form, its mournful beauty shrouded  
In thy black weeds, and coif of widow's woe;  
Thy dark expressive eyes, all dim and clouded  
By that deep wretchedness the lonely know;  
Stifling thy grief to hear some weary task,  
Conn'd by unwilling lips, with listless air;  
Hoarding thy means, lest future need might ask  
More than the widow's pittance then could spare.  
Hidden, forgotten by the great and gay,  
Enduring sorrow, not by fits and starts!  
But the long self-denial, day by day,  
Alone, amidst thy brood of careless hearts!  
Striving to guide, to teach, or to restrain,  
The young rebellious spirits crowding round,  
Who saw not, knew not, felt not for thy pain,  
And could not comfort—yet had power to wound!  
Ah! how my selfish heart, which since hath grown  
Familiar with deep trials of its own,  
With riper judgment looking to the past,  
Regrets the careless days that flew so fast,  
Stamps with remorse each wasted hour of time,  
And darkens every folly into crime!"

Of the many poems which have fallen from her pen we are unable to take a more particular notice. They vary considerably in merit—some of them being equal to the best parts of the "Dream," and others not rising above the fugitive versification that pleases only to be forgotten. Amongst

the former, we think that the deeply affecting pieces, entitled "Twilight," and "May Day, 1837,"—the graceful and just tribute to the poet Rogers, as a friend and companion, in the "Winter's Walk," and the very elegant, and (the date considered) puzzling poem, "I cannot love thee," will be ranked among the finest passages of modern poetry. We cannot resist the pleasure of quoting at length one of Mrs. Norton's sonnets, which, for tenderness and elegance, for skill and finish, is inferior to nothing she ever wrote, and worthy to be laid up in cedar, with the best in our language :—

"Like an enfranchised bird that wildly springs,  
With a keen sparkle in his glancing eye,  
And a strong effort in his quivering wings,  
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky,—  
So my enamored heart, so long thine own,  
At length from love's imprisonment set free,  
Goes forth into the open world alone,  
Glad and exulting in its liberty :  
But like that helpless bird (confined so long,  
His weary wings have lost all power to soar),  
Who soon forgets to trill his joyous song,  
And, feebly fluttering, sinks to earth once more—  
So, from its former bonds released in vain,  
My heart still feels the weight of that remember'd chain.'

We have a high opinion of Mrs. Norton's genius as a poet. We think that what she has already achieved places her in a very conspicuous position in the literature of our modern day. She has still youth, health, zeal—happiness we hope—peace we are assured, before her. Her reputation for genius is established. Now that she is within the enclosures of Fame, and has felt that, diverse as love is from friendship, so is the power of living in the hearts of men from that of commanding the favor of the passing hour. It is the characteristic of the popularity won by personal charms that after a certain degree, it admits of no increase; you may pour in

nectar, and it will run to waste without brimming the cup. It is all unlike with that sort of reputation, so to call it, which is to end in fame. They may, or they may not—more commonly the latter—set out together ; but it is a truth as deep as life and humanity, that they will not always keep company. That Mrs. Norton will choose the greater though less fascinating good, there is reason, from her qualities of head and heart, to hope.

## DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A LIST of the characteristic and formative minds of our era would certainly be imperfect without the addition of the prince of the school of humor and sarcasm, which has acquired so prominent a place, and wields so decided, and so healthful an influence upon literary taste, and political, moral and social opinion. Douglas Jerrold, though not the most voluminous, and perhaps not the best known, is unmistakably the most vigorous and influential of all the thinkers which have assumed the mask of Momus in which to do the work of Hercules; and as the elder brother of the grotesque and laughter-moving crew, may stand as the Representative Man of the comic literature of our age.

Jerrold is a Scots, born in 1806, the son of a theatrical manager, from whom we may suppose, rather than from the natural drift of his own taste, he inherited his propensity for the stage. His life has been entirely uneventful. A writer of plays, the editor of *Punch*, the unsuccessful planner of two or three newspapers, the founder of the Whittington Club,—these are about all the events by which his progress is to be noted. But his true landmarks are in his works, and the great influence they have exerted upon the thoughts and literature of the times.

Were any person asked who is the wittiest man of the day, he would infallibly answer, "Douglas Jerrold." There may be men reputed his equals or superiors in general conversa-









James H. Thompson

THE JAMES H. THOMPSON



tion; but in that one quality called wit, in the power of sharp and instant repartee, and, above all, in the knack of demolishing an opponent by some resistless pun upon his meaning, Douglas Jerrold is unrivalled. On paper there are some who may come near him; but in witty talk among his friends he is *facile princeps*. If he is telling a story, all present are attentive; if he and some luckless antagonist become hooked in a two-handed encounter, the rest pleasantly look on, expecting the result; or, if somebody else is speaking, he will sit apart, quietly and even sympathetically listen, but in the end detect his opening, and ruin all with his pitiless flash.

Where he is not known, on the other hand, Mr. Jerrold is more vaguely regarded as the author of numerous favorite theatrical pieces, including two standard comedies; as one of the principal contributors to *Punch*, in whose pages he has brought out successively "The Story of a Feather," "Punch's Letters to his Son," the "Candle Lectures," and other miscellanies of the same nature; as the writer of various tales and essays that have appeared elsewhere; as recently the proprietor and editor of a weekly newspaper, devoted to the advocacy of liberal opinions, and especially earnest in its denunciations of the practice of capital punishments; and, finally, as the author of a serial work of fiction, in six parts, entitled, "A Man made of Money," less successful, it is said, than the similar publications of Dickens and Thackeray, but still by no means a failure.

But Mr. Jerrold is no mere man of wit: he is something higher and better; he is a man of clear thought; of no mean amount of knowledge; and of most keen and strong feelings. This his friends ought to know. How often, throwing aside among them all jesting-humor, does he appear in his deeper moods, startling them by some earnest or even mournful saying; anon, relapsing into a calmer strain still serious; and again all but demoniac in his expression of scorn. We

should even say that this was the more real and characteristic side of his nature. Forgetting this, however, or not having remarked it, his friends will have nothing from his writings but the wit they have learnt so well to relish. Hence, pregnant with wit as these writings are, such readers are sometimes disappointed. The wit that will please in books must be something more fine and finished than that which may do in talk, where the voice helps and the laugh is but too willing; and it is, of course, possible that Mr. Jerrold's friends, passing from himself to his books, do not always find this necessary increase. It may have been partly from this reason, though other causes must have assisted, that certain persons with whom we have conversed, were unable to take such pleasure as they had expected in the "Man made of Money." That this should be the case at all, whether for the reason just stated, or for any other, is a little surprising to us; but of this at least we are sure, that if such friendly readers were first to correct their misconception of Mr. Jerrold as a man whose sole or even chief endowment is wit, they would find both this and all his other writings to possess a merit higher and more essential than that of being pleasant to read—the merit, we mean, of being amply and closely representative of their author.

Turning to the public at large, they too, we find, are unfair to Mr. Jerrold, by regarding him too exclusively in one or other of his literary phases. One portion of them, allured by exactly that side of his character, manifested to *them* of course through his writings, which we have spoken of as beguiling his private friends, think of him merely as the comic writer, the creator of "Mrs. Caudle," the contributor to "Punch." Enjoying heartily his pungent humor, and, mayhap, if they are married, deriving some little domestic benefit from it, they are troubled with no comparisons between Mr. Jerrold the speaker, and Mr. Jerrold the writer, but take thankfully what they get, grumbling a little when,

as occasionally happens, the wit grows weak. But, enjoying the humor, they skip the earnestness. Of the "Story of a Feather," or the "Chronicles of Clovernook," they have no recollection. Mr. Jerrold is to them chiefly the describer of shrewish wives, meek husbands, buxom widows, and superfluous mothers-in-law. And thus, even while admiring him, they lower his literary level; all the more easily perhaps that, though the author, amid his multifarious writings, of many powerful and pathetic things, he has yet made no such decided hit in the higher style of literature as his "Candle Lectures" have proved in the lower; has placed on the shelf no one permanent book of deeper import, capable of protecting his comic ephemera from too much notice.

Another portion of the public, again, having formed their acquaintance with Mr. Jerrold chiefly through his newspaper, or through such of his miscellaneous papers as most resemble newspaper articles, have been led to think of him less as the comic writer and wit, than as the political Radical; the satirist of aristocratic distinctions and ecclesiastical abuses; the enemy of our military system; and the advocate of prison reform, extended suffrage, popular education, and the abolition of capital punishments. Persons who themselves lean to that side of things, like him, of course, all the better for his partisanship, and only regret that it has not been more active and laborious. Others, however, suspecting all partisanship of narrowness, and having no respect for the current philanthropy, are, on this very account, prejudiced against him. Misled probably by the exaggerated form of expression that seems almost inseparable from articles written for a newspaper, both classes appear hardly to have observed a certain intellectual delicacy, a certain ripe literary flavor, so to speak, that, mingling with Mr. Jerrold's disquisitions on social topics, distinguishes them from the cruder declamations of those summary persons who call bishops gluttons; capitalists, thieves; and military men, murderers.

Fully to bring out all that it seems necessary to say respecting Mr. Jerrold's peculiarities as a writer, it may be well to regard him separately for a little in each of those two phases that we have marked as characteristic of him. We shall, therefore, in what follows, consider him first as the man of wit, the comic author; and secondly, as the essayist, the man of higher opinions, the political and philanthropic partisan. We shall select our examples in both cases, chiefly, though not exclusively, from "The Man made of Money," the latest and perhaps most complete of his publications.

The immense and increasing number of comic writers is a curious sign of the times. There appears to be something in the air of London that especially favors this kind of growth. Whether it be that the number of odd actual sights to be seen in London, queer faces, quaint street-groups, amusing incidents, and so on, necessarily beget a comic mode of thinking among the inhabitants, as might be inferred from the circumstance that the best practitioners of London wit are the cabmen, the omnibus-drivers, and such as, like them, combine learned leisure with peculiar facilities for observation; certain, at least, it is, that no other locality in the world has been the home of so much wit. To describe Beaks, Peelers, Jews, kitchen areas, garrets in Fleet-street, fat city gentlemen, and young good-hearted rascals who get into scrapes, is the pre-established vocation of the London literary aspirant.

Considered in itself, a comic manner of thinking does not require any defence or justification. Does any one demand a reason why we should read Rabelais? Is there not warrant enough for the existence of Sydney Smith's jokes in the simple fact that Sydney Smith was a joker? If the talent of London tends to run to wit, let it be so. Humor may, indeed, be considered a peculiarity of our part of the planet. Every civilized nation, one might say, is bound by a physiological law, to secrete daily, for health's sake, a certain amount of humorous matter. The amount secreted, the pro-

portion of jest to the other national products, such as corn, wine, flax, poetry, and so on, varies, of course, with the time; in what are called earnest times, and also in dear times, it is liable to fall a little. It varies, also, in different nations. Only in the Semitic parts of the Earth does it seem to fall to zero. A man in the neighborhood of Nineveh does not understand a joke. "Ah, sir, extremes meet," said a commonplace person to Leigh Hunt, whom he had been boring for half an hour with similar incessant twaddle. "Yes, sir, and butcher's meat," said the provoked poet. Now translate that joke into Syriac, and tell it to a boatman on the Tigris. "Allah akhbar," he will reply, gazing at you with his great mystic eyes, as serious as if you had informed him of the death of his mother. The Semitic genius is grand, poetic, fierce; but it is destitute of humor. We know but of one celebrated man of Semitic lineage that loved a jest—the Carthaginian Hannibal. His jest before the battle of Cannæ is, we think, unique. Surveying the Roman army with his officers round him, one of them, named Gisco, wishing to say something, addressed him thus:—"What surprises me, O, Hannibal, is the immense number there is of these Romans." "There is another thing more wonderful still," said Hannibal, "that has escaped your notice." "What is that?" asked Gisco. "Does it not strike you as odd," said Hannibal, "that there should be so many of them, and not one of them called Gisco?" Allowing for this little exception, (and if Hannibal's jest is an example of some extinct Semitic species of jest, we wish we had more of them,) joking may be pronounced an Indo-Germanic privilege. Each Indo-Germanic nation has its special variety of joke. There are English jokes, French jokes, German jokes, Italian jokes, Spanish jokes, and American jokes; all distinguishable by the cultivated palate; and that each nation shall perpetually secrete new supplies of its own kind of joke, is, as we have already observed, a law of its healthy constitution.



All, then, is good, if only it be done well. Bear down on the Cockney intellect, if you choose, with remorseless scholastic education, with tough Scotch science, with serious views of things; this will not extinguish the tendency towards the comic, it will but widen the scope and improve the quality of the metropolitan joke. Yes, we hesitate not to say it, a man will jest all the better for having studied the atomic theory, will be all the absurder for knowing what surds are, will retain his humor though he has read Kant. No loading of the metropolitan mind with severer matter will prevent jokes from being formed in it. Only, the jokes will be of rarer excellence, and will stand in juster proportion to the rest of our relations with this motley universe.

The English comic writers have each some peculiar trick or vein that distinguishes him from the others, and gives him an independent existence. As Port, Rhenish, Champagne, and Tokay, differ in flavor, and have each their votaries; so have the British public their choice of Jerrold, Lever, Thackeray, Dickens, and many more. As difficult, too, as it would be to define to an unpracticed person the special flavors of different wines by any other than the sensible old plan of giving him a glass of each, so difficult would it be to describe in words in what consists the peculiar raciness of the Jerroldian as compared with the Dickensian, or of this, again, as compared with the Thackeristic humor. A judicious use of such words as fruity, sweet, tart, sparkling, astringent, might, indeed, convey some vague sense of the thing, but not sufficient for critical purposes. We regret this specially at present, anxious as we are to convey our exact impression of Mr. Jerrold's peculiarities as a comic writer. Were we to say that his humor is less kindly and genial than that of Mr. Dickens, but more tart and hearty than that of Mr. Thackeray, we should probably be near the truth. Mr. Jerrold's comic writing, in fact, is, in some respects, more like a *liqueur* than a wine; one discerns the alcoholic ingredient of strong

personal feeling in it, drugging and firing the true juice of the grape. Hence, probably, it is that one can read less of him at a time than of either Dickens or Thackeray. They, having more of the specially artistic spirit, which finds delight in merely depicting, lure the reader on, page after page, without fatiguing him; he, the moralist too strong in him, soon heats and chafes you with his pungent and bitter sentences.

One thing it may be worth while to remark regarding Mr. Jerrold's manner as a comic writer—the small use he makes of the pun. That this is not because of any inability to use it, every one acquainted with him knows: no man alive can wield that weapon in talk better than he. Neither is it, we believe, because of any resolution against it, as too mean for literary use. It is only when the pun usurps undue prominence, and is applied to subjects that should be deemed beyond its range, that it becomes odious. It must, therefore, be from some unconscious change of his mental attitude when he takes his pen in hand, that Mr. Jerrold so seldom puns when he writes. In this respect he seems to be the very reverse of Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, who is punless, it is said, when he speaks, but down whose pen the puns stream like drops of quicksilver. We are strangely made. One man who cannot chat across a table, will make a fluent speech at a public meeting; another who cannot write a letter, will converse like a Burke, or compose a fine treatise.

Another thing to be remarked respecting Mr. Jerrold's writings, is, that they contain fewer perfectly successful comic portraits than those of either Thackeray or Dickens. The Mrs. Major O'Dowd, the Mr. Foker, the Jeames, and the Captain Costigan of Thackeray; the Wellers, Swivellers, Pickwicks, Tootses, &c. of Dickens, are real and distinct personages, known wherever the English language is spoken. They are true comic creations, finished portraits, that remain and speak in the memory. Mr. Jerrold, however,—always excepting his inimitable Mrs. Caudle, and one or two deli-

neations in the same favorite vein, as, for example, Mrs. Jericho, in the *Man of Money*, and Miss Tucker, in *Time Works Wonders*,—has not contributed any such happy sketches to our picture-gallery of comic characters. His writings, indeed, abound with all sorts of comic men and women—Browns, Snubs, Pigeons, Candiduffs, &c., often cleverly hit off, and sufficiently distinct, as one reads the scenes in which they figure; but, placed there to serve a purpose, they do not remain with one after that purpose is over. Even when his characters are labelled, by recurring descriptive phrases put into their mouths,—as in Job Pippins, the man who “couldn’t help it,” Lord Skindeep, the “friend of his species,” and such like,—they rapidly evanesce from the memory. Perhaps the nearest approach to a permanent comic delineation, in the *Man of Money*, is the silly baronet, Sir Arthur Hodmadod, who, the moment he says a thing, becomes uncertain about it. Even here, however, something is wanting to make the character a public favorite. The name, for example, is not happy; and, indeed, it is a corroboration of the very observation we are now making, that Mr. Jerrold is almost uniformly less happy than Mr. Dickens or Mr. Thackeray in the names he selects for his characters. The power of inventing a good name for a character seems, in fact, to be but a variety of the power that conceives the character itself. And where Mr. Jerrold succeeds in the conception, as in Mrs. Caudle, there also the name is good. The truth is, as we have already hinted, that in Mr. Jerrold, the moralist, the satirist, prevails over the artist. His creations are, in most cases, but vehicles for some feeling or opinion; and it is more rarely that, laying aside intention and preference, he rollicks in his own fancies. As in Æsop’s fables, the moral comes first, and the fiction is made to order. This very defect, therefore, is but the obverse side of a merit. Consider Mr. Jerrold as a man of thought and feeling working in the element of fiction, and then, giving him all the more credit when he does from time

to time contribute an original physiognomy to our national portfolio of comic portraits, you will yet cease to regard this as his proper business, and will be content if his tales are so constructed that each of them, the names and figures vanishing, shall leave its impression as a whole. Viewed in this light, that is, as embodiments of special maxims or feelings, some of the little tales that Mr. Jerrold has given to the public, first in periodicals, and afterwards in a collected form, in the two series entitled "Men of Character," and "Cakes and Ale," are really fine pieces of writing. The latter series is the superior; many of the tales in it, like some of those in the former, are questionable tissues of grotesque fun to amuse idle people; others have shrewd, keen sense in them; while a few are altogether of a higher species, and show a bright and poetic fancy.

From what has been said, it will be seen that the wit and humor in Mr. Jerrold's writings must naturally lie more in passages of express and direct dialogue between himself and his reader, and in casual outbreaks of his own individual sense of the comic, than in sustained comic delineation. The tendency, upon the whole, is, as might be expected, to wit, sarcasm, sharp allusion, irony, the semi-jocose expression of a serious opinion; often, however, we have something deeper, humor itself, rich conceit, real and genial perception of what is comic in nature. A few random examples, though they cannot give a full impression of Mr. Jerrold's comic manner, may illustrate the peculiar verbal form that his witty sallies are apt to assume:

"Put away temptation from the heart, eyes, ears, and fingers of Job Pippins, and behold in him a model of self-government. Born an Esquimaux, we can answer for him, he had never yearned for grape-juice; blind, carnal beauty had never betrayed him; deaf, he had given no ear to bland seductions; rich as a Nabob, we are convinced he had never wished to pick a pocket. Superficial characters may call this negative

goodness. Very well. Will they at the same time tell us how much in this world of contradiction is made up of mere negatives? Consult those everlasting lights, the daily and weekly newspapers. Are not certain bipeds therein immortalized for not going on all-fours? Timbrels sounded before decent ladies and gentlemen, for that they are neither ogresses nor ogres? A duke runs into a farmhouse from a pelting shower; warming his toes at the hearth, he—yes—he ‘talks familiarly’ with his rural host! At this the historian flourishes his pen in a convulsion of delight. Was ever such condescension, such startling affability? Of course, it was expected that the distinguished visitor would command the baby at the breast to be carefully washed, and straightway served up to him in outlets!”—*Men of Character*, vol. i. p. 33.

“Again, the ostrich is libelled for his gluttony. Believe what is said of him, and you would not trust him even in the royal stables, lest he should devour the very shoes from the feet of the horses. Why, the ostrich ought to be taken as the one emblem of temperance. He lives and flourishes on the desert, his choicest food a little spikey shrub, with a few stones—for how rarely can he find iron, how few the white days in which the poor ostrich can, in Arabia Petrea, have the luxury of a tenpenny nail,—to season, as with salt, his vegetable diet.”—*Story of a Feather*, p. 3.

“But the mayor who writes his history in the enlarged pottle-pot, who indissolubly links his name with sucking-pig for fourpence—the yearly magistrate who associates himself with cupboard comforts—his renown shall be heard at ten thousand hearths, when the fame of other mayors shall be voiceless, dumb as a dead trumpeter.”—*Cakes and Ale*, vol. i. p. 231.

“We know the common story runs that nature has peculiar visages for poets, philosophers, statesmen, warriors, and so forth: we do not believe it: we have seen a slack-wire dancer with the face of a great pious bard, an usurer with

the legendary features of a Socrates, a passer of bad money very like a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a carcase-butcher at Whitechapel so resembling Napoleon, that Prince Talleyrand, suddenly beholding him, burst into tears at the similitude."—*Ibid.*, vol. i., pp. 269, 270.

"And how do you get your bread?" (says Perditus Mutton to Pups the link boy, whom he meets in Cheapside in a thick fog.) "Why, I pick it up in the winter in the fogs; only there ar'n't such fogs now as there used to be. When my grandmother was a little one, there was a fog of three weeks; but some folks, you know, is born to luck. That was the time, she says: there war'nt a gentleman who wouldn't been ashamed to own he hadn't lost a watch—it was so dark."—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 81.

"I will tell you what I once saw in the land of the Mogul. There, sir, there were certain bonzes or priests, who, like the twirling dervises you may have heard of, were wont to show their devotion by spinning, like tops, in white gowns. Suddenly there came other dervises who spun in black gowns; then others came who spun in yellow raiment; others in scarlet; others in purple. And every color had its champions and apostles; and there were many foul words, and a little foul play exchanged among them. The tumult convulsed the land, every party vowing to fight to the death for the one color. When I left the country, it was torn to pieces by the separate factions of the separate-colored gowns. After some years I returned and found the whole land in peace; and how, sir, think you, was amity restored? A great man—a man of genius and benevolence—arose, and he combined all the opposite colors into one steadfast admiring body of himself; for he, looking upon any color as of no matter, if the twirling were good—if the spinning were sincere—he, the meek and easy man, spun in something very like a harlequin's jacket."—*The Chronicles of Clovernook*, pp. 51, 52.

"Yet, for all this, Jericho was ordinarily a dull, matter-of-fact man. Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of the steps."—*A Man made of Money*, p. 8.

"At that hour when sparrows look down reproachfully from their eaves at the flushed man trying the street-door."—*Ibid.*, p. 12.

"'Pon my life, you are so good, you'd pour rose-water over a toad."—*Ibid.*, p. 113.

"I'll tell you what, Jenny, the noblest sight on earth is a man talking reason, and his wife sittin' at the fireside listening to him."—*Ibid.*, p. 114.

"Commentators—the worthy folks that too often write on books, as men with diamonds write on glass, obscuring light with scratches."—*Ibid.*, p. 195.

"Earth is here (in Australia) so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest."—*Ibid.*, p. 212.

"'Robert, my dear,' said Jenny, with the deferential air of a scholar: 'Robert, what did Mr. Carraways mean when he said he hated dog—dogmatism?' Topps was puzzled. 'Robert, my dear,' Jenny urged, 'what—what in the world is dogmatism?' Now it was the weakness of Topps never to confess ignorance of anything soever to his wife. 'A man should never do it,' Topps had been known in convivial seasons to declare; 'it makes 'em conceited.' Whereupon Topps prepared himself, as was his wont, to make solemn, satisfying answer. Taking off his hat, and smoothing the wrinkles of his brow, Topps said—'Humph! what is dogmatism? Why it is this—of course. Dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 252.

"'I declare, Mr. Goldthumb, it seems you have read everything.' 'Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunk-maker, 'twould be to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country.'"—*Time Works Wonders*.

But Mr. Jerrold, as we have already said, is no mere wit, no mere satiric observer, no mere maker of amusing jests and

conceits. He is something more; he is a man of highly emotional nature, armed to the teeth with keen sensibilities and convictions, and as ready as any man we know to leave jest for earnest when the moment requires it. There is no sneering with him at high art, exalted virtue, or recondite science—cheap resource of mean natures; no uneasy striving to keep down the discourse so low that it may still be possible to pun and joke. On the contrary, he has a native sympathy with what is elevated; will gladly hear a new fact in physics, will quote with zest a sounding verse, will speak with enthusiasm of an heroic action, will kindle at the mention of a great name. It is this very inner seriousness of nature that gives his wit its force. If his arrows are light and parrot-feathered, they are at least shot with vigor and tipped with fire. Were even quantity to be made a test, Mr. Jerrold is to be placed out of the category of merely comic writers; for at least half of what he has written consists of perfectly serious matter—pathetic story, fanciful description, or bitter and vehement satire.

Like all earnest persons, Mr. Jerrold has certain points of peculiarly strong feeling, certain favorite contemplations in which his mind, if left to itself, will always necessarily settle. Let us note one or two of these ingredients, if we may so call them, of Mr. Jerrold's severer nature.

And, first, in that oldest and most general of human contemplations, the transitoriness of life, and the littleness of all we see, we find him specially at home. That truly we live in a vain show, that our days are numbered, that round our world there lies an unknown Infinite, is a thought most familiar to him. Nor is this so slight a thing to be said of a writer. This familiarity with the idea of mortality, this sense of the supernatural, is the basis of all genuine feeling; and different minds have it in very different degrees. In Mr. Jerrold it is developed to an unusual extent; and in this one respect, at least, he is superior to Mr. Thackeray, who, though he too,



of course, knows that the world is a Vanity Fair, seems yet somehow rather to have intellectually ascertained the fact, than to believe it. The ways in which the habit of thought we are speaking of makes its appearance in Mr. Jerrold's writings, are various. Sometimes it breaks out in an express passage; sometimes it adds keenness to a sarcasm; sometimes, it is the medium through which an incident strikes him, as when he sees a child carrying away a skull, or an old pauper in a country lane earning alms by opening a gate; and, sometimes, as in the *Man made of Money*, and others of his tales, it shows itself in a tendency to a more extensive use of the supernatural or miraculous in a plot than the public like. Nay, not unknown, we should fancy, to Mr. Jerrold, even the thought of that unpleasant old verse of the philosophic Hadrian—

“Animula vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc adibis in loca  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula;  
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.”

Again, to a mind such as Mr. Jerrold's, the inequality of human conditions, and the abundance of misery in the world, could not fail to be familiar matters of reflection. In point of fact, no writer of our day is more vehement in his comments on social anomalies. To shame niggardly wealth, to make out a case for suffering and poverty, to show the beauty even of profuse charity, is his constant literary aim. There is hardly one of his stories, of which the unequal distribution of the world's gifts is not, in one way or other, the theme. His *Man made of Money*, for example, is nothing else than a satire, couched in fiction, on the inordinate desire of wealth, and the false respect paid to it. The hero, Mr. Solomon Jericho, an elderly city gentleman of jovial habits, goaded by the ceaseless pecuniary importunities of his wife,

is induced, in a rash moment, to sit bolt upright in bed, and wish that he were made of money. No rash word, it seems, is uttered in vain; Jericho's wish goes through the universe like a shudder; the Powers answer it in the affirmative; and in an instant the heart of the unfortunate man becomes a literal exhaustless mass of bank paper. Thenceforward Mr. Jericho, when he wants money, has only to touch the place of his heart, and, at every touch, a virgin Bank of England note for one hundred pounds, remains between his fingers. Thus transformed, Mr. Jericho moves on through the world, a man made of money. At first the change is delightful; friends, reputation, a wife kinder than before, a mansion, an estate, servants, a seat in parliament, all are Jericho's. For a little time the only perceptible change in Mr. Jericho himself is a moral one; he grows colder, haughtier, and sourer in his temper. But soon the horrible truth reveals itself, there is a physical change, too; the money that Mr. Jericho spends so prodigally, is his own flesh, the substance of his own body; and every day he grows thinner and thinner. Bearing up against this discovery, he continues to enact for the necessary time, his part as Mrs. Jericho's husband, the morose stepfather of her three children, Basil, Monica, and Agatha Pennibacker, and the millionaire of general society. At length, however, shrivelled to a skeleton, and metamorphosed into a miser and a misanthrope, he shuts himself up in a garret, where he is attended by a single haggard old servant; Mrs. Jericho and her friends meantime scheming his confinement as a lunatic. In a last miserly freak he resolves to reconvert all his property—furniture, plate, jewels, and everything else—into the money that bought it. The brokers furnish him with an inventory and estimate; he requires a light to read it; his familiar servant hands him for the purpose a piece of paper, which chances to be a folded bank note; he thrusts it between the bars of the grate, when, flash! the flame leaps

through his body, consumes it like a shred of parchment, and seizing, by sympathy, on all his gathered wealth, converts it on the instant into tinder, soot, and ashes. Such is the moral of the *Man made of Money*; and it is one that Mr. Jerrold has often repeated. Contempt for money, then, generous and bountiful dealing with one's fellow creatures, is a principal part of the morality that Mr. Jerrold inculcates. In the structure of the foregoing story the imagination of the author has possibly been allowed to take too great a liberty with the understanding of the reader. The natural in the moral loses considerably in its effect from its relation to the unnatural in the fiction. His teaching, too, on the points in question, is often too vague and lax; mere sentimental generosity, it is to be feared, sometimes prevailing in his philanthropic theory, over the moral element of justice. Essentially there is a similarity in this respect, though not in other respects, between him and Mr. Leigh Hunt. Both would have the world reconstructed too much on the principle of no punishment, syrup for senna, geraniums in every window, and every man his muffin for breakfast. We mistake, however, if Mr. Jerrold would be willing with Mr. Hunt, to affirm his disgust with the sternness of Dante, and his preference for the doctrine of the mild reading-desks of England. Here, we think, his own earnestness, and powers of scorn, would step in to save him. And, as regards his theory itself, one cannot but respect it when it takes the form, as it often does, of enthusiastic argument in behalf of political equality, popular education, and other specific measures of social improvement. Too often, indeed, his scorn of the hollow conventionalities of the upper and more comfortable classes, disposes him to look with a corresponding degree of prejudice on the lower. Upon occasions, all the virtues seem to pass over somewhat too readily, at his bidding, from the side of the washed to that of the unwashed. This is not to trim the vessel, but to give us one

lurch in the place of another. There has been rather too much of this of late in certain sections both of French and English literature.

It is little more than a repetition of the statement just made, to say that Mr. Jerrold is a firm believer in the doctrine of human progress. His faith in this doctrine appears throughout all his writings; and in some of them, as in the essay entitled *Elizabeth and Victoria*, he has attempted a special exposition of it. That the cry of "the good old times of merry England" is absurd and contradicted by fact, and that upon the whole, plentiful as are our still existing abuses, we are—what with our printing-press, our improved sanitary regulations, our enlarged civil freedom, &c.—members of a better condition of society than that in which our ancestors lived—is a conviction in which he seems to find no ordinary amount of satisfaction himself, and which he never ceases to press upon others. Now, although we do not find that in any particular point of comparison between the past and the present, he has overstated the truth, and although we conceive this strong faith in the doctrine of continued human progress to be almost a necessary article in the creed of every active or speculative reformer, yet we have a suspicion that Mr. Jerrold's views on this subject are infected with a tinge of that error which Mr. Macaulay, more perhaps than any living author, has contributed to extend among us. Believe Mr. Macaulay, and we were a kind of Caribs till the Romans came among us; they raised us to the level of South Sea Islanders; under Saxon rule we rose to an Arab pitch; the Normans made us civilized Englishmen; and the whigs organized our matchless constitution. And so with other nations, each rising from the Carib to the civilized state, through a gradual series of intermediate phases. A view of history this, as false in fact as it is unphilosophic! Our ancestors of Roman times were not Caribs, they were men, (allowing for subsequent modifications of race by immigration)

of the same substantial brain and build with ourselves, acting as honorably, thinking, in their way, as strongly, talking as wittily. And so with other nations, and with the world at large. The progress of all the superior races of the world individually, and of the world as a whole, has been but a progress in scientific knowledge, and in the arts, numerous and important, that rest upon it. We have engines, institutions, and comforts that our ancestors had not; but there are not among us more poetic, more energetic natures.

On no topic is Mr. Jerrold more fierce than on that of war. Burnt into his mind, it would seem, by certain powerful youthful impressions, and deepened still farther by his maturer reflections, his hatred of war is intense and unmitigated. No partisan of the peace movement could go farther than he in his denunciations of the folly of the sword, and the delusion of military glory. There is scarcely one of his writings that does not contain some passage of satire against the occupation of a soldier. Here, however, his superior intellect, and his generosity of sentiment, preserve him from a certain gross and narrow mode of thinking, to which men of less cultivation are liable—a mode of thinking which reveals itself in the constant and indiscriminate use of sweeping phrases of condemnation against all characters of the past that have acted on the condition of the world by any other than a peaceful instrumentality. The madman Alexander, the monster Cæsar, the bandit William the Norman, the wholesale butcher Napoleon—it is not in such phrases as these, alike braggart and untrue, that Mr. Jerrold finds it necessary to couch his just sense of the horrors of international warfare.

Mr. Jerrold we should imagine to be, on the whole, a careful writer. His language is pregnant, clear, and terse; exhibiting, sometimes, as is natural in an author who feels strongly, a certain hurry and confusion of metaphor; but rarely weak or redundant. He has evidently read much;

and in his writings there is not a little of that habit of miscellaneous allusion for which the works of the German Richter are so remarkable. Occasionally, however, we remark a tendency towards coarseness, towards a too liberal use of what we should call the Stokes element in human life. As an instance, we would refer to an otherwise admirable passage in his *Man made of Money*, that where, under the allegoric form of a discourse between two fleas, he foreshadows the miraculous change that is to occur in the constitution of Mr. Jericho. Few persons, we believe, will read that very powerful passage without feeling that there is a needless offensiveness in the fiction that forms the subject of it. Beds, blankets, &c., ought not to occupy much space in literature. There is a special department of this general Stokes element, in which, perhaps more than in any other, Mr. Jerrold is apt to offend—that which, to use a favorite word of his own, we would designate “the toothsome,” and which consists in too detailed allusions to vianda, especially if in course of preparation, and to unæsthetic beverages. Leaving such criticisms, however, one is glad to be able to notice, in conclusion, one fact relating to Mr. Jerrold as a literary man—to wit, the manifest progress that he has made since he began to write, and the increased strength and freedom of his later as compared with his earlier works. His last production, the *Man made of Money*, seems to us decidedly the best. Seeing then that he is yet in the prime of his faculties, may we not expect still higher things from him?

## THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD is a native of Reading. His mother was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Noon, who was for thirty years the minister of the Independent congregation there. Accordingly he was instructed in their strict tenets, and his early education was obtained in their school at Mill-Hill; but being removed to the public grammar school under Dr. Valpy, he there acquired a love of Shakspeare and the drama—forbidden ground to his native sect—and soon adopted the less rigid doctrines of the Church of England. At the same time he acquired those ardent political feelings, which, tempered by time, he has always since maintained. His poetical talent was developed equally early. In the year 1811, while still at school, he published a volume entitled "Poems on various Subjects." The subjects are interesting, as evincing the character of his thoughts at this early period. One of them, entitled "On the Education of the Poor," and another, "The Union and Brotherhood of Mankind," obtained for him the acquaintance of Joseph Fox, distinguished for his zeal in the cause of education, and this new friend introduced him by letter to Lord (then Mr. Henry Brougham). He was received by that distinguished individual with the utmost kindness, and encouraged to work his way to the bar through literature. Following this judicious advice, he engaged himself in 1813 to Mr. Chitty for a period of four years.



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ENGRAVED BY JOHN HARTMAN. — THE ORIGINAL BY JOHN LUGAS

*John Taylor*



The literary career of the young lawyer began with an essay published in the "Pamphleteer," early in 1813, entitled "An Appeal to the Protestant Dissenters of Great Britain on behalf of the Catholics." This essay was eloquently written, and breathed a spirit of liberality, such as is rightly denominated "Christian." Talfourd was then under eighteen. "A Critical Examination of some objections taken by Cobbett to the Unitarian Relief Bill," was a very successful attempt to grapple with a writer of such singular power. "Observations on the Punishment of the Pillory," and "An Appeal against the Act for regulating Royal Marriages," took the side of humanity against barbarous custom and mistaken notions of national policy.

An "Attempt to Estimate the Poetical Talent of the Present Age," written in 1815, is chiefly remarkable as testifying his high appreciation of the poetry of Wordsworth, (at a period when such a testimony was sufficient to ensure almost universal ridicule,) and scarcely less so for the courage with which it denounced the gloomy exaggerations of Lord Byron, who was then in the full blaze of his popularity. Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age" was not published till ten years afterwards. Mr. Talfourd was probably the very first who publicly declared, on critical grounds, that William Wordsworth was a true poet. In this declaration, as in several others in this "Estimate," he displayed the very uncommon critical faculty of *discovering the truth by its own light*, and the almost as uncommon courage and generosity in telling the world—without equivocation or escape-valves—what he had found.

In 1817, Talfourd started as a Special Pleader. During his period of study he had assisted Mr. Chitty in his voluminous work on the Criminal Laws. The chief quarters in which he carried on his literary labors, were now in the "Retrospective Review," and the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana." The articles on "Homer," on "Greek Tragedians,"

and "Greek Lyric Poets," in the latter, were written by him. He began his connection with the "New Monthly" in 1820, and continued to furnish the dramatic criticisms, besides other papers, in that magazine for twelve years. He subsequently wrote in the "Edinburgh Review" and "London Magazine," and published in 1826 a Memoir of Mrs. Radcliffe, prefixed to her posthumous work of "Gaston de Blondville." About the same time he brought out an edition of "Dickenson's Guide to the Quarter Sessions," a labor for which the puzzled brains of country squires best know how to feel grateful to him.

Mr. Talfourd was called to the bar by the Society of the Middle Temple in 1821, and joined the Oxford Circuit and Berkshire Sessions. In 1822 he married Rachel, daughter of John Powell Rutt, Esq., a name well known to political reformers.

The gradual extension of his professional engagements through the circuit, induced him to retire from the sessions at the expiration of twelve years, when he was called to the degree of Serjeant—the very same year in which he wrote his tragedy of "Ion." He now confines his practice almost exclusively to the circuit of the Common Pleas. Any exception has been on occasions when his sympathies excited him to exertion. He undertook the defence of the "True Sun" newspaper in the King's Bench, and electrified the court by his eloquence on that occasion. His defence of "Tait's Magazine" against Richmond, in the Exchequer, was equally brilliant and sound of argument.

In 1834, the electors of Reading returned their distinguished townsman to Parliament by a large majority, composed of all parties. He was returned again in the General Election of 1839, but declined standing in that of 1841. His parliamentary career has been distinguished by the same high talent, consistency of principle, and moral purpose, which have pervaded his life. His most celebrated speeches

are those on moving for the Law of Copyright, and on bringing forward his "Custody of Infants" Bill. The tone and style of the former speech were, like its subject, new to the ear of the House; but he was listened to with deep attention, while with earnest and fluent language, assisted by happy illustrative reference, he enforced the claims of the struggling professors of literature upon that property in the products of the brain, which the law allowed to be wrested from them. With regard to the Custody of Infants, his attempt to obtain an alteration of the statute, which in every case of separation, though the character of the wife was as free from spot or taint as that of the husband was sullied by vice, yet relentlessly tore the children from their mother, and gave them as his sole right to the father—was advocated with indefatigable zeal, and finally with success.

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd was an assiduous discharger of his parliamentary duties, when not engaged on the circuit; notwithstanding which, he always found time for literature. The two tragedies which succeeded "Ion," were written while he was in Parliament. He also at that period published an edition of the "Letters of Lamb," with a touching and masterly sketch of the life of his old friend; a delightful book to all true lovers of literature.

While the leisure hours of Mr. Talfourd have been enriched with the society of the most distinguished literary characters of the time, for among his friends have been—the living would be too numerous to mention—Godwin, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Lamb, &c., he never forgot his old master, Dr. Valpy. Among other instances of friendly intercourse, which continued to the close of Dr. Valpy's life, he regularly attended all the meetings of the school, and always wrote the epilogues to the Greek Plays triennially performed.

Mr. Talfourd is remarkable for having achieved an equally high reputation in law and in letters; and it is almost as peculiar a circumstance that he has had so few dissentient

voices among the critics of his day. Dissident voices of course he has had to endure, as all eminent men must have in their lifetime, and more or less afterwards; but if the worthy Serjeant has occasionally suffered, he has not had more than "his share," while the majority have cordially admitted his claims with such slight objections or differences of opinion with him, and with each other, as are natural to different minds in contemplating the same objects. The spirit of fairness asks and permits this amicable discussion on all hands, and with this feeling the following critical remarks are submitted.

If the public, with its leaders and teachers and censors of the present day, are cold and indifferent with regard to dramatic literature, or positively hostile when a drama is published without having been produced on the stage—it is probable that matters were still worse in this respect when Mr. Talfourd commenced his dramatic career. To complete, therefore, the peculiarity of his position, he wrung from the public and the influences of its opinions—opinions which seemed to assume some credit to themselves for their undramatic tendencies—a triumph, and on the very stage, for a legitimate drama; and while the age had been returning, in the more prominent of its late poetry, to the Shakspearean and Elizabethan standards, he stood in the doorway of the Gallic-Greek-English school, and took the town by surprise with a new "Cato" of a stronger coloring and calibre. We say advisedly the Gallic-Greek-English school—meaning the Gallic conception of the Greek drama, which is indeed a thing as unlike the reality, as Versailles is to the Parthenon; and which Dryden helped to naturalize in England, when he "reformed" our versification generally, upon the Gallic conception of rhythm. Of this school (not that we for a moment would hint at any actual similarity) were Addison's "Cato," Johnson's "Irene," and Holme's "Douglas;" and of this, in our later age, arose "Ion," which is well worth all

the three, taking them on their own ground; more exalted than "Cato," more eloquent than "Irene," and more purely tender than "Douglas;" with a glow from end to end, which may be called the *sentiment* of unity, and which nobly distinguishes it from all.

Of the concentration and passion of the Shakspearean drama, Mr. Talfourd's first dramatic production does not, as we have assumed, partake. The appeal of his tragedy is to the *conscientiousness* of its audience; and it purifies less by pity and terror, than by admiration and exaltation. Its power is less an intellectual and poetical than a moral power; and the peculiarity of its sublime lies significantly in the excellence of its virtue. For, avoiding any loose classification of this tragedy with the works of the Greek dramatists, on the specious ground of its containing that awful dogma of fatalism which is the thunder of the Æschylean drama; the critic will recognize, upon consideration, that while the design of "Ion" turns upon a remorseless fatalism, the principal action turns upon Virtue completing herself within the narrow bounds left by Destiny to Life. It is not only a drama of fate, but of self-devoted duty. The necessity of woe is not stronger in it, than the necessity of heroism. The determination of the heroic free-will confronts in it gloriously the predestination of circumstance. And, strikingly and contrastingly effective, there arises beside the *vis inertiae* of the colossal Fate, and the *vis certaminis* of the high-hearted victim, the tender elevated purity of the woman Clemanthe; equal in augustness to either power, and crushed disconsolately between both.

This mixture of the pure Christian principle of faith and love with the Greek principle of inexorable fate, produces an incongruity in the tragedy which raises a conflict in the mind. Capricious demons are left triumphant, and noble humanity is sacrificed. The very same effect is equally produced by the method and style of the execution. In the Greek mode of treating these subjects the sublime rather than the beauti-



ful is aimed at; the sterner and colder characters of the actors, and the powerful effect of the chorus, nerve the mind to bear the contemplation of humanity in the iron grasp of Fate. Above all, sympathy is not allowed to rest satisfied with the triumph of the remorseless gods, for the old Greek tragedians (if we except *Æschylus*) were most of them sceptical at heart. The choruses, besides their alarms, would have "had their doubts."

The tragedy of "*Ion*" has an admirable unity of purpose and expression; a unity apart from the "unities," and exceeding them in critical value; and in itself an essential characteristic of every high work of art. The conception springs clear from the author's mind, and alights with fulness upon the reader's; the interest is uninterrupted throughout, and the final impression distinct. To the language, may be attributed appropriateness and eloquence, with some occasional redundancy, and a certain deficiency in strength; the images are rather elegant than bold or original; and the versification flows gracefully and copiously within the limits of the school. The effect of the whole is such as would be created were it possible to restore the ground-plan of an Athenian temple in its majestic and simple proportions, and decorate it with the elegant statues of Canova.

Mr. Talfourd's second work of "*The Athenian Captive*," has much of the ruling principle, and most of the features of his former tragedy, though with sufficient variety in its structure and adornments. If he appears somewhat haunted by the ideal virtue of his "*Ion*," it is not an ignoble bewitchment; nor could any right priestly hand extend itself very eagerly to exorcise a "man of Lawe" of the nineteenth century, from the presence of such high chivalrous shadows. It was produced under Mr. Macready's auspices, who personated the chief character very finely. The effect of the tragedy was very good in itself; very well received by a crowded audience; promised to become a refining influence upon the

stage—a stage so much needing such assistance—was played three or four times, and has never been acted since. The mysteries, like the stupidities, of Management, are inscrutable.

The tragedy of “Glencoe,”—or “The Fate of the Macdonalds,” again displayed the learned author’s tendency to revert to the old classical tyranny of fate. But still greater varieties were introduced in the present instance than in the production last named. And not merely in the scenery and costume; nor in the wish to write for a favorite actor—though the “Advertisement to the Second Edition” would lead us fully to expect this.

“It was composed in the last vacation at Glandwr, in the most beautiful part of North Wales, *chiefly* for the purpose of embodying the feelings which the grandest *scenery* in the Highlands of Scotland had awakened, when I visited them in the preceding autumn. I had no distinct intention at that time of seeking for it a trial on the stage; but having almost unconsciously blended with the image of the hero, *the figure*, the *attitudes*, and *the tones* of the great actor whom I had associated for many years with every form of tragedy, I could not altogether repress the hope that I might one day enjoy the delight, &c., &c. The Play was printed, merely for the purpose of being presented to my friends; but when only two or three copies had been presented, I *was encouraged to believe* that it would one day be acted,” &c., &c.

Passing over such objections as might be made to a “tragedy” being written chiefly for the purpose of describing the emotions induced by any local scenery—what a development is contained, in the last two sentences, of the condition of dramatic affairs in this country!—of the all-powerful position of a manager or principal actor, and of the humiliating position of the dramatic poet.

But in this tragedy of “Glencoe,” there is not only the

charm of descriptive poetry, there is also the poetry of feeling, and of deep unaffected sentiment. It has nothing in common with that mawkish sentimentality and affectation of something profound, either in thought or feeling, which are discoverable in too many productions of our day. In "Glencoe" there is developed clearly, and truly, that anguish which overcomes a noble mind, when its affections, having been drawn out under the half-guilty, half-innocent guise of female friendship, till the devotion became entire and absorbing the whole being—are put aside and evaded by the fair friend on the score of nothing more than friendship having been understood. An anguish in which the future life of the lover has become a drifting wreck; and that of the thoughtless deceiver generally a sacrifice to some ungenial and selfish alliance. The tragedy ends rather poorly in comparison with the expectations raised by the emotions previously excited; but that one striking phase in the history of human hearts, is, however, embodied in "Glencoe," and with a force, which the delicacy and refinement of the language sometimes renders less apparent to the ear than to the sensibility, but which is derived from its inherent truth, and clearness of development.

It may be said of Mr. Talfourd, as a general estimate of his character, abilities, and aim in life, that his whole career has been equally distinguished by high moral purpose, and by the most unquestionable talents. It does not fall within the scope of this work to enter into any examination of Mr. Talfourd's legal abilities; we must, therefore, content ourselves with observing, that his eminent success as a barrister, and his subsequent unsolicited elevation to the Common Bench, are proofs of ability which in England must unquestionably exist, as a necessary condition. His discharge of the responsible duties of his new office has not only proved to be unexceptionable, but has kept such parallel with the historic

associations of the place, as to gain for him the universal respect as a jurist, which were previously accorded to him as a man and a poet. Long may he live to enjoy his double honors.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH was the son of a respectable and affluent attorney, settled in the thriving and picturesque borough of Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, where he was born on the 7th of April, 1770. Although, however, his father has been described by those who knew him, as a shrewd and intelligent man, endowed with no inconsiderable share of literary taste, and characterized, above the wont of lawyers, with humanity and rigid integrity, it is said to have been from his mother that the poet derived his peculiar temperament and bias; his delicacy of feeling, and that timidity of disposition, which prompted him through life to court seclusion. His sister inherited the same retiring coyness of mind and manners, while his brother—the now well-known Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, long Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, a dignitary of the Church of England, and the author of several valuable works, among which his “Pictorial and Literary Account of Greece” is, perhaps, the most popular—displayed a more robust constitution, fitting him to struggle with the necessary vigor against competitors for the wreath of honor, and the rewards of daring enterprise. By far the most genial sketches of the great poet are furnished in a few brief autobiographical memoranda, dictated by Wordsworth himself at a visit of his nephew in 1847, who afterwards became his biographer. He describes his early childhood as being marked by a “stiff, moody, and violent



## J. M. WORDSWORTH.

He was the son of a respectable and affluent family, and grew up in the thriving and picturesque borough of Rylance, near the town of Cumberland, where he was born in 1766. Although, however, his father was a Quaker, he knew him, as a scholar and a poet, only too comfortably shorn of the shackles of his sect, above the wont of lawyers, and above the cant of divines. It is said to have been from his father that he derived his peculiar temperamental susceptibility of feeling, and that timidity of spirit which led him through life to court security, and to avoid the same daring coyness of mind which distinguished his brother—the now well-known Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., and of the Chancel of Cleveland, and the author of the *Practical Works*, on which his "Practical Sermons on the Court of Grace" is perhaps the most important contribution. In more robust constitution, better equipped for the necessary combat against combat, for the wreath of laurel, and the rewards of daring, he was, by far the most genuine sketches of the great poet to be published in a few brilliant biographical memoranda, composed by Wordsworth himself at a young age, by a nephew, who afterwards became his biographer. He describes his early childhood as being marked by a strikingly, conventional



WORDS WORTH.

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temper"—insomuch that his mother (who died of a decline in 1778, William being then in his eighth year), told an intimate friend, that the only one of her five children\* about whose future life she was anxious, was William; and he, she said, would be remarkable either for good or for evil. "I remember once," he says, "going into one of the attics of my grandfather's house at Penrith, upon some indignity having been put upon me, with an intention of destroying myself with one of the foils which I knew were kept there. I took the foil in hand, but my heart failed. Upon another occasion, while I was at my grandfather's house at Penrith, along with my eldest brother, Richard, we were whipping tops together in the large drawing-room, on which the carpet was only laid down upon particular occasions. The walls were hung round with family pictures, and I said to my brother, 'Dare you strike your whip through that old lady's petticoat?' He replied, 'No, I won't.' 'Then,' said I, 'here goes;' and I struck my lash through her hooped petticoat; for which, no doubt, though I have forgotten it, I was properly punished. But, possibly from some want of judgment in punishments inflicted, I had become perverse and obstinate in defying chastisement, and rather proud of it than otherwise." His school days at Hawkshead were very happy ones; chiefly, he says, because he was left at liberty to read whatever books he liked—and these were Fielding's works, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and some of Swift's fictions. At Cambridge, which he entered in 1787, he read nothing but classic authors according to his fancy, and Italian poetry.

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\* These were, (1) Richard, born 1768, died 1816—attorney of Staple Inn.

(2) William, born 1770, died 1850.

(3) Dorothy—the beloved and only sister of the poet: born 1771.

(4) John, born 1772, who was drowned off Weymouth, in 1805.

(5) Christopher, born 1774, died 1846; the father of the writer of the *Memoirs* before us.

Between him and the university there was at that period—though the case was reversed in after years—little intellectual sympathy. “He felt himself to stand at a higher elevation of moral dignity than some of his teachers. The youthful under-graduate looked down upon some of his instructors.” But the glimpses here vouchsafed of his experiences under the despised tutelage of Alma Mater, are neither so many nor so piquant as those long ago recorded of him by Mr. De Quincey. His reverence for celebrated Cantabs is alluded to—Milton among the rest; but we miss the enthusiastic libations consecrated on one memorable evening in Milton’s room.

It might be difficult to name a greater contrast in natural scenery than that presented by Cambridge and Wordsworth’s native regions—the former a flat, fenny, monotonous district, out of which nevertheless Tennyson has contrived to extract matter for poetry—the latter a country of

Torrents foaming down the rocky steeps,  
And lakes wherein the Spirit of Water sleeps,  
And vales and hills, whose beauty

had not been to Wordsworth’s young vision “as is a landscape to a blind man’s eye,” for he has told us

I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,  
The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colors and their forms were then to me  
An appetite.

A protracted sojourn amid the geography of Granta might have gone far to deaden or alter the course of this love of lake scenery. “Happily for him, he returned for his first summer-vacation, in 1788, to his beloved vale of Esthwaite.

The young collegian lodged in the same house, and slept in the same bed, as that which he had occupied when a school-boy. He revisited his old haunts. The spirit of the lake and the vale—the fresh air of the woods, and fields, and mountains—breathed new life into his soul. He derived new buoyancy and energy from the scenes of his early days, as one who has long been languishing on a bed of sickness drinks in health from the breezes of some beautiful region in which he was born.” The inner man of the poet was now to be developed—Cambridge and dandyism to be merged in Westmoreland and philosophy.\* Although he had poetised in his school-days, when *inter alia* he wrote a long poem running upon his own adventures and the scenery of the country in which he was brought up, he forsook this exercise while at Cambridge—the only verses he is known to have written there being those he composed on the Cam, entitled *Lines written while sailing in a boat at evening*, and beginning—

How richly glows the water's breast  
Before us, tinged with evening hues,  
While, facing thus the crimson west,  
The boat her silent course pursues!

#### His tour in France and Switzerland with Mr. Robert Jones

\* Mr. De Quincey assures us, that, on coming to Cambridge, Wordsworth assumed the dandy. “He dressed in silk stockings, had his hair powdered; and in all things plumed himself upon his gentlemanly habits. To those who remember the slovenly dress of his middle and philosophic life, this will furnish matter for a smile.”—*Lake Reminiscences*, in Tait's *Mag.* : 1839. We presume the “slovenly dress” in question was akin to that which characterized poor Hartley Coleridge, who used to wander about with his trowsers doubled half-way up the leg, unbrushed, and often splashed; his hat brushed the wrong way, for he never used an umbrella;—his aspect wild, unshaven, weather-beaten. See the memoir by his brother Derwent, prefixed to the new edition (1851) of the most amiable but most unhappy Hartley's *Poems*.

in 1790, supplied material for the *Prelude*, and also furnished the subject for *Descriptive Sketches*. The latter appeared in 1793; in which year he also published the *Evening Walk*, addressed to his admirable sister. These poems drew but a scanty portion of public regard to their merits. One man of genius, however, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, read them during the last years of his residence at Cambridge—which he entered the same year as Wordsworth left it—and was impressed with a conviction, as he records in his *Biographia Literaria*, that seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced. Six or seven years afterwards Coleridge\* visited Racedown (near Crewkerne), where Wordsworth and his sister had settled in 1795—and a warm friendship was cemented between these congenial spirits. S. T. C. is thus described by Miss Wordsworth in a letter to a friend (1797):—"He is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good-tempered and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every little trifle. At first I thought him very plain, that is, for about three minutes: he is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth, longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough, black hair. But if you hear him speak for five minutes, you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but gray, such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind: it has more of 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' than I ever witnessed. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead." Such is the lady's version of that ever

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\* Coleridge had already given to the world the first volume of his poems (Cottle, 1796,) and had commenced the publication of *The Watchman*.

Noticeable man with large gray eyes,  
 And a pale face, that seemed undoubtedly  
 As if a blooming face it ought to be.

Perhaps the best portrait of Coleridge at this period of his life, will be found facing the title page of Mr. Cottle's *Reminiscences*—which also contains able and striking portraits of Southey, Wordsworth, and Charles Lamb, taken when hope and life and the world were all before them—when

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
 Where hope clung feeding like a bee—  
 Both were theirs! Life went a-Maying  
                     With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
                     When they were young!

The two poets sufficiently appreciated one another to become desirous of a closer intimacy; and accordingly Wordsworth and his sister moved to Alfoxden, near Nether-Stowey, where Coleridge then lived. Here were composed *We are Seven*, *The Idiot Boy*, *An Anecdote for Fathers*, *The Thorn*, and other lyrical ballads. The poets roved together upon "smooth Quantock's airy ridge," or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs; Coleridge

                    In bewitching words, with happy heart,  
 Did chaunt the vision of that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes  
 Did utter of the Lady Christabel;

while Wordsworth

Murmured of him who, joyous hap, was found,  
 After the perils of his moonlight ride,  
 Near the loud waterfall; or her who sate  
 In misery near the miserable Thorn.

The exquisite lines on *Tintern Abbey* belong to this tranquil

epoch. "No poem of mine," says the author, "was composed under circumstances more pleasant for me to remember than this. I began it upon leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of four or five days with my sister." *Peter Bell* was written about this time—suggested by an anecdote of Wordsworth read in a newspaper, of an ass being found hanging his head over a canal in a wretched posture, which was explained by the discovery of its master's dead body in the water. In the woods of Alfoxden Wordsworth used, he tells us, to take great delight in noticing the habits, tricks, and physiognomy of asses—(in defiance of the doctrine that

A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind)—

"and I have no doubt," he says, "that I was thus put upon writing the poem of *Peter Bell*, out of liking for the creature that is so often dreadfully abused." The reader may remember a similar spirit more enthusiastically developed, of philodoneyism, in Hartley Coleridge, who ever stood up right valorously in behalf of calumniated "Jack-Ass," and who would doubtless have been involved in many a broil had he lived near Hampstead heath, or Ramsgate beach, or other regions where a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in general, and asses in particular, is in eminent request.

The *Lyrical Ballads* were published in 1798. The edition consisted of five hundred copies—the largest proportion of which was disposed of at a loss by Mr. Cottle the publisher. The copyright was valued by Longmans (when Cottle disposed of his business) as absolutely *nil*, and was returned "free, gracious, for nothing," to the author. There was as yet no public for William Wordsworth. There was no demand to beget a further supply; but he patiently continued

supplying until he created a demand. His poems, when noticed at all, were noisily reprobated, or jauntily ridiculed. But, as Sidney Yendys says,

Note like this stirs not  
The wind of every day.

The words of the poet were winged words, and could fly unhurt above the flood of watery criticism. Emerson describes true poems under this winged figure, as flying immortal from their mortal parent, and pursued by clamorous flights of censures, which swarm in far greater numbers, and threaten to devour them. "But these last are not winged. At the end of a very short leap they fall plump down, and rot, having received from the souls out of which they came no beautiful wings. But the melodies of the poet ascend, and leap, and pierce into the deeps of infinite time." Wordsworth sang the divineness of Simplicity in an age when she was voted vulgar and unfit for the company of "persons of quality." He was refused an entrance at the pay-box door of the Muses' Temple, because he did not appear in dress-coat and white vest. *Gents* who had made a cheap purchase of these *sine quibus non* at some slop-shop in the Minorities of Parnassus, were allowed to pass, and take their seats, and uplift their most sweet voices, at the congress of bards; but this despiser of consecrated vestments, who did not even drive to the Grand Entrance in a hack-cab drawn (with difficulty and wheezing extraordinary) by a hack Pegasus—who came in the dress he wore on the hills, with dew-drops yet glistening on his hat, and brambles still adhering to his coat, and the traces of country travel defiling his shoes, and a bunch of field-flowers in his hand that would never twist into a bouquet fit for Almack's—what claim had he to an *entrée* with the well-dressed crew? He wanted to create new canons of fashion, and to remove the muses from the *Magazines à la Mode* to a home where man-millinery is ignored. If



he was extreme and exaggerated in his opposition to the prevailing taste, it was but the natural rebound of the overstrained bow—the one-sidedness necessary to purposes of the law of reaction.

But, let the critics hoot him as they pleased, he, meanwhile, abated not a jot of self-respect and self-satisfaction. He only pitied the herd of dogs, for such he accounted them, that bayed the moon of his lustrous though clouded genius. "My ears," quoth he, "are stone-dead to this idle buzz, and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty stings." Of certain sonnets on Liberty he thus complacently writes to Lady Beaumont:—"I would boldly say at once, that these sonnets . . . collectively make a poem on the subject of civil liberty and national independence, which, either for simplicity of style or grandeur of moral sentiment, is, alas! likely to have few parallels in the poetry of the present day." Illustrations to the same effect it were easy to multiply; we have an amusing reminiscence of a contrast drawn by the poet between Byron's "famous passage on Solitude," and his own lines on the Wye, ending with the assurance—Compare my lines with those of Lord Byron, *and you will perceive the difference*. After paragraphs of this kind, it seems strange to come across anything like the following confession—made after the poet had completed his threescore years and ten—"So sensible am I of the deficiencies in all that I write, and so far does everything that I attempt fall short of what I wish it to be, that even private publication, if such a term may be allowed, requires more resolution than I can command." Wordsworth certainly had the reputation of being on excellent terms with himself; one critic, and an eminently favorable one withal, declaring, that to say Wordsworth was as proud as Lucifer, would be a very feeble simile, though there *might* be some point and purpose in reversing the simile, and saying that Lucifer was as proud as Wordsworth! Nor can Mr. Savage Landor omit so good a story as the "true and characteristical

one" related of the laureate—that being invited while at Edinburgh (at some breakfast-party, I believe), to read to the company a novel of Scott's, and finding at the commencement a quotation from himself, he totally forgot the novel, and recited his own poem from beginning to end, with many comments and more commendations.\* Jeffrey and other adversaries, who knew these traits and "weak points," took care to dilate upon them—and their readers laughed and sneered.

Besides his own complacency, however—for which we cordially aver that he had excellent grounds—Wordsworth enjoyed another consolation in the admiring sympathy and unfeigned plaudits of his immediate relatives and personal friends. That beloved sister, whom he has memorialized so frequently, and in accents of such fervent affection, treasured with grateful and most intelligent interest every stanza, every couplet, every line of her darling brother, in and for whom she lived and had her being :

She gave him eyes, she gave him ears,  
And humble cares, and delicate fears,  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,  
And love, and thought, and joy.

"Her loving tenderness and sweetness," observes Dr. Wordsworth, "produced a most beneficial effect on his character. The contrast between the temper of the brother and sister is represented by the Poet himself in the lines—

My sister Emmeline and I  
Together chased the butterfly—  
A very hunter did I rush  
Upon the prey . . . .  
But *she*, God love her! feared to brush  
The dust from off its wings.

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\* W. S. Lander's Works, ed. 1846, vol. i. p. 82.

Captain John Wordsworth, again, the brother who perished by shipwreck in 1805, had a just appreciation of William's genius and an unconquerable faith in its ultimate recognition by the world. He thus wrote to a friend in 1801 :—"The poems will become popular in time, but it will be by degrees. The fact is, there are not a great many persons that will be pleased with them at first, but those that *are* pleased with them will be pleased *in a high degree*, and they will be people of sense: and this will have weight, and *then* people who neither understand, nor wish to understand them, will praise them. . . . My brother's poetry has a great deal to struggle against; but I hope it will overcome all: it is certainly founded upon Nature, and that is the best foundation." And other admirers there were, who, at the very first appearance of this great poet, hailed, as Professor Wilson, for example, "a new morn risen on mid-day." They were once a feeble folk; they are now the leaders of public opinion, the arbiters of public taste, the organs of public homage.

It was in the year 1799 that Wordsworth settled down "for good" among the Lakes with which his fame is immortally conjoined. The cottage in which he and his sister took up their abode is in that part of the village of Grasmere called Town-end, for dear was the valley to them—and much were they

Pleased with its crags, and woody steep, its lake  
And one green island, and its winding shores,  
The multitude of little rocky hills,  
Its church, and cottages of mountain stone  
Clustered like stars some few, but single most,  
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,  
Or glancing at each other cheerful looks,  
Like separated stars with clouds between.

The dwelling is described by Mr. De Quincey as a little white cottage gleaming from the midst of trees, with a vast and

seemingly never-ending series of ascents, rising above it to the height of more than three thousand feet. That little cottage was Wordsworth's from the time above-mentioned to the year 1808. Afterwards, for many a year, it was the English opium-eater's. There it was that Wordsworth wrote *The Prelude*, which he completed in 1805, and finally corrected in 1832; *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, which he wrote in emulation of Milton's, as read to him by his sister one afternoon in 1801—"I took fire," he says, "and produced three sonnets the same afternoon, the first I ever wrote, except an irregular one at school;") *The Ode on Immortality*—between writing the first four and the remaining stanzas of which, more than two years elapsed; and minor lyrics by the hundred. It was to this cottage, or, as he calls it,

This bower, this Indian shed,  
Our own contrivance, building without peer,

that he brought home his bride in 1802; one who was

A phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon his sight . . .  
A Perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of angelic light.

Such was the Mary Hutchinson of fifty years since; and after thirty-six years of wedded life were spent, after his "winsome marrow's" morn had passed into noon, and her noon into eve, her William avowed the "old lady was welcome as the young,"—

As welcome and as beautiful—in sooth  
More beautiful as being a thing more holy:  
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth,  
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;

To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast  
 Into one vision, future, present, past.

It is justly observed by the author of these Memoirs, that "the influence exercised by Wordsworth's poetry is due, in great measure, to his home as well as to his heart. He was blessed, in a memorable degree, in all those domestic relations which exercise and hallow the affections. His cottage, its beautiful neighborhood, the happiness he enjoyed in its garden, and within its doors, all these breathed a moral music into his heart, and enabled him to pour forth strains which, without such influences upon him, would have been unheard, and which have made him, what he is in an eminent degree, the poet of domestic life, and the teacher of domestic virtue.

Of the five children born to him between the years 1803 and 1810, Wordsworth lost two in 1812—*viz.*, Catherine, who was suddenly removed within a few hours of her brother's quoting (quite unconsciously, and without any reference to *her*) the words, "In the morning it is green, and groweth up, but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered"—and the bereaved father tells us how he

Stood forlorn,  
 Knowing his heart's best treasure was no more;  
 That neither present time, nor years unborn,  
 Could to his sight that heavenly face restore;

and secondly, Thomas, a promising boy of six summers, whose pleasure was to go to Grasmere churchyard, and sweep the leaves from his sister Catherine's grave, until he too was unexpectedly called away,

A child whom every eye that looked on loved,

and laid beside her in that quiet *God's-acre*.

Catherine Wordsworth it is, who, according to De Quincey's

passionate description, was characterized by a radiant spirit of joyousness, "making solitude for her blithe society, and filling from morn to night the air with gladness and involuntary songs"—and this it was, in a child of three years, which so fascinated his heart that he became, to use his own language, "blindly, dotingly, in a servile degree, devoted to this one affection." That she had died suddenly was "terrific news" to him. Hastily he returned to Grasmere—and for two months running spent hours, and often the whole night upon her grave—"in mere intensity of sick, frantic yearning after neighborhood to the darling of my heart." But who that has read the Autobiography of the opium-eater can have forgotten this feverish and most affecting episode—its singular progress and still more singular termination—all tending to make Mr. De Quincey a rare psychological study.

Nearly twenty-four years passed away before death came again to the house of Wordsworth. In 1836 (January 1st) Sarah Hutchinson, his wife's sister, dear to him as an own sister, was taken away, and carried to the same churchyard. His beloved daughter followed in 1847, and now he himself is gathered to the same place.

This allusion to Grasmere churchyard reminds us of an affecting circumstance connected with the interment of Hartley Coleridge. Wordsworth was deeply touched on the occasion of that tender poet's death, and the day after, he accompanied the brother (Mr. Derwent Coleridge) to the churchyard. "Here having desired the sexton to measure out the ground for his own and Mrs. Wordsworth's grave, he bade him measure out the space of a third grave for my brother, immediately beyond. 'When I lifted up my eyes from my daughter's [Mrs. Quillinan] grave,' he exclaimed, 'he [Hartley] was standing there!'—Then turning to the sexton, he said, 'Keep the ground for us—we are old people, and it cannot be for long.'" This was in January, 1849; and Wordsworth's grave was ready in April, 1850.

The "beloved daughter" here referred to, was born 1804 (on her mother's birthday), and named Dorothy (after his devoted sister), a name altered to Dora in his poems, where she is frequently introduced, always in the most affectionate and fatherly terms. To such a father, verging on fourscore, the loss of such a daughter was a shock not to be outlived this side the tomb. Of the two sons who survive him, John, the elder, is Vicar of Brigham, near Cockermouth; and William holds the office of distributor of stamps in county Westmoreland, an office conferred on his father in 1813, through the kind influence of the late Lord Lonsdale, whom the poet thus addresses in a prefatory sonnet to *The Excursion*, which was published in 1814:

Now, by thy care befriended, I appear  
Before thee, Lonsdale; and this work present,  
A token (may it prove a monument!)  
Of high respect and gratitude sincere.

In 1813, Wordsworth's household was removed from the Vale of Grasmere to Rydal Mount—"a very desirable residence" about two miles distant from Grasmere—where he resided till his death in 1850.

During the entire period of his life, Wordsworth was blessed in a remarkable manner with the smiles of prosperity. Mr. De Quincey, the "English Opium Eater," who was long a neighbor of the poet, and dwelt on the margin of Grasmere, writing at the beginning of 1839, says:—"It must rejoice every man who joins in the homage offered to Wordsworth's powers—and what man is to be found who, more or less, does not?—to hear, with respect to one so lavishly endowed by nature, that he has not been neglected by fortune; that he has never had the finer edge of his sensibilities dulled by the sad anxieties, the degrading fears, the miserable dependencies of debt; that he has been blessed with compe-

tency, even when poorest; has had hope and cheerful prospects in reversion, through every stage of his life; that at all times he has been liberated from reasonable anxieties about the final interests of his children; that at all times he has been blessed with leisure, the very amplest that ever man enjoyed, for intellectual pursuits the most delightful. Yes, that even for those delicate and coy pursuits, he has possessed, in combination, all the conditions for their most perfect culture;—the leisure, the ease, the solitude, the society, the domestic peace, the local scenery. Paradise for his eye, in Miltonic beauty, lying outside his windows; Paradise for his heart, in the perpetual happiness of his own fireside: and finally, when increasing years might be supposed to demand something more of modern luxuries, and expanding intercourse with society, in its most polished forms, something more of refined elegancies—that his means, still keeping pace in almost arithmetical ratio with his wants, had shed the graces of art upon the failing powers of nature, had stripped infirmity of discomfort, and, so far as the necessities of things will allow, had placed the final stages of life—by many compensations, by universal praise, by plaudits reverberated from senates, benedictions wherever his poems have penetrated, honor, troops of friends—in short, by all that miraculous prosperity can do to evade the primal decrees of nature, had placed the final stage upon a level with the first.”

The death of Southey occurred in March, 1843, and in the following month Wordsworth was appointed to succeed him as Poet Laureate; an office in which the only call made upon his powers was for an Ode on the Installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, on which occasion the queen paid a visit of state to that venerable seat of learning. The ode was a failure, as poetical tasks usually are; but independent of its want of living inspiration, it betrayed the fact that the poet's fire was in the embers, and



that his earlier powers of imagination and expression were fast decaying.

Wordsworth's correspondence is highly intellectual and severely thoughtful; but far inferior in general interest and in those characteristics usually claimed for good letter-writing, to that of his great friend and neighbor, Robert Southey. His analytical reviews, with quotations at some length, of several of his prose essays, such as the pamphlet on the convention of Cintra (which was conducted through the press, and enriched with what Wordsworth pronounced a "masterly" appendix, by Mr. De Quincey); "Advice to the Young," from No. 17 of *The Friend*, in answer to a letter on education by Mathetes (Professor Wilson); "Two Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmoreland" on our domestic and foreign policy (1818); a "Letter to a Friend of Burns" (John Gray) against the practice of erecting monuments to literary men, &c., have also been published. The extracts from Miss Wordsworth's diaries are often very pleasing, and highly illustrative of brother and sister. We should be glad to cite passages in proof, and also from the journals of the poet himself during his Scottish and foreign tours, but the space already consumed by this rambling notice, forbids our entering so large a field; and we must now, in conclusion, confine ourselves to a few gleanings of personal memoranda, to be found toward the close of the work.

Lady Richardson's and Mrs. Davy's notes, Feb. 1844, contain the following:—"We had a very pleasant visit of above an hour, from Wordsworth and his wife.....He was in excellent spirits, and repeated with a solemn beauty, quite peculiar to himself, a sonnet he had lately composed on 'Young England;' and his indignant burst, 'Where then is old, our dear old England?' was one of the finest bursts of nature and art combined I ever heard.....Mrs. Wordsworth's face expressed more admiration of her husband in his bardic mood than I ever saw before.....He is not disposed to reject

without examination the assertions with regard to the curative powers of mesmerism. After tea, in speaking of the misfortune it was when a young man did not seem more inclined to one profession than another, Wordsworth said that he had always some feeling of indulgence for men at that age who felt such a difficulty. He had himself passed through it, and had incurred the strictures of his friends on this subject. He did not feel himself good enough for the church.... He also shrank from the law, although Southey often told him that he was well fitted for the higher parts of the profession. He had studied military history with great interest, and the strategy of war; and he always fancied that he had talents for command.....He spoke with much regret of Scott's careless views about money, and said that he had often spoken to him of the duty of economy, as a means to insure literary independence. Scott's reply always was, 'Oh, I can make as much as I please by writing.' 'This,' said Mr. W., 'was marvellous to me, who had never written a line with a view to profit.'

An American traveller (Ellis Yarnall) describes his visit to the aged poet in 1849:—"Wordsworth came in—a tall figure, a little bent with age, his hair thin and gray, and his face deeply wrinkled. The expression of his countenance was sad, mournful I might say; he seemed one on whom sorrow pressed heavily...He gave me his hand, and welcomed me cordially, though without smiling...He conducted me to the dining-room. At the head of the table sat Mrs. Wordsworth, and their three grandchildren made up the party. It was a humble apartment, not ceiled, the rafters being visible; having a large old-fashioned chimney-piece, with a high mantel-piece...No one could have listened to his talk for five minutes, even on ordinary topics, without perceiving that he was a remarkable man. Not that he was brilliant; but there was sustained vigor, and that mode of expression which denotes habitual thoughtfulness."

The daily life of Wordsworth was after this kind :—family prayers at eight—after breakfast the lessons of the day were read, and also the Psalms—dinner at two—the final meal at seven or eight ; the intervals of the day being filled by walking, writing, reading, and conversation. To his temperate habits and indulgence in exercise (as his servant once remarked, his *library* was not his *study*), may be ascribed his robust and regular health—during his long life, says his biographer, “ he was scarcely ever confined to the house by so much as a day’s illness.” Mr. Justice Coleridge commemorates a walk with him (1836), on a drizzly muddy day, the turf sponging out water at every step, through which he stalked as regardless as if he were of iron, and with the same fearless, unchanged pace, over rough and smooth, slippery and sound. On another occasion this most amiable and accomplished judge records that as he walked with Wordsworth, and happened to admire the never-ceasing sound of water, so remarkable in that district, the poet observed : “ I was walking on the mountains, with ——, the Eastern traveller ; it was after rain, and the torrents were full. I said, ‘ I hope you like your companions—these bounding, joyous, foaming streams.’ ‘ No,’ said the traveller, pompously, ‘ I think they are not to be compared in delightful effect with the silent solitude of the Arabian desert.’ My mountain blood was up. I quickly observed that he had boots and a stout great-coat on, and said, ‘ I am sorry you don’t like this ; perhaps I can show you what will please you more.’ I strode away, and led him from crag to crag, hill to vale, and vale to hill, *for about six hours* ; till I thought I should have had to bring him home, he was so tired.”

The closing scene of the poet’s life-history now claims a brief space. Sunday, the 10th of March, 1850, was a cold bleak day, upon which Wordsworth attended service at Rydal Chapel for the last time. In the afternoon he walked out, lightly clad, as usual, and made several calls. His

friends thought him looking feeble, and observed that he leaned on his stick with an air of exhaustion. He conversed with them on the third volume of Southey's life, in the publication of which he naturally took a marked interest. Two or three days later, he complained of pain in his side, and medical advice was procured. "The throat and chest were affected, and the pleura were inflamed. In order to subdue the bronchial and pleuric inflammation, it had been thought requisite to resort to medical discipline, which had much reduced his strength, and left him in a state of exhaustion, debility, and lethargy, from which he was not able to rally. He seemed to feel much repugnance both for food and medicine." On the 7th of April (Sunday) he completed his eightieth year, and was prayed for in Rydal Chapel at both services. About the twentieth of that month, his venerable wife—whose years equalled his own—desiring to let him know the opinion of his medical advisers, said gently to him, *William, you are going to Dora*. It is uncertain whether he comprehended, or even heard these touching syllables of mingled solemnity and consolation. But we are told that "more than twenty-four hours afterwards one of his nieces came into the room, and was drawing aside the curtain of his chamber, and then, as if awaking from a quiet sleep, he said, '*Is that Dora?*'"

On Tuesday, the 23rd, as the clock struck twelve, the spirit of William Wordsworth passed tranquilly away.

"He reposes, according to his own wish, beneath the green turf, among the dalesmen of Grasmere, under the sycamores and yews of a country churchyard, by the side of a beautiful stream, amid the mountains which he loved."

Honored and beloved, ever and evermore, be the memory of this greatly good and goodly great man. His days were bound each to each in natural piety; natural piety inspired his verse—the purest, the most elevated in morals, the most healthy in tendency, the most ennobling in practical life, that

England, that the world can boast of. Alas for England if it forget, or neglect poetry of *this* order! But no; we are persuaded better things of the land which furnished Wordsworth with his glowing themes—whose mountains are the basis of his everlasting monument, and of whose streams he has sung in music sweeter than their own. Of him the world will think gratefully and lovingly, so long as it joys in the cliffs and islands of Winander—the liquid plain of Grasmere—the misty vastness of Skiddaw—the legendary charm of Helvellyn—the noble peak of Borrowdale—the “austere sublimities” of Langdale-head; so long as the human soul uses that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude, or has thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears, or is itself a mansion for all lovely forms, a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies, the still, sad music of humanity, and the joy of elevated thoughts.





JOHN RUSKIN, 1845. BY J. M. W. TURNER.

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## VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR HUGO was born at Besançon, on the 26th of February, 1802. His father, Sigismond Hugo, then a colonel, was one of the first volunteers of the republic. His mother, the daughter of a shipowner at Nantes, a Vendean by birth and sentiment, at the age of fifteen was a wanderer in the Bocage of La Vendée, and became a *brigande*, like Madame de Bonchamp and the Marquise de Larochejacquelin. The peculiar position of his parents, enlarging the circle of the poet's sympathies, gave a wider range to his inspiration; his heart has come successively under the influence of the great things of the past, and glorious hopes of the future.

Born almost under the tent, in the most brilliant days of the empire, Victor Hugo, in his earliest years, led a wandering adventurous life, full of excitement of every kind, which fact may account for the singular precocity of his muse. Accompanying his father's regiment, he followed from north to south the giant steps of Napoleon. "I made the tour of Europe," says he, "before I began to live;" and, in fact, when only five years old, he had already travelled from Besançon to Elba, from Elba to Paris, from Paris to Rome; he had passed through Italy, sojourned at Naples, "feasted his eyes on the sight of those balmy shores, the abode of eternal spring," played at the foot of Vesuvius, and perhaps been startled by the carabine of Fra Diavolo, the poetic bandit, whom his father, then governor of the province of Avellino, was pursuing among the mountains of Calabria.

In 1809, young Victor returned to France with his mother and two brothers, Abel and Eugene; then his education, already so strongly characterized by a life of adventure, was continued by the help of books. Two years of domestic quietude and peaceful enjoyment were passed by him in the old convent of the Feuillantines, to which he has paid a tribute of respect in his subsequent writings. The lad grew up under his mother's eyes, fondled, caressed, full of health and gaiety, like all the fortune-favored children of this world; and that nothing might be wanting to complete his happiness, on his very first steps in life he formed an attachment to a very young and pretty girl, who was one day to be his wife. This youthful pair used to play in the shady and gravelled walks of the spacious garden, and when tired with play, young Victor would steal away to a solitary pavilion, there to study Tacitus on the knees of a postscript. General Lahorie being compromised in the affair of Moreau, and pursued by the imperial police, had requested Madame Hugo to grant him an asylum. Equally generous and fearless, the Vendean kept him for two years in her house, concealed from every eye. The general relieved the tedium of his seclusion by devoting his time to the education of young Victor. To this circumstance was the young poet indebted for the first germ of that loyalism he soon after manifested; and which grew more and more ardent until 1811, when he saw his friend betrayed, torn from his arms, thrown into a dungeon, and soon afterwards shot on the plain of Grenelle, with a companion in misfortune, named Mallet.

Some months after Lahorie's arrest, young Hugo's father, then a general and major-domo of the palace at Madrid, sent for him with his mother and brothers. Under the burning sky of Spain, in that picturesque region, rich in historical associations, and then the theatre of war, the young poet's mind received impressions that nothing could efface. It is highly probable that he owes to his sojourn in the Peninsula

his lofty turn of thought, the Castilian stateliness of his verse, and the southern exuberance of his imagination. However this may be, it is an indisputable fact, that the demon of poesy took full possession of his soul ere he had completed his tenth year; and at an age when boys can hardly speak in prose, his sentiments began to embody themselves in vague and confused melodies.

After staying a year in the seminary of nobles at Madrid, Victor returned to the Feuillantines about the close of 1812. He was still there at the first restoration, which he hailed with all his mother's enthusiasm.

Soon after this important event, old differences between Madame Hugo and the general, embittered by a diversity of political opinion, assumed a more aggravated form. A separation *a mensâ et thoro* was the consequence; and, during the Hundred Days, young Victor's father, in the exercise of a right allowed by law, took him and his brother Eugene from their mother (Abel, the eldest, was already a sub-lieutenant) and sent them away to a private academy to follow a course of study preparatory to entering the Polytechnic School. There, in obedience to his father's injunctions, young Victor pursued the study of mathematics, and with great success, though he still devoted much time to poetical composition. In 1816, at the age of fourteen, he had already written a tragedy, in conformity with the principles laid down by Aristotle. The title of this maiden effort was *Irtamène*; it was a kind of allegory intended to celebrate the return of Louis XVIII., and the scene was laid in Egypt. This work has not been published. We have only two pieces of this date, the parable of *the Rich and the Poor*, and the pathetic elegy of *The Canadian*; nor are they unworthy his later productions.

In the following year, 1817, the Academy offered a prize for a poem on the *Advantages of Study*. The young student entered the lists; his production was thought worthy of the

prize, but only obtained an honorable mention, owing to a rather singular circumstance, related by some of his biographers. The piece concluded with these verses—

I who from courts and cities fain would fly,  
Scarce fifteen years of life have seen pass by.

As the serious tone of the composition indicated at least twenty-five years, the Academy took offence at the author pretending to be only fifteen, regarding it in the light of a disrespectful hoax, and thought proper to resent it by giving the prize to another candidate. It was in vain that young Victor, when informed of what was passing, went in person to present his certificate of birth to the reporter, M. Raynouard. It was too late, the palm had been already awarded.

Two years after, when he had completed his studies, and with great difficulty obtained his father's consent to pursue his literary vocation, M. Hugo sent two odes to the Academy of Floral Games at Toulouse, entitled *The Virgins of Verdun* and *The Restoration of the Statue of Henry IV.*, which were both crowned. The next year, a poem entitled *Moses exposed on the Nile*, which is scarcely inferior to any of his lyrical creations, procured him a third prize, and the degree of Master of Floral Games. From this moment, the poet of eighteen attracted the attention and admiration of all France. The years 1820, 1821, and 1822, were spent by the young poet in continuous effort, and constant success.

This epoch may be considered as the dawn of the most brilliant literary period of the Restoration. The country had at last escaped from the dangers of anarchy, and the bewildering attractions of military glory. The taste for the true and the real began to revive; education, which was limited to the mere elements of learning under the Empire, now became serious and solid. The ancients were studied more than ever; and the taste for everything belonging to the

middle ages, which now began to appear, had not yet degenerated into an absurd infatuation; the study of living languages became more general, and the spirit of intellectual propagandism increased in strength. Of all the imperial literature, with its high-flown language and poverty of thought, scarcely anything had survived; but two works belonging to the Revolutionary period, *René* and *Corinne*, by Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël, still remained to instruct and improve the rising generation. From every corner of Europe the voices of poets were heard responding to each other. There were Goëthe, Sir Walter Scott, Byron, and Manzoni. Cassimir Delavigne brought out his *Messéniennes*, one of his best productions; Lamennais published the first volume of his *Essai*; and, lastly, Lamartine had just sent forth the first outpourings of his muse.

On hearing this unknown voice, Victor Hugo uttered a cry of sympathy; a noble rivalry incited him to action, and his ardor increased in proportion to the difficulties that beset him. Sorely tried by grief, for he had lost his mother; by poverty, for a feeling of self-respect prevented his appealing to his father for assistance; by love, for the young poet passionately adored the companion of his childish sports in the garden of the Feuillantines, and who loved him in return—but the match was objected to by her parents, because he was poor. With all these obstacles before him, the future tribune of the dramatic art felt certain of success. His soul was poured out in bursts of impassioned poetry, irregular but burning like the lava of a volcano. The first volume of his Odes and Ballads appeared in 1822, containing many beautiful occasional pieces, remarkable for their religious and royalist enthusiasm. About the same time, M. Hugo wrote his two first novels, *Hans of Iceland* and *Bug-Jargal*, which were not published till some years after. These two whimsical and morbid productions of an over-wrought imagination present about equal proportions of beauty and deformity.

The hero of the first is a sort of ogre, a two-eyed Polyphemus, inhabiting a loathsome cavern in company with a bear less savage than himself. In the novel of *Bug-Jargal* we have a deformed dwarf, a cruel and odious creature, named Habibrah, every way a worthy brother of Hans of Iceland. Beside these hideous creations the young novelist drew some graceful and pleasing characters, such as Ethel, Ordener, and Marie, on whom the fancy loves to dwell, and who resemble Raphael's virgins, or Lawrence's children's heads, inserted in Holbein's Dance of Death.

In the meantime the young man had created himself a brilliant position in the world; the royalist party received him with open arms; he had founded and edited a literary journal with the assistance of his brother and a few friends; he might have turned his attention to politics, and entered upon a splendid career; but he preferred remaining faithful to the muse, and his straitened circumstances were only relieved by a pension from the king, nobly granted and nobly won. One of his schoolboy friends named Delon, condemned to death for taking part in the plot at Saumur, was a fugitive. Hugo wrote to his mother and offered her son an asylum in his humble apartment, adding, "I am too ardent a royalist for them to think of coming to look for him in my chamber." The letter was opened at the post-office, and laid before Louis XVIII., who punished Victor's devotion to his friend by conferring on him the first vacant pension.

In the meantime, as M. Hugo came more into contact with the world, his convictions underwent irresistible modifications; the fervor of his royalism gradually cooled down, and his poetical inspirations underwent a similar change. The classical style gave ground to the spirit of innovation that possessed him. Between the first and third volumes of the *Odes and Ballads*, published at intervals of four years, between the *Restoration of Henry IV.'s Statue* and the *Feast of*

*Nero*, there are ample proofs of a political metamorphosis in his ideas, and, in a literary point of view, a more decided tendency to what the academy regarded as heresy.

About a year after, in 1827, M. Hugo determined to declare war on Aristotle and Racine, by publishing his drama of *Cromwell*, preceded by a long preface. In this preface, which contains a complete *ars poetica*, M. Hugo definitively breaks with the past, and puts himself forth as the Messiah of a new doctrine. He divides humanity into three epochs, the primitive, the antique, and the modern; and poetry into three ages, corresponding with the epochs of humanity, the ode, the epic, and the drama. These three branches he derived from three great sources,—the Bible, Homer, Shakspeare. Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire did not count with him; he cavalierly excluded them from the dramatic art. "The characteristic of the drama," says Victor Hugo, "is the real; the *real* results from the natural blending of two types, the sublime and the grotesque, which are combined in the drama as they are in life and in creation. Whatever is in nature is also in art." In support of this system, M. Hugo produced *Cromwell*. This drama, on his own avowal too long for the stage, was nevertheless, as he assures us, intended to be played. As a cabinet drama, we cannot express any very favorable opinion about it; and, in fact, were it not for some of those lyric movements peculiar to its author, we should be inclined to place it very low in the scale of dramatic merit.

In January, 1829, M. Hugo published *The Last Days of a Condemned Prisoner*, a work so painfully true, in which he gives a vivid picture of the tortures endured by a man for whom the scaffold is preparing. Some of its pages might have proceeded from the iron pen of Dante. This gloomy production met with prodigious success.

Some months after, the Théâtre Français opened its doors to Victor Hugo, and *Hernani* was played for the first time, on



February 26th, 1830, the poet's birth-day. The two dramatic schools were at this moment in paroxysms of excitement. The classical school defended the entrance of the sanctuary against the barbarians, with a most ridiculous desperation, and even invoked the aid of bayonets to support their cause. The academy laid its grievances at the foot of the throne, and Charles X. replied that, "In what regards the arts, he could do no more than any private individual." The first performance of *Hernani* was a scene of extraordinary tumult. The applause of one party was met by hissing and catcalls no less frantic; and the wrathful disputants engaged in pugilistic warfare between the acts. The admirers came off victorious, and Victor Hugo's triumph over Racine and his partisans was complete.

The drama of *Marion D'Lorme*, written before *Hernani*, but interdicted by the censors under the Restoration, was brought out soon after the Revolution of July, and was successful; in the cabinet, however, without the aid of scenic illusions, this work possesses little interest.

Meantime, the admirers of Victor Hugo began to take alarm at his cavalier treatment of history. Amidst the enthusiastic cheers of his disciples, and the absurd invectives of his opponents, the warning voice of friendly criticism was heard; to this M. Hugo replied by advancing still further in the path he had chosen. In January 1832, his drama of *Le Roi s'amuse* was performed at the Théâtre Français, and rather cold'y received by the public. It was acted only once, for the next day the government interfered and suppressed it. After *Le Roi s'amuse*, Victor Hugo went still further in his devotion to the ugly. *Lucrèce*, *Borgia*, *Marie Tudor*, *Angelo*, and especially *Ruy Blas*, all present the same heterogeneous mixture of sublime inspiration and puerile monstrosities.

In the celebrated novel of *Nôtre Dame de Paris*, which is certainly a master-piece, we still find the same fatal system

which distinguishes M. Hugo's dramas. The poet is so completely possessed by his dominant idea, that he employs the last stroke of his pencil to depict Esmeralda, the purest type of beauty, coupled by death in the charnel-house of Mont-fauçon, with Quasimodo, the very quintessence of ugliness; and the reader closes the book with a feeling of horror and disgust. The more recent works of M. Hugo are the *Chants du Crépuscule*, the *Voix Intérieures*, and his *Lettres du Rhin*, which last was published four or five years ago. It is rather warlike in its tone, and the friends of humanity have reason to rejoice that its gifted author entertains at present very different sentiments on the subject of war and peace.

M. Hugo was not admitted into the French Academy till 1841, the members of that learned body being in general no admirers of the romantic school. However, on the 3d of June in that year he was numbered with the Forty, and took his seat in the Palace of the Institute, to the satisfaction of the vast majority of his countrymen.

In the last years of Louis Philippe's reign M. Hugo was made a peer of France, and his speeches at the Luxembourg gave a foretaste of the eloquence he has since displayed in the National Assembly, to which he was returned by the department of the Seine. With his presidency of the great Peace Congress of 1849, arose, what may be called, an era in the history of nations.

Since the advent of Louis Napoleon, against whom he would seem to entertain more than political hostility, M. Hugo has dwelt in exile.

There is, however, a form of poetical power which, perhaps, may be most properly termed *allusive description* (readers of Milton cannot be unacquainted with its exercise); and which, not so exclusively respecting scenery—understanding that word as applied to the mere components of a landscape—consists in presenting an idea of a region, a country, or (if you like) a more confined locality, either by the de-

signation of some prevailing quality which at once conveys the spirit, the influence of the whole to the reader's mind, reflects the light and shade that form the color of the scene, or by grouping together, in more or less quantity, the separate objects of association and interest which, at once heightening and heightened by the attractions of external nature, giving and receiving charm, make up a more complete picturesque than is within the reach even of that art,—

“ Which morning, noontide, even,  
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry.”

For the antiquarian and man of art are the remains and monuments of a country ; for the painter, its landscapes ; for the historian, its annals ; for the romancer and the lover of grotesque lore, its traditions, fables, superstitions, legends ; for the commentator on life and character, its manners, tastes, and tone : but *all* of these are for the poet. Of other men, each appreciates in his own department ; but the poet alone combines and exhibits in masterly portraiture the whole of which their respective subjects are parts. Thus, he compels and seizes the spirit that eludes the grasp of others : thus, he brings into presence before his readers that national existence which is composed of a people's past and present, its aspect and its associations, its history and romance, its tone of feeling and popular characteristics, its works of art, its riches of nature—scenery, and soil, and clime. Victor Hugo abounds in this allusive description ; and of its two modes of bringing scenes before the eyes we select some few examples, which the reader, taking the author's volumes in his hand, will have no difficulty in multiplying. Sometimes this presentation of the scene is effected by an epithet, the beauty or the vivid truthfulness of which is instantaneously felt and acknowledged ; and in this our Victor is most happy, as—

“ *Le volcan de la Sicile blonde,*”

wherein you see the yellow surface of that land of the golden ear, the granary of old Rome,—

“De noirs Escurials, *mystérieux séjour.*”

You recognize the resort of Philip the dark-souled, up among the gloomy sierra of Guadarama.

“Le Nil, le Rhin, le Tibre; *Austerlitz rayonnante, Eylau, froid et brumeux.*”

You behold that immortal sun peering over and blazing upon Moravian uplands; you behold, too, that wintry scene of horror on the inhospitable plain of Prussian-Poland. In

“L'Arabie *infranchissable,*”

you feel that a single word has spread out the desert before you. And be it remarked, by the way, that, in that excellent test of a poet, the degree in which he possesses, and the manner in which he exercises a sway over epithets, the author in question will bear the closest and nicest criticism. Pages of commendation might be written, and pages filled with instances showing how rich is his command, and how graceful and judicious his employment of this most expressive quality of his native language.

At another time, the poet's power in bringing either a single scene, or the grand national features and historical associations of a country, to the knowledge and appreciation of his readers, is shown in a few rapid and off-hand touches—sufficient,—rapid and off-hand as they are—to place the individual spot, or the succession of views, the whole picturesque character of the land, indeed, before them. Look at this *tableau* of the renowned Christian and Moslem fortresses on the banks of the glorious stream that reaches from its Swabian springs to

"The vast encincture of that gloomy sea,  
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to meet  
In conflict."

It is from a piece in the *Orientales*, entitled "Le Danube en colère," a piece finely conceived, indeed, but spoilt by sundry extravagancies, such as this undoubted genius sometimes permits himself to run into. Old Father Danube is chiding these his unruly children for their ever-recurring hostilities:

Ye daughters mine! will naught abate  
Your fierce interminable hate?  
Still am I doomed to rue the fate  
That such unfriendly neighbors made?  
The while ye might, in peaceful cheer,  
Mirror upon my waters clear  
Semlin! thy Gothic steeples drear,  
And thy bright minarets, Belgrade!

Now, here you have the spot under your eye, with all the conflicting interest that peculiarly attaches to it. Here are the broad glassy river, the confronting battlements, the territorial approximation, the more than territorial separation of Christianity and Islamism. The stanza contains at once the picture of the place and its history, its aspect and its associations. Look, again, at this grand and delicious view of a land dear to the soul of Victor, this moving panorama of Iberian scenery. A few bold dashes, and the spell of the country is upon you. Its romance of olden time, its historic grandeur, its *romance of modern war*; the drear, and wild, and sublime features of its external nature; its wide-lying cities, its long and melancholy tracts, its glorious monumental remains, are seen in—ay, and something of the character of its singular people is transparent through—the vigorous, the beautiful, the most musical verses which we attempt to render. The lines afford, also, an excellent example of that

felicity of illustration which we numbered among our author's accomplishments. The poem of which they form the close is occupied with the sweetness and innocent joyousness of childhood, and pleads for, and exhorts to indulgence for its free and sportive sallies. "As for me," exclaims the poet,—

"For me, whate'er my life and lot may show,  
 Years blank with gloom or cheered by memory's glow,  
 Turmoil or peace; ne'er be it mine, I pray,  
 To be a dweller of the peopled earth,  
 Save 'neath a roof alive with children's mirth,  
 Loud through the livelong day.

So, if my hap it be to see once more  
 Those noble scenes my footsteps trod before,  
 An infant follower in Napoleon's train;  
 Rodrigo's holds, Valencia and Leon,  
 And both Castilles, and mated Arragon;  
 Ne'er be it mine, O Spain!

To pass thy plains with cities sprent between,  
 Thy stately arches flung o'er deep ravine,  
 Thy palaces, of Moor's or Roman's time;  
 Or the swift windings of thy Guadalquivir,  
 Save in those gilded cars, where bells for ever  
 Ring their melodious chime."

But they whose favor is dear to us as the light of our eyes, are, doubtless, desirous to hear a love-lay of our boasted bard. They shall surely have one, if they will but permit us first to select a few felicitous specimens; some small gems, but sparkling, even amidst an atmosphere of brilliancy. Here, for instance, is a sweet transparency, a veil of soft light, a gleam from an open corner of heaven, such as Campbell was wont to shed in liquid verse. Here it is, clothing you with beauty:—

"La lune au jour est tiède est pâle,  
Comme un joyeux convalescent :  
Tendre, elle ouvre ses yeux d'opale,  
D'où la douceur du ciel descend !"

The pale-faced moon in the noonday sky  
Shines with a mild-reviving glow :  
Softly unclosing her opal eye,  
Shedding the sweetness of heav'n below.

From the same piece, and what a noontide effect !—

"Tout vit, et se pose avec grâce,  
Le rayon sur le seuil ouvert,  
L'ombre qui fuit sur l'eau qui passe,  
Le ciel bleu sur le côteau vert."

How graceful the picture ! the life, the repose !  
The sunbeam that plays on the porch-stone wide ;  
And the shadow that fleets o'er the stream that flows,  
And the soft blue sky with the hill's green side.

In the following there appears to us something of the expression which Collins, his fancy dwelling on the dim and mysterious, knew so well to throw into a line,—a word :—

"Chênes, vous grandirez au fond des solitudes,  
Dans les lointains brumeux à la clarté des soirs."

Nor is this fine stroke of personification unlike the effect of the magician's wand, swayed by that bold yet tender, that most—perhaps, in all the immortal throng of Britain's bards—*most* picturesque of poets :

Where are the hapless shipmen ?—disappeared,  
Gone down, when witness none, save Night, hath been.  
Ye deep, deep waves, of kneeling mothers feared,  
What dismal tales know ye of things unseen !

Tales, that ye tell your whispering selves between  
 The while in crowds to the flood-tide ye pour ;  
 And this it is that gives you, as I ween,  
 Those mournful voices, mournful ever more,  
 When ye come in at eve to us that dwell on shore.

Here a simile, expressed with what simple solemnity,  
 bringing to the active spirit a scene how pensive and religious,  
 how melancholy, shadowy, and dim !—

It was an humble church, with arches low,  
 The church we entered there,  
 Where many a weary soul since long ago  
 Had passed, with plaint or prayer.

Mournful and still it was at day's decline,  
 The church we entered there,  
 As in a loveless heart, at the lone shrine,  
 The fires extinguished were.

\* \* \* \*

Scarcely was heard to float some gentlest sigh,  
 Scarcely some low-breathed word,  
 As in a forest fall'n asleep, doth fly  
 One last, belated bird.

Here, again, how touching an application !—

"The leaves that in the lonely walks were spread,  
 Starting from off the ground beneath his tread ;  
 Coursed o'er the garden plain :  
 Thus, sometimes, 'mid the soul's deep sorrowings,  
 Our thoughts a moment mount on wounded wings,  
 Then, sudden, fall again."

Reader ! intelligent, susceptible, and tasteful as thou doubtless art, tell us now, in confidence, are not these touches of a true poet ? Do you not acknowledge in such the exquisite hand of a master ? of one who, whether he strike the chords of the great world-music or the more interior ones of the



human instrument, has the skill—power possessed by the mighty alone—to thrill either lyre with responsive vibrations to the tones of the other ?

But the love-ditty? Anon, anon, sweet lectress! There are, really, so many of exceeding tenderness and beauty, of such earnest passion, such graceful and attractive melancholy, that to say we present you with the best, would be an assertion we should fear to hazard; lest feminine discernment—quick and critical in these matters, at all events—should dispute our choice and reverse our judgment, and from such decision there would be no appeal. We pray you, therefore, sweetest Adriana, to kindly affection the lay we here select; accepting the *conchetti* (if such indeed they be) for the sake of the devotion and utter *abandon* of the passion-stricken:—

“Since every thing below  
Doth, in this mortal state,  
Its tone, its fragrance, or its glow,  
Communicate;

Since all that lives and moves  
Upon this earth, bestows  
On what it seeks and what it loves  
Its thorn or rose;

Since April to the trees  
Gives a bewitching sound,  
And sombre night to griefs gives ease  
And peace profound;

Since day-spring on the flower  
A fresh'ning drop confers,  
And the frank air on branch and bower  
Its choristers;

Since the dark wave bestows  
A soft caress, imprest  
On the green bank to which it goes  
Seeking its rest;

I give thee at this hour,  
Thus fondly bent o'er thee,  
The best of all the things in dower  
That in me be.

Receive,—poor gift, 'tis true,  
Which grief, not joy, endears,—  
My thoughts, that like a shower of dew,  
Reach thee in tears.

My vows untold receive,  
All pure before thee laid!  
Receive of all the days I live  
The light or shade!

My hours with rapture fill'd  
Which no suspicion wrongs;  
And all the blandishments distill'd  
From all my songs.

My spirit, whose essay  
Flies fearless, wild, and free;  
And hath, and seeks to guide its way  
No star but thee.

My pensive, dreamy Muse,  
Who though all else should smile,  
Oft as thou weep'st with thee would choose  
To weep the while.

Oh, sweetest mine! this gift  
Receive;—'tis thine alone;—  
My heart, of which there's nothing left  
When Love is gone!"

We might continue to gratify the reader of taste with admirable passages, striking and original expressions, taking the jewels from out their rich *entourage*. Into his effusions of high lyrical effort the poet has poured a flood of song, drawn from other sources of inspiration than such as supplied

the greater and the lesser classical copyists,—the pure imitators and the mixed herd of imitators of imitation. A bolder grasp of measures, a more ample sweep of language, a greater freedom of thought, a finer play of imagination, and an immeasurably deeper intensity of feeling by the introduction into that heretofore cold and formal style, that distant, and, so to say, objective life, of a pervading passion, a natural earnestness of sentiment, a vivid personality of emotion,—these have been the contributions of Victor Hugo to the Ode of France.

We select one, as excelling by its touching simplicity, and as presenting—if not exactly a specimen of what the troubadours themselves would have sung—at all events, a coloring of imagination drawn from those times of popular credence with their countless and picturesque superstitions. Few can fail to be struck, we think, with the beautiful picture contained in the sixth stanza:—

#### THE GRANDMOTHER.

“Mother of our own dear mother, good old grandam, wake and smile!  
Commonly your lips keep moving when you're sleeping all the while:  
For between your pray'r and slumber scarce the difference is known;  
But to-night you're like the image of Madonna cut in stone,  
With your lips without a motion or a breath—a single one.

Why more heavily than usual dost thou bend thine old gray brow?  
What is it we've done to grieve thee, that thou'lt not caress us now?  
Grandam, see! the lamp is paling, and the fire burns fast away;  
Speak to us, or fire and lamp-light will not any longer stay,  
And thy two poor little children, we shall die as well as they.

Ah! when thou shalt wake and find us, near the lamp that's ceased to  
burn,

Dead, and when thou speakest to us, deaf and silent in our turn—  
Then, how great will be your sorrow! then you'll cry for us in vain;  
Call upon your saint and patron for a long, long time and fain,  
And a long, long time embrace us, ere we come to life again!

Only feel how warm our hands are ; wake, and place thy hands in ours ;  
 Wake, and sing us some old ballad of the wand'ring troubadours.  
 Tell us of those knights whom fairies used to help to love and fame,  
 Knights who brought, instead of posies, spoils and trophies to their dame,  
 And whose war-cry in the battle was a lady's gentle name.

Tell us what's the sacred token wicked shapes and sprites to scare !  
 And of Lucifer—who was it saw him flying through the air ?  
 What's the gem that's on the forehead of the King of Gnomes display'd ?  
 Does Archbishop Turpin's psalter, or Roland's enormous blade,  
 Daunt the great black King of Evil?—Say, which makes him most  
 afraid ?

Or thy large old Bible reach us, with its pictures bright and blue,—  
 Heav'n all gold ; and saints a-kneeling, and the infant Jesus too,  
 In the manger with the oxen ; and the kings ; and soft and slow  
 O'er the middle of the pages guide our fingers as we go,  
 Reading some of that good Latin, speaks to God from *us*, you know.

Grandam, see! the light is failing,—failing ; and upon the hearth  
 And around the blackened ingle leaps the shadow in its mirth.  
 Ha! perhaps the sprites are coming ;—yes, they'll soon be at the door ;—  
 Wake, oh, wake! and if you're praying, dearest grandam, pray no more :  
 Sure, you do not wish to fright us, you who cheered us aye before!

But thine arms are colder, colder ; and thine eyes so closed are ;—  
 'Twas but lately you did tell us of another world afar ;  
 And of heav'n you were discoursing, and the grave, where people lie,—  
 Told us life was short and fleeting, and of death, that all must die.  
 What *is* death? dear grandam, tell us what it is,—you don't reply!"

Long time did those slender voices moan and murmur all alone :  
 Still the aged dame awaked not, though the golden morning shone.  
 Soon was heard the dismal tolling of the solemn funeral bell,  
 Mournfully the air resounded : and, as silent evening fell,  
 One who pass'd that door half-open'd those two little ones espied,  
 With the holy book before them kneeling at the lone bedside.

Under the unassuming title of "Guitare," Victor gives a  
 bit of ballad poetry of that rich and rare quality, in which  
 exquisite art vindicates to itself the grace and charm of Na-  
 ture, with which we will close :—

" 'Twas Gastibelza, ranger bold,  
 And thus it was he sung,—  
 'O who doth here Sabina know,  
 Ye villagers among?  
 Dance on the while! On Mount Falou  
 Die the last streaks of day;—  
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes  
 Will witch my wits away.

Doth any my señora know,  
 Sabina, bright and brown,  
 Her mother was the gipsy old  
 Of Antequera's town:  
 Who shriek'd at night in the great tow'r,  
 Like to the owlet gray.—  
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes  
 Will witch my wits away.

Dance on! the goods the hour bestows  
 Were meant for us to use;  
 O she was fair; her bright black eye  
 Made lover's fancy muse.  
 Now to this graybeard with his child  
 Give ye an alms, I pray!—  
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes  
 Will witch my wits away.

The queen beside her had been plain,  
 When, on the bridge at eve,  
 At fair Toledo, you beheld  
 Her lovely bosom heave,  
 'Neath bodice black, and chaplet old  
 Upon her neck that lay.—  
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes  
 Will witch my wits away.

The king unto his nephew said,  
 Beholding her so fair,  
 'But for a kiss, a smile of her,  
 But for a lock of hair,

Trust me, Don Ruy, I'd give broad Spain,  
 I'd give Peru's rich sway!—  
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes  
 Will witch my wits away.

I know not if I loved this dame,  
 But this I know and own,  
 That for one look from out her soul  
 Right gladly had I gone,  
 'Neath bolt and chain to work the oar,  
 For ten long years to stay.—  
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes  
 Will witch my wits away.

One summer's day, one sunny day,  
 She with her sister came,  
 To sport her in the rivulet,  
 That bright and beauteous dame!  
 I saw her young companion's foot,  
 I saw her knee, i'fay—  
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes  
 Will witch my wits away.

When, simple shepherd, I beheld  
 That fresh and fair donzel,  
 Methought 'twas Cleopatra's self,  
 Who led,—as legends tell,—  
 Captive the Cæsar of Almaine,  
 That might not say her nay.—  
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes  
 Will witch my wits away.

Dance, villagers, the night draws down!  
 Sabina,—woe the hour!—  
 Did sell her love, did sell her all,  
 Sold heart and beauty's dow'r,  
 For Count Saldaña's ring of gold,  
 All for a trinket gay.—  
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes  
 Will witch my wits away.

Now let me lean on this old seat,  
For I am tired, perdy.  
I tell you with this Count she fled,  
Beyond the reach of me.  
They went by the Cerdaña road,  
Whither, I cannot say.—  
The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes  
Will witch my wits away.

I saw her pass my dwelling by,  
'Twas my last look for aye!  
And now I go grieving and low,  
And dreaming all the day;  
My sword's hung up, my heart's afar  
Over yon hills astray.—  
O the wind that 'thwart the mountain comes  
Hath witch'd my wits away."







AN ALLEGORY BY J. H. WATSON. THE ONLY ONE BY J. H. WATSON.

*Brillie*





*Isabelle*

## JOANNA BAILLIE.

JOANNA BAILLIE was born in the year 1762, at the Manse of Bothwell, in Lanarkshire. Her father had just been translated from the parish of Shotts to that of Bothwell; and on the very first day of the family's removal into the new manse, while the furniture still lay tied up in bundles on the floors, Mrs. Baillie was taken ill, probably from over-fatigue, and was prematurely brought to bed of twin-daughters, one of whom died in the birth, and the other, named Joanna—after her maternal uncle, the celebrated John Hunter—lived for eighty-nine years, and became the most celebrated of her race, and one of the most celebrated women of her time.

Those who like to trace the descent of fine qualities, will be interested to know that Joanna's mother—herself a beautiful and agreeable woman—was the only sister of those remarkable men, William and John Hunter; and that her father, a clergyman of respectable abilities, was of the same descent with that Baillie of Jarviswood who nobly suffered for the religion and independence of his country.

Although Mrs. Baillie was forty years of age when she married, she gave birth to five children. Of these, three grew up: the eldest, Agnes, who still survives; the celebrated Matthew, physician to George III.; and Joanna.

When Joanna was seven years old, her father removed to Hamilton. There he was colleague to the Rev. Mr. Miller,

father to the well-known professor of law at Glasgow of that name, whose daughters were throughout life among Joanna's most intimate and cherished friends. All that is known of her before she quitted Bothwell seems to be, that she was an active sprightly child, fond of play, and very unfond of lessons—the difficulty of fixing her attention long enough to enable her to learn the alphabet having been in her case rather greater than it is with ordinary children. At twelve years of age, though still no scholar, she was a clever, lively, shrewd girl, and even then showed something of the creative power for which she was afterwards so remarkable. Miss Miller well recollects being closeted with her and other young companions for the purpose of hearing her narrate little stories of her own invention, which she did in a graphic and amusing manner.

After being seven years at Hamilton, Mr. Baillie was promoted to the chair of divinity in the University of Glasgow. There Joanna attended Miss M'Intosh's boarding-school, and made some proficiency in the accomplishments of music and drawing; for both of which she had a fine taste, though it was never fully cultivated. A constant residence in the crowded and smoky town of Glasgow would have proved very irksome to those accustomed, like the Baillies, to the sweet, healthful seclusion of a country manse; but they were never condemned to it. William Hunter, then accoucheur to Queen Charlotte, and in good general practice as a physician, was in possession of the little family property of Long Calderwood in Lanarkshire; and being himself confined to London by his professional duties, he invited his sister and her family to reside at his house there during the summer months. Nothing could have been more agreeable or beneficial to Joanna than this manner of life had it continued. Her father had now a sufficiently large income to enable him to give his children the full advantage of the best teaching, and he was most anxious that they should enjoy it. Un-

fortunately, he only survived his removal to Glasgow two years; and by his premature death, his widow and family were left not only entirely unprovided for, but in very involved circumstances. The living at Hamilton had been too small to admit of anything being saved from it; and the expense of removing, the purchase of furniture suitable to their new position, the repairing and furnishing of the house at Long Calderwood, besides the increased cost of living in a town, had in combination brought their family into an expenditure which two years of an enlarged income were by no means sufficient to meet. Dr. William Hunter came immediately to their assistance. He was at that time fast acquiring the large fortune which enabled him to leave behind him so noble a monument as the Hunterian Museum in Glasgow. He generously settled an adequate income on his sister and her family, and offered to relieve her mind by entirely discharging her husband's liabilities. Here the widow and her high-spirited young people had the opportunity of manifesting the true delicacy and respectable pride which have ever distinguished the family. They carefully avoided disclosing to their generous relative anything more than was unavoidable of these obligations, preferring, with noble self-denial, and at the expense of being looked down upon as niggardly and poor-spirited by neighbors who knew nothing of their motives, to pay the remainder out of their moderate income. Such a trait as this is surely well worth being recorded.

Even after they were clear with the world, Mrs. Baillie and her daughters continued to live in the strictest seclusion at Long Calderwood. Soon after his father's death, young Matthew obtained a Glasgow exhibition to Oxford; and having studied successfully there for some years, joined his uncle William in London, for the purpose of assisting him in his lectures. John Hunter, who had been originally intended for an humbler occupation, had long before this time

been called to London by the successful William—had been brought forward by him in the medical profession—and had, in a few months, acquired such a knowledge of anatomy, as to be capable of demonstrating to the pupils in the dissecting-room. His health having been impaired by intense study, he had gone abroad for a year or two as staff-surgeon, and served in Portugal. On his return to London, he had devoted his powerful energies to the study of comparative anatomy, and before Matthew Baillie came to London, had erected a menagerie at Brompton for carrying on that useful branch of science. By his extraordinary genius, he subsequently rose to be inspector-general of hospitals and surgeon-general, and became one of the most famous men of his age.

Soon after his uncle's death, Matthew, who had succeeded him as lecturer on anatomy, and was rising fast in the esteem of his professional brethren, prevailed on his mother and sisters to join him in London. Their uncle had left them all a small independence, and there they lived most happily with their brother in the house adjoining the museum, from about the year 1784 to 1791, when he married Miss Denman, daughter of Dr. Denman, and sister of Lord Denman, the late admirable lord chief-justice. This marriage was productive of great happiness to Joanna, as well as to her brother and the rest of the family.

Throughout their lives the most tender affection subsisted among them all. Mrs. Baillie and her daughters now retired to the country—at first a little way up the Thames, then to Hythe near Dover; but they did not settle anywhere permanently till they located themselves in a pretty cottage at Hampstead—that flowery, airy, charming retreat with which Joanna's name has now been so long and so intimately associated. How long she there courted the muses in secret is not known. Her reserved nature and Scottish prudence at all events secured her from making any display of their crude favors. Towards the end of the century she first ap-

pears to have been quietly feeling her way towards the light. In sending some books to Scotland, to her ever-dear friend Miss Graham, she slipped into the parcel a small volume of poems, but without a hint as to the authorship. The poems were chiefly of a light, unassuming, and merry cast. They were read by Miss Graham, and others of her early associates—freely discussed and criticised among them, and certainly not much admired. Though light mirth and humor seem to have been more the characteristics of her mind than they were afterwards, and though Miss Graham remarked that there was something in the little poems that brought Joanna to her remembrance, still so improbable did it seem, that no suspicion of their true origin suggested itself to any of their thoughts. The authorship of this little volume was never claimed by her; but some of the best poems and songs it contained, which were afterwards published in one of her works, at last disclosed the secret.

In 1799, her thirty-eighth year, she gave to the world her first volume of plays on the Passions. It contained her two great tragedies on love and on hatred—'Basil' and 'De Montfort;' and one comedy, also on love—the 'Tryal.' They were prefaced by a long plausible introductory discourse, in which she explained that these formed but a small portion of an extensive plan she had in view, hitherto unattempted in any language, and for the accomplishment of which a lifetime would be limited enough.

Although published anonymously, this volume excited an immediate sensation. In spite of theoretical limitations, it was found to be as full of original power, and delicate poetical beauty, as of truth and moral sentiment. Of course the authorship was keenly inquired into. As the publication had been negotiated by the accomplished Mrs. John Hunter—herself a follower of the muses, and the author of several lyrical poems of great sweetness and beauty, which were set to music by Haydn—the credit was at first naturally given



to her. But Joanna's incognito could not be long preserved; and the impression already made was deepened by the discovery, that this skilful anatomist of the heart of man, who had bodied forth creations bearing the stamp of lofty intellect and most original power, was a woman still young, unlearned, and so inexperienced in the world that it must have been chiefly to her own imagination and feeling she owed the materials which, by the force of her genius, she had thus so wonderfully combined into striking and lifelike portraits.

The tragedies contained in her first volume—among the greatest efforts of her genius—were undoubtedly written by her in the fond hope of their being acted. "To receive the approbation of an audience of her countrymen," she confesses in the preface, "would be more grateful to her than any other praise." Believing that it is in the nature of man to delight in representations of passion and character, she regarded the stage, when properly managed, as an admirable organ for the instruction of the multitude; and that the poetical teacher of morality and virtue could not better employ his high powers than in supplying it with pieces, the tendency of which would be, while pleasing and amusing, to refine and elevate the mind. Mrs. Siddons was then in the very zenith of her power; and it was a glimpse of that splendid presence—

"So queenly, so commanding, and so noble"—

as it accidentally flashed upon her in turning the corner of a street, to which Miss Baillie had always fondly ascribed her first conception of the character of the pure, elevated, and noble Jane de Montfort. In 1800, the tragedy of "De Montfort" was adapted to the stage by John Kemble, and brought out at Drury Lane theatre; and the gratification may well be imagined with which the high-hearted poetess must have listened to

"Thoughts by the soul brought forth in silent joy—  
Words often muttered by the timid voice,  
Tried by the nice ear delicate of choice;"

as with their loftiest meanings heightened and spiritualized, she now heard them poured forth in the deep eloquent tones of that incomparable brother and sister!

Her second volume of plays on the Passions appeared in 1802, and with her name. It contained four plays: "The Election," a comedy upon hatred; and two tragedies and a comedy on ambition—"Ethwald," in two parts, and the "Second Marriage."

A single volume of miscellaneous plays, containing two tragedies and a comedy by Miss Baillie's pen, appeared in 1804. These dramas—"Rayner," "The Country Inn," and "Constantine Paleologus"—had been offered singly to the theatres for representation, and been rejected. Though full of eloquence, knowledge of human nature, and tragic power, they were found, like all her plays, deficient in the life-like movement and activity indispensable to that perfectly successful theatrical effect, which, without an experimental acquaintance with the whole nature and artifices of the stage, has never been attained to even by the most gifted of pens.

The first time Miss Baillie revisited her native country after her name had become known to fame was in 1808. After exploring with a full heart the often recalled scenery of the Clyde, and the still dearer haunts of the sweet Calder Water, she passed a couple of months in Edinburgh, dividing her time between her old friends Miss Maxwell and Mrs. John Thomson. She was somewhat changed since these friends had seen her last. Her manner had become more silent and reserved. Mere acquaintances, or strangers who had not the art of drawing forth the rich stream—ever ready to flow if the rock were rightly struck—found her cold and formidable. In external appearance the change was for the better. Her early youth had neither bloomed with physical nor intellec-

tual beauty ; but now, in her fine, healthy middle life, to the exquisite neatness of form and limb, the powerful gray eye, and well-defined, noticeable features she had always possessed, were added a graceful propriety of movement, and a fine, elevated, spiritual expression, which are far beyond mere beauty.

She had now the happiness of being personally made known to Sir Walter Scott, who had always been an enthusiastic admirer of her genius, as she of his. They had been too long congenial spirits not to become immediately dear, personal friends. His noble poem of "Marmion," which appeared during her stay, was read aloud by her for the first time to her two friends Miss Miller and Miss Maxwell. In the introduction to the third canto occurs that splendid tribute to her genius, which, well known as it is, we cannot resist quoting once more. The bard describes himself as advised by a friend, since he will lend his hours to thriftless rhyme, to

"Restore the ancient tragic line,  
And emulate the notes that rung  
From the wild harp, which silent hung  
By silver Avon's holy shore,  
Till twice an hundred years rolled o'er ;  
When she, the bold enchantress came,  
With fearless hand and heart on flame !  
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,  
And swept it with a kindred measure,  
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove  
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,  
Awakening at the inspired strain,  
Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again."

Deeply gratified and touched as she must have been, the strong-minded poetess was able to read these exquisite lines unfalteringly to the end, and only lost her self-possession when

one of her affectionate friends rising, and throwing her arms round her, burst into tears of delight.

In 1809 her Highland play, the "Family Legend"—a tragedy founded on a story of one of the M'Leans of Appin—was successfully produced in the Edinburgh theatre. Sir Walter Scott took a lively interest in its success, contributed the prologue, and Henry Mackenzie (the "Man of Feeling") the epilogue. It was acted with great applause for fourteen successive nights, and gave occasion for the passage of many pleasant letters between Sir Walter and the authoress, afterwards published by Mr. Lockhart. In 1812 followed the third and last volume of her plays, illustrative of the higher passions of the mind. It contained four plays—one in verse, and one in prose on fear ("Orra" and "The Dream"); "The Siege," a comedy on the same passion; and "The Beacon," a serious musical drama—perhaps the most faultless of Miss Baillie's productions, and generally allowed to be one of the most exquisite dramatic poems in the English language. This fresh attempt, at the end of nine years, to follow out, against all warning and advice, her narrow and objectionable system of dramatic art, was certainly ill-judged. Of course it brought upon the pertinacious theorist another tremendous broadside from the provoked reviewer. But though we can sympathize in a considerable degree with him in denouncing her whole scheme—and more bitterly than ever—as perverse, fantastic, and utterly impracticable—it is not easy to forgive the accusation so liberally added as to the execution—of poverty of incident and diction, want of individual reality of character, and the total absence of wit, humor, or any species of brilliancy. That Miss Baillie's plays are better suited to the sober perusal of the closet than the bustle and animation of the theatre, must at once be admitted; but we think nobody can read even a single volume of these remarkable works, without finding in it, besides the

good sense, good feeling, and intelligent morality to which her formidable critic is fretted into limiting her claims, abundant proof of that deep and intuitive knowledge of the mystery of man's nature, which can alone fit its possessor for the successful delineation of either wayward passion or noble sacrifice—of skilful and original creative power—of delicate discrimination of character—and of a command of simple, forcible, and eloquent language, that has not often been equalled, and perhaps never surpassed.

In 1821 were published her "Metrical Legends of Exalted Character," the subjects of which were—"Wallace, the Scottish Chief," "Columbus," and "Lady Griseld Baillie." In 1823 appeared a volume of "Poetical Miscellanies," which had been much talked of beforehand. It included, besides some slight pieces by Mrs. Hemans and Miss Catherine Fanshaw, Scott's fine dramatic sketch of "Macduff's Cross." The Martyr, a tragedy on religion, appeared in 1826. It was immediately translated into the Cingalese language; and, flattered by the appropriation, Miss Baillie, in 1828, published another tragedy—"The Bride," a story of Ceylon, and dedicated in particular to the Cingalese. Of the three volumes of dramas written many years before, but not published till 1836—though they were eagerly welcomed by the public, and greatly admired as dramatic poems—only two, the tragedies of "Henriquez" and "The Separation," have ever been acted. These, besides many charming songs, and a small volume of "Fugitive Verses," complete the long catalogue of her successful labors. They were collected by herself, and published, with many additions and corrections, in the popular form of one monster volume, only a few weeks before her death.

In that entire and wonderful revolution of the public taste in literature, which contrasts the present century with the preceding, and which—while referring to Cowper, and not

forgetting "Lewesdon Hill," or Mr. Bowle's first two or three publications—we must nevertheless principally, and in the foremost rank, ascribe to the example, the arguments, and the influence of Wordsworth and Coleridge—in this great movement, Joanna Baillie bore a subordinate, but most useful and effective part. Unversed in the ancient languages and literatures, and by no means accomplished in those of her own age, this remarkable woman owed it partly to the simplicity of a Scottish education, partly to the influence of the better portions of Burns's poetry, but chiefly to the spontaneous action of her own forceful genius, that she was enabled at once, and apparently without effort, to come forth the mistress of a masculine style of thought and diction, which constituted then, as it still constitutes, the characteristic merit of her writings, and which at the time, contributed most beneficially to the already commenced reformation of the literary principles of the age. Those only who can remember the current literature of the end of the last century, and the beginning of the present—those only who have read Darwin, who have read Hayley, who have read—*liritias miseras*—or even looked over, or looked at the mountain of vapid trash which, in the shapes of epic and lyric, didactic and dramatic poems, was then worshipped as Parnassus itself; such only can adequately conceive all the merit, or all the effect, of "De Montfort," "Ethwald," or "Basil." The "Remorse," though written before, was not given to the public till long afterwards; and Mr. Wordsworth's tragedy was, where it now is—and will be for ever—in the bottom of a box—

Where sweets compacted lie!

It is true that these dramas have not succeeded on the stage; and the cause of their failure may be pointed out without much difficulty; but the good service they were to do upon the poetic criticism of the age, depended infinitely more on

the deliberate perusal of intelligent persons, especially the young, than on the transient and too frequently capricious approbation of a theatrical audience. The "Plays of the Passions" were slowly, but in the end extensively, circulated. Many, whose yet unyielded prejudice made them neglect or even ridicule the "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth, were unconsciously won over to the adoption of the essential principles of the literary reformation then in progress, by works in so different a form, and coming from so opposite a quarter. The very defects of the views and arguments with which the authoress—not herself fully sensible of the part she was in truth acting—accompanied her works, made her less an object of suspicion to those whose literary animosity had been provoked by the determined, unevadable protest and manifesto of Wordsworth, in his celebrated Preface; and hundreds gradually learned to understand and appreciate the merit of unsophisticated expression and truthful feeling from these entertaining Plays, whom that Preface and "Alice Fell"—assumed to be an exemplification of its principles—had indisposed to the study and admiration of some of the finest poems in the English language, which were unluckily printed in the same volumes with it.

Joanna Baillie's plays have not succeeded on the stage. They never will succeed there—except that perhaps, one or two of her comedies cut down to farces, might possibly pass current, with good broad acting. Omitting some subordinate obstacles, the one, universal, and sufficient cause of this may be found in the singular want of skill with which she conducts the interest of the plot. You have little to expect, and nothing to see grow in the progress of the action. Your tears flow in the first act, which is half a sign that they will not flow in the last. The cardinal secret of the play is invariably out in the very commencement, and the auxiliary secrets are accordingly deprived of their proper effect. This is a fault decisive on the stage. The most spirited dialogue,

the most moving situations in particular parts, can never countervail it. The popular play-wrights of the present day understand the rule perfectly, and very prudently neglect every other consideration in comparison with it. No matter how trashy the dialogue, they keep up the interest; they very cleverly augment it as they go on, and the adroitest hand amongst them explodes it in the last scene, as from a Leyden jar. He goes off in a flash of fire, and the spectators feel a shock; whereas Joanna Baillie's electricity escapes: it never accumulates for a charge.

Fatal as this is on the stage, where curiosity and a craving for stimulus are the almost exclusive emotions, it interferes in a comparatively small degree with the calmer and better founded pleasure of the mere reader. He has time and attention for the separate parts, can feel the merit of lively dialogue, weigh the truth of a general reflection, and muse on the beauty of single images. We doubt if any sensible man could witness the representation of those two great *tours de force* of the master of the Gothic drama—the “Merchant of Venice,” and “Henry VIII.”—without experiencing a sense of languor during the last act of each. Yet, who ever finished the quiet perusal of the same acts without—especially in the last instance—being steeped in deep, trance-like repose of mind, through which the dark passions of the past action faintly appear like the distant skirts of a broken thunderstorm in an evening of June? Hence it is, that weak and pointless as these “Plays on the Passions” have appeared, and ever must appear, when tried on the stage, they are pre-eminently entertaining, if we may venture so to express it, to the leisurely student: the want of that unicity, growth, and consummation of interest, which is essential to the acted drama, is to the reader partly compensated by the diffusion of a gentle and more equal interest, throughout all the parts, and partly by the easy vigor and flowing originality of the dialogue. In this lies the peculiar strength of



Joanna Baillie ; in this she is as unquestionably superior to all subsequent play-wrights, as they are superior to her in producing an effect by striking positions and startling development. The style of these tragedies is almost faultless. It is never affected, never forced, never stuffed with purple patches of rhetoric ; it has no ranting harangues or clap-trap epigrams ; it is always clear, direct, sensible ; it is tender and passionate, grave and dignified, and, rising upon occasion, rises with a natural spring, and soars, like all true passion, but for a moment. They exhibit in their entire compass, a truly wonderful elasticity and masculine force of mind. Unequal as some of them are in merit, there is not one that will not well repay perusal. The writing is sometimes plain ; but then we are spared the plaster and Dutch metal of modern stage-writers. Where the line is not poetic, it is at least good sense ; and the spirit breathing everywhere is a spirit of purity and moral uprightness. Few books of entertainment can be placed in the hands of the young so safely and so profitably as Miss Baillie's Plays, taken generally ; and we should have said universally, were it not for the too plain implication in one of them of the opinions entertained by this excellent lady on a fundamental article of Christian faith, as to which we deeply lament her disagreement from the faith of the Christian church. Let us justify this remark by quoting a scene in *De Montfort*—familiar, perhaps, to most, but possibly for the first time brought before the eyes of some of our readers :

“ *De Montfort*. No more, my sister, urge me not again ;  
 My secret troubles cannot be revealed.  
 From all participation of its thoughts  
 My heart recoils : I pray thee be contented.  
*Jane*. What ! must I, like a distant humble friend,  
 Observe thy restless eye and gait disturbed  
 In timid silence, whilst with yearning heart  
 I turn aside to weep ? O no, *De Montfort* !

A nobler task thy nobler mind will give;  
Thy true entrusted friend I still shall be.

*De Mon.* Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot e'en to thee.

*Jane.* Then fie upon it! fie upon it, Montfort!  
There was a time when e'en with murder stain'd,  
Had it been possible that such dire deed  
Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous,  
Thou would'st have told it me.

*De Mon.* So would I now—but ask of this no more,  
All other troubles but the one I feel  
I have disclosed to thee—I pray thee spare me.  
It is the secret weakness of my nature.

*Jane.* Then secret let it be: I urge no farther.  
The eldest of our valiant father's hopes,  
So sadly orphan'd: side by side we stood,  
Like two young trees, whose boughs in early strength  
Skreen the weak saplings of the rising grove,  
And brave the storm together.  
I have so long, as if by Nature's right,  
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,  
I thought thro' life I should have so remained,  
Nor ever known a change. Forgive me, Montfort,  
A humbler station will I take by thee;  
The close attendant on thy wandering steps,  
The cheerer of this home, with strangers sought,  
The soother of those griefs I must not know.  
This is mine office now: I ask no more.

*De Mon.* Oh, Jane, thou dost constrain me with thy love—  
Would I could tell it thee!

*Jane.* Thou shalt not tell me. Nay. I'll stop mine ears,  
Nor from the yearnings of affection wring  
What shrinks from utterance. Let it pass, my brother.  
I'll stay by thee; I'll cheer thee, comfort thee:  
Pursue with thee the study of some art,  
Or nobler science, that compels the mind  
To steady thought progressive, driving forth  
All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies,  
Till thou, with brow unclouded, smilest again;  
Like one, who, from dark visions of the night,  
When the active soul within its lifeless cell

Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy press'd  
Of some dire, terrible, or murderous deed,  
Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses heaven.

*De Mon.* It will not pass away ;—'twill haunt me still.

*Jane.* Ah! say not so, for I will haunt thee too,  
And be to it so close an adversary,  
That, though I wrestle darkling with the fiend,  
I shall o'ercome it.

*De Mon.* Thou most generous woman!  
Why do I treat thee thus? It should not be—  
And yet I cannot—O that cursed villain!  
He will not let me be the man I would!

*Jane.* What say'st thou, Montfort? Oh! what words are these?  
They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts.  
I do beseech thee, speak!  
By the affection thou didst ever bear me;  
By the dear memory of our infant days;  
By kindred living ties—ay, and by those  
Who sleep in the tomb, and cannot call to thee,  
I do conjure thee speak!—

Ha! wilt thou not?

Then if affection, most unwearied love,  
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,  
O'er generous man hath more authority,  
More rightful power than crown or sceptre give,  
I do command thee!—  
De Montfort, do not thus resist my love,  
Here I entreat thee on my bended knees.  
Alas! my brother!

*De Mon.* (raising her, and kneeling.)  
Thus let him kneel who should the abased be,  
And at thine honor'd feet confession make.  
I'll tell thee all—but oh! thou wilt despise me.  
For in my breast a raging passion burns,  
To which thy soul no sympathy will own—  
A passion of torment, and the light of day,  
With the gay intercourse of social man,  
Feel like the oppressive airless pestilence.  
O Jane! thou wilt despise me.

*Jane.* Say not so.

I never can despise thee, gentle brother.  
 A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs  
 No kindly heart contemns.

*De Mon.* A lover's, say'st thou?  
 No, it is *hate* / black, lasting, deadly hate!  
 Which thus hath driven me forth from kindred peace,  
 From social pleasure, from my native home,  
 To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,  
 Avoiding all men, cursing and accursed.

*Jane.* De Montfort, this is fiend-like, terrible!  
 What being, by the Almighty Father formed,  
 Of flesh and blood, created even as thou,  
 Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,  
 Who art thyself his fellow?  
 Unknot thy brows, and spread those wrath-clenched hands,  
 Some sprite accurs'd within thy bosom mates  
 To work thy ruin. Strive with it, my brother!  
 Strive bravely with it; drive it from thy heart;  
 'Tis the degrader of a noble heart.  
 Curse it, and bid it part.

*De Mon.* It will not part.—I've lodged it here too long.  
 With my first cares I felt its rankling touch.  
 I loath'd him when a boy.

*Jane.* Whom did'st thou say?

*De Mon.* Detested Rezenvelt!  
 E'en in our early sports, like two young whelps  
 Of hostile breed, instinctively averse.  
 Each 'gainst the other pitch'd his ready pledge,  
 And frown'd defiance. As we onward pass'd  
 From youth to man's estate, his narrow art  
 And envious gibing malice, poorly veil'd  
 In the affected carelessness of mirth,  
 Still more detestable and odious grew.  
 There is no living being on this earth  
 Who can conceive the malice of his soul,  
 With all his gay and damn'd merriment,  
 To those by fortune or by merit placed  
 Above his paltry self. When, low in fortune,  
 He look'd upon the state of prosperous men,  
 As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,

Do scowl and chatter at the light of day,  
 I could endure it: even as we bear  
 The impotent bite of some half-trodden worm,  
 I could endure it. But when honors came,  
 And wealth and new-got titles fed his pride;  
 Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,  
 And grovelling idiots grinn'd applauses on him;  
 Oh! then I could no longer suffer it!  
 It drove me frantic.—What, what would I give—  
 What would I give to crush the bloated toad,  
 So rankly do I loathe him!

*Jane.* And would thy hatred crush the very man  
 Who gave to thee that life he might have taken?  
 That life which thou so rashly did expose  
 To aim at his? Oh, this is horrible!

*De Mon.* Ha! thou hast heard it, then! From all the world,  
 But most of all from thee, I thought it hid.

*Jane.* I heard a secret whisper, and resolv'd  
 Upon the instant to return to thee.  
 Didst thou receive my letter?

*De Mon.* I did! I did! 'Twas that which drove me hither.  
 I could not bear to meet thine eye again.

*Jane.* Alas! that, tempted by a sister's tears,  
 I ever left thy house! These few past months,  
 These absent months, have brought us all this woe.  
 Had I remain'd with thee, it had not been.  
 And yet, methinks, it should not move you thus.  
 You dared him to the field; both bravely fought;  
 He, more adroit, disarmed you; courteously  
 Return'd the forfeit sword, which, so returned,  
 You did refuse to use against him more;  
 And then, as says report, you parted friends.

*De Mon.* When he disarm'd this curs'd, this worthless hand  
 Of its most worthless weapon, he but spared  
 From devilish pride, which now derives a bliss  
 In seeing me thus fetter'd, shamed, subjected  
 With the vile favor of his poor forbearance;  
 Whilst he securely sits with gibing brow,  
 And basely baits me like a muzzled cur,  
 Who cannot turn again.—

Until that day, till that accursed day,  
I knew not half the torments of this hell,  
Which burns within my breast. Heaven's lightnings blast him!

*Jane.* Oh, this is horrible! Forbear, forbear,  
Lest Heaven's vengeance light upon thy head  
For this most impious wish.

*De Mon.* Then let it light.  
Torments more fell than I have known already  
It cannot send. To be annihilated,  
What all men shrink from; to be dust, to be nothing,  
Were bliss to me, compared to what I am!

*Jane.* Oh! would'st thou kill me with these dreadful words?

*De Mon.* Let me but once upon his ruin look,  
Then close mine eyes forever!—  
Ha! how is this? Thou'rt ill; thou'rt very pale;  
What have I done to thee? Alas, alas!  
I meant not to distress thee.—O my sister!

*Jane.* I cannot speak to thee.

*De Mon.* I have killed thee.  
Turn, turn thee not away! Look on me still!  
Oh! droop not thus, my life, my pride, my sister!  
Look on me yet again.

*Jane.* Thou too, De Montfort,  
In better days wast wont to be my pride.

*De Mon.* I am a wretch, most wretched in myself,  
And still more wretched in the pain I give.  
Oh, curse that villain, that detested villain!  
He has spread misery o'er my fated life;  
He will undo us all.

*Jane.* I've held my warfare through a troubled world,  
And borne with steady mind my share of ill;  
For then the helpmate of my toil wast thou.  
But now the wane of life comes darkly on,  
And hideous passion tears thee from my heart,  
Blastnig thy worth.—I cannot strive with this.

*De Mon.* What shall I do?" (Act II., Scene 2.)

Though best known as author of the celebrated "Plays on the Passions," Miss Baillie is not less successful as a writer of ballads. In the description of ordinary life, and expression

of domestic affections, she has but few, if any, superiors in the language. Some of her smaller poems appear to us to be exceedingly beautiful; among these, we particularly notice the "Lovers' Farewells," the "Banished Man," the "Two Brothers," and the "Parrot." But it is very gratifying to feel that the happiest compositions of our authoress are those which apparently cost her the least effort, and when her heart has fully its play. We should be glad to quote, in beautiful illustration of this, her very elegant and affecting address to her sister Agnes, on her birth-day—a poem to which, for tenderness of feeling, and grace and naturalness of expression, we should find it difficult to find a superior. But we must conclude; the happy union of solid judgment, refined and elevated taste, pure sentiment, and sustained poetic vigor, have long ago placed Miss Baillie at the head of the Female Writers that adorn our era. In good old age, surrounded by friends, and in the enjoyment of a pure and well-tryed fame, this worthy woman and great genius breathed her last, in 1850.







John Galt, Edinburgh.

Portrait by Gordon.

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

*Author of the Pleasures of Hope Poems &c.*

[illegible]



THOMAS CARLYLE,

*author of the *French Revolution*, &c.*

## THOMAS CAMPBELL.

With all that Nature's fire  
Can lend to polish'd Art,  
He strikes his graceful lyre,  
To thrill or warm the heart.—MACNISH.

THE bard of Hope—who has hymned her pleasures so sweetly—stands high among those illustrious Scotchmen who have in recent years removed from their country the stigma of literary indolence and barrenness, if not inaptitude and incapacity. The grounds for affixing such a stigma on such a land might be purely negative; but that the stigma was not a malicious, gratuitous invention, is allowed by her own writers, whatever they may be pleased to assign as the cause. Thus, Mr. Lockhart, in his *Life of Burns*, dwells on the fact, that no man can point out any Scottish author of the first rank in all the long period which intervened between Buchanan and Hume. But the charge is amply refuted by *this* time of day. Not to speak of the Mackenzies, Smolletts, Robertsons, Blairs, Beatties, &c., belonging to the last century, what a noble army of authors may the Scotland of our time proudly enumerate! One thinks—how gratefully!—of a Walter Scott; and his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart; and John Wilson, the admirer and admired of both; and Jeffrey, their public antagonist and private friend; and James Hogg, mourned, as meet is, on Ettrick banks and the braes

of Yarrow; and "Delta" Moir, dear to the lovers of "Maga.;" and Thomas Aird, little known as he may be on this side the Tweed as excelling in energetic verse and manly prose; and Allan Cunningham, and John Galt, and Sir W. Hamilton, and W. E. Aytoun (the present editor of *Blackwood*), and Joannie Baillie, and Jane Porter, and Annie Grant, and Sir James Mackintosh, and Thomas Chalmers, and Thomas Carlyle, and William Mure, and Hugh Miller, and other no less worthy names. No one amongst them all, however, appears more secure of a permanent and shining reputation than Thomas Campbell. Lord Jeffrey, imagining a book of *Specimens* of British poetry, to be edited and published some time next century, is more liberal in the *quota* he assigns to Campbell in that supposed anthology than to any of his contemporaries:—"There," he says, "shall posterity hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth part of Byron and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tithes of Crabbe, and the three *per cent.* of Southey—while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded." It may be remarked, *en passant*, that the triumphant fifty *per cent.* which the above paragraph guarantees for Campbell, is not, as to quantity, more, if so much, as the poor three *per cent.* to which Southey is stinted.

Thomas Campbell was born at Glasgow, A. D. 1777—at which time Scott was a sickly boy of six years old\*—and Charles Lamb a prattler of two, and Southey of three, and

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\* It was in this year that Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of the new version of the *Flowers of the Forest*, wrote to her minister, Dr. Douglass, as follows:—"I last night supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone,' said he; 'crash it goes!—they will

Coleridge of five—and Burns and Schiller were ardent youths of eighteen summers. At thirteen he appeared in print—again at fifteen and eighteen—but in each case prematurely. But before he was two-and-twenty, Campbell gave the world *The Pleasures of Hope*, and the world will never forget the donation or the donor. Perhaps no poem of this kind is so popular with the young. Mr. Tuckerman calls Campbell one of the kings of school literature in America, as he also is in our own country. "It would indeed be difficult to name a modern English poet whose works are more closely entwined with our early associations, or whose happier efforts linger more pleasantly in the memory." For Campbell is a clear, lively, unaffected minstrel, such as youthful hearts are at once opened to, and upon whom youthful eyes brighten and smile with glistening sympathy as they gaze. They catch his meaning and comprehend his beauties, far enough at least to ensure them a delight in perusing his graceful page—while they turn with a very different feeling, that of listlessness and *ennui* and quiet vexation, from the philosophy of Wadsworth, the idealism of Shelley, the sensationalism of Keats, the mysticism of Coleridge, the scholasticism of Southey, the *delicatesse* of Rogers, and the platitudes of Montgomery. "Nowhere," says Mr. Gilfillan, "shall we find the poetical feeling more beautifully linked to the joyous rapture of youth, than in the 'Pleasures of Hope.' It is the outburst of genuine enthusiasm; and even its glitter we love, as reminding us of the

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all perish! After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' said he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. Pray what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. Why twelve or fourteen. No such thing; he is not quite six years old."—*Lockhart's Scott*, chap. ii.

'shining morning face' of a schoolboy." This "glitter" is certainly more abundant in Campbell's first poem, than in *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and subsequent efforts—an observation which may seem a truism when it is remembered that it *was* his first poem, and when did the dew of youth do otherwise than glitter? Nor is this quality unconcerned in the preference given by the young to the *Pleasures*—it is bright enough to reflect, and refine while it reflects, their own radiant hopes, and they exult in the sheen to which elder folks prefer a mellower, chaster, more matured style. There is an earnest warmth about the spirit of the poem, which the spring of life cannot resist, and which has no slight power to thaw even the rigor of age, the winter of discontent. It comes from the heart of the poet, is dictated by its eager beatings; colored, and deepened, and ensanguined by its ruddy drops. It is no mercenary piece-work, no *nolens volens* taste-work of a laureate, bound to write an ode for the bays, no mechanical product of a cast-iron poet. It may not have the robust, indomitable energy which revels in the master-pieces of some seer-like bards, but it is animated with reality, and sincere from first to last. It may not have the voice and echoing burden of the strong and mighty wind, nor the awful sublimity of the earthquake, nor the speeding, irresistible mission of the fire; but it has the effectual impressiveness and the subduing tenderness of the still small voice. "Now the music deepens," to adopt the language of Wilson, "into a majestic march—now it swells into a holy hymn—and now it dies away, elegiac-like, as if mourning over a tomb. It ceases in the hush of night—and we awaken as if from a dream." How many a line canonized by lovers in their epistles, stereotyped by magazine-writers for periodical quotation, and ordained to do duty in ordinary correspondence, and to give point to ordinary conversation, is taken from this poem, the first-fruits of the young Scotchman's genius! For example—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view ;  
or in the famous Polish episode,

Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;  
or the appeal, in the example of William Tell, to

The might that slumbers in a peasant's arms ;  
or the consolatory assurance,

Congenial spirits part to meet again ;  
or the line which was little noted in its real author, till  
Campbell borrowed it and made it what it is, perhaps the  
most hackneyed and worn-out of all lines—

Like angel visits, few and far between.

Felicitous epithets and expressive metaphors are *not* like  
angel visits, in the *Pleasures of Hope*. We pause to enjoy  
such fine occasional fragments as “the dauntless brow and  
spirit-speaking eye”—“down by the hamlet's hawthorn-  
scented way”—“a lonely hermit in the vale of years”—  
“and press th' uneasy couch where none attend”—and the  
closing couplet (dear as a *bonne bouche* in the pulpit to Dr.  
John Cumming and popular preachers) which prophesies the  
survival and exultation of Hope, even when heaven's last  
thunders shake the world below—

Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

At the same time we are free to own that in his first poem  
Campbell manifests a closer adherence to the then fashion-  
able style of verse than pleases us—that he had not yet



altogether proved his ability to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, or was not quite content to let the grace step forward *in puris naturalibus*. A simplicity that would suffice for Wadsworth, he must attire in a vesture, however airy and gauze-like, of the eighteenth century mode—for the dynasty of the Queen Anne's wits was not overthrown, and Campbell was too fond of Pope, witness his part in the Bowles and Byron controversy, not to flavor his own verses with a spice of that "Augustan" age. Hazlitt truly remarked that in the *Pleasures of Hope* our author had not quite emancipated himself from the trammels of the more artificial style of poetry—from love of epigrams, and antithesis, and hyperbole. Similarly, Mr. G. L. Craik, a discerning and unpretending critic, observes, that Campbell's writing, with all its careful finish and signs of classic taste, is, especially in his earlier poetry, seldom altogether free for any considerable number of lines from something hollow and false in expression, into which he was seduced by the conventional habits of the preceding bad school of verse-making in which he had been partly trained, and from which he emerged, or by the gratification of his ear lulling his other faculties asleep for the moment. "In the *Pleasures of Hope*, especially, swell of sound, without any proportionate quantity of sense, is of such frequent occurrence as to be almost a characteristic of the poem." Considering, however, the date of its production, and the age of the poet, there is little reason to cavil at the exhibition of art, while there is much to applaud in the freshness and cordiality of nature.

In 1809 appeared *Gertrude of Wyoming*—less glittering than its predecessor, less studded with jets of sparkling light, but far more instinct with a deep spirit of poetry. The story may be but so-so; the characters may be indifferently portrayed; but a sweet atmosphere encompasses all, and we are fain to say, Here is true poetry, though here is no great poem. *Gertrude* herself deserves, we submit, a higher esti-

mate than that vouchsafed her by a clever countryman of the poet's—who cavalierly, but far from chivalrously, sets down the devoted maiden as a pretty, romantic Miss of Pall Mall, dropt on the banks of the Susquehanna, "where, undismayed by the sight of the dim aboriginal woods, she pulls out her illustrated copy of Shakspeare, and, hand elegantly lost in the tangles of her hair, proceeds to study the character of Imogen, or Lady Macbeth, or Mrs. Anne Page." Rather a one-sided view of a pensive girl on whose cheek the rose of England bloomed, and in whose affections were instilled names of the English great and good, and why not amongst these the name of him who drew the gentle lady, married to the Moor? why be sarcastic upon "sweet Gertrude" for haunting a deep untrodden grot, where she may "charm the lingering noon" with that volume

Which every heart of human mould endears;  
 With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,  
 And no intruding visitation fears,  
 To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

Such criticism seems to imply that she haunted the grot by appointment—and that young Henry Waldgrave, "a curled darling who has gone the grand tour," was not so unlooked-for an intruder upon her solitude as the poet, in his simplicity, had supposed. Even the Indian, Outalissi, that stoic of the woods, a man without a tear, is indicted by Mr. Gilfilan, as a sentimental savage, who must be qualified for intercourse with these paragons, by having his whiskers clipped, his nails pared, and a nasal twang for the elocution of his parting song, generally admired as pitched in the true key,

"And I could weep"—th' Oneyda chief  
 His descant wildly thus began, &c.

Beautiful passages, finished off as only artist can, enrich *Gertrude*. For example:—

And every sound of life was full of glee,  
 From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men ;  
 While hearkening, fearing naught their revelry,  
 The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then,  
 Unhunted sought his woods and wildness again.

\* \* \* \* \*

And though amidst the calm of thought entire,  
 Some high and haughty features might betray  
 A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire  
 That fled composure's intellectual ray,  
 As *Ætna's* fires grow dim before the rising day.

\* \* \* \* \*

All uncompanion'd else her heart had gone  
 Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue summer shone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

\* \* \* \* \*

As monumental bronze unchanged his look ;  
 A soul that pity touch'd but never shook.

\* \* \* \* \*

But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth ?  
 The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below !

\* \* \* \* \*

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips ; but still their bland  
 And beautiful expression seem'd to melt  
 With love that could not die.  
 He heard some friendly words ; but knew not what they were.

The fastidious taste for which Campbell is remarkable, is seen in this highly-finished poem. Lord Jeffrey was speaking of *Gertrude* when he said to the author—"You have hammered the metal in some places, till it has lost all its ductility. Your timidity, or fastidiousness, or some other knavish quality, will not let you give your conceptions, glowing, and bold, and powerful, as they present themselves ; but you must chasten, and refine, and soften them forsooth, till half their nature and grandeur is chiselled away from them." William Hazlitt said that he should dread to

point out, even if he could, a false concord, a mixed metaphor, or an imperfect rhyme, in any of Campbell's productions, fearing in very earnest that all his fame would hardly compensate him for the discovery. To Campbell may be applied what Boileau teaches of Malherbe—

D'un mot mis en sa place enseigne le pouvoir

The same fact accounts for the comparative paucity of his works. "What a pity it is," exclaimed Sir Walter Scott, talking with Washington Irving about *Gertrude*, "what a pity it is that Campbell does not write more, and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies; and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. The fact is, Campbell is, in a manner, a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his farther efforts. He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him." This was in 1817. Ten years later, we read as follows in Sir Walter's diary: "I wonder often how Tom Campbell, with so much real genius, has not maintained a greater figure in the public eye than he has done of late. The author, not only of the *Pleasures of Hope*, but of *Hohenlinden*, *Lochiel*, &c., should have been at the very top of the tree. Somehow he wants audacity, fears the public, and, what is worse, fears the shadow of his own reputation. He is a great corrector, too, which succeeds as ill in composition as in education." Byron says of Campbell, that "with a high reputation for originality, and a fame which cannot be shaken, he is the only poet of the times, except Rogers, who can be reproached (and in him it is, indeed, a reproach) with having written *too little*."

It may be interesting to mention Southey's opinion of *Gertrude*, given in a letter to his brother, 1809:—"Campbell's

poem has disappointed his friends, Ballantyne tells me. It is, however, better than I expected, except in story, which is meagre. This gentleman, also, who is one of Wordsworth's abusers, has been nibbling at imitation, and palpably borrowed from the two poems of Ruth and The Brothers. 'Tis amusing envy! to see how the race of borrowers upon all occasions abuse us who do not borrow. The main topic against me is, that I do not imitate Virgil in my story, Pope in my language."

So highly developed in our poet was the critical faculty, that it curbed the careerings of his fine imagination, and sometimes chilled the ardor of his native enthusiasm. When Campbell the minstrel sat down to give fancy a local habitation, or give sorrow words, Campbell the censor also took a seat on the opposite side of the table, knitted his brows, shook his head, and cavilled, quibbled, hesitated, hemmed and ha'd till the session was over. And in the long run, Campbell the minstrel found that Campbell the censor was such a very particular gentleman, so precise and exacting, and punctilious and ceremonious in his ways, so addicted to take exceptions and adjust difficulties, and so desperately confirmed in an alarming habit of brow-beating the sensitive, shrinking muse, that it seemed expedient to say, Sing no more; Campbell hath murdered song. It was a case *felo de se*.

*Theoderic* is flat and common-place for such a man. So, it seems generally agreed, is the *Pilgrim of Glencoe*. But far otherwise is *Lochiel's Warning*, in which, says Christopher North, was heard the last of the seers. What a deserved favorite, again, is the voice of *O'Connor's Child*—a tale of more prevailing sadness—sad is the note, and wild its fall, as winds that mourn at night forlorn along the isles of Fion-Gall—fitting music for the sorrows of O'Connor's pale and lovely child. So touching are the sounds, so melodious their

flowing numbers, that one is tempted to take up the words of Virgil's shepherd in the Eclogues, and say,

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?  
 Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus Austri,  
 Nec percussa juvant flucta tam littora, nec quæ  
 Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles,

As for the *Battle of the Baltic*, exaggeration of praise is well-nigh impossible; the condensed power, the essential spirit of it, is most heart-stirring; the music of the metre is surpassingly fine: our own breath is suspended at the glorious stanza ending

As they drifted on their path,  
 There was silence deep as death,  
 And the boldest held his breath  
 For a time.

And how easily he melts us, amid the joy of victory and the festal city's blaze, whilst the wine-cup shines in light, with the solemn reminder,

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
 Let us think of them that sleep,  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore.

How exquisitely that *piano* interval tells, after the choral *fortissimo* of triumph!

Equally spirited are those immortal lyrics, which raise Campbell to the high-enthroned seat of Burns himself, *Ye Mariners of England and Hohenlinden*—in the latter of which flows a torrent of verse, grand and gloomy as its own Iser rolling rapidly. *The Last Mun* is a prophet-like vision—yet, we are disposed to think, a little over-rated. The *Lines on*

*Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire* are very beautiful, and eminently characteristic of Campbell's heart; the musical charm of their expression rings in the ear and haunts the memory for ever—dear are they to every creature of sensibility, when musing in the silence of twilight's contemplative hour. Nor would we willingly "gaze on a setting sun in company with a man who" could read unmoved the poet's allusion to the deserted home of his fathers,

All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,  
 And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree,  
 And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,  
 Where the hunter of deer and warrior trode,  
 To his hills that encircle the sea.

*Glenara* is one of those pithy, headlong, romantic lyrics which so very few can write, and none better than Campbell. The bard of Coila may be *primus inter pares* in this province; and next comes Scott, and Macaulay; and, by perhaps a flush of anticipation, we may venture to add Sydney Yendys. *The Rainbow* is a "triumphal arch"—a robe of beams woven in the poet's fancy. And who knows not, and prizes not, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, and *The Exile of Erin*, and *Gilderoy*, and *The Ritter Ban*, and *The Wounded Hussar*, and *Field Flowers*? The last were *not* destined, however, to grow on Campbell's grave. In Westminster Abbey sleeps the bard who, to adopt the lines of Moore, knew so well

All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell:  
 Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,  
 Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear.  
 Sleep, sleep, mute bard.

Campbell's personal character had many most attractive points. In his social moments, and in the society of kindred spirits, he was the delight of his circle. His happiness was

never so great as when it arose from the consciousness of having promoted the interests, and added to the happiness, of others. He was a stranger to that selfishness which narrows the circle of benevolence, and withers the kindly sympathies that should unite men as members of the same brotherhood—heirs of the same hope. He never deserted the unfortunate: on the contrary, he sought them in their obscurest retreats, and never left them without some expression of practical benevolence. The consciousness of having inflicted pain by any word or sentence unadvisedly written or spoken, caused him more pain than it did to the person against whom it was directed. Strongly impulsive in feelings, he spoke often hastily, but always reflected at leisure; and, like most men who do so, frequently regretted in our hearing that the force of reason was borne down by the stronger current of his feelings. If the topic to be discussed were of sufficient weight and importance, his opinion was delivered with force and perspicuity, but rarely with that coolness which marks the practiced and deliberate orator. In stating a question, such as that of "Classical Education"—a favorite subject—he always appeared to advantage, always fixed the attention of his hearers; but, in replying to objections, he was apt to become excited; and instead of refuting his antagonist, was hurried into expressions of contempt for the argument, which, although from their pointed wit they gained him momentary applause, did not raise him in the estimation of those who think profoundly, and speak soberly and advisedly. Whenever he was sure of a patient hearing, and where he was pleased with his hearers, he seldom failed to make a most favorable impression. In presence of the "Senate of his native University," which comprised in its members an epitome of all that is eminent in the walks of acquired science or mental cultivation, he pronounced an inaugural discourse that will long be remembered and quoted, as a specimen of ornate and manly eloquence which has been



rarely equalled, never surpassed, by any of the master-spirits who have spoken from the Rector's chair.

His biographer speaks of the passionate eloquence with which he so frequently urged his appeals in favor of the Polish refugees; and eulogizes the consummate skill, indefatigable zeal, and lucid arrangement with which he suggested, planned, supported, and almost perfected the scheme of a London University. The honor of having originated this great national seminary was all his own; but, like other illustrious benefactors of mankind, feeble and contemptible efforts have been made to strip him of this well-merited honor, and to crown the "lieutenant," if we may so express it, "with those very laurels which were won, and should have been worn, by his general."

Campbell was a shrewd observer of those often contradictory elements of which society is composed. Adverting to the absurd and ludicrous, he had the heart or talent of heightening their effect by touches peculiarly his own; while the quiet gravity with which he related his personal anecdotes or adventures, added greatly to the charm, and often threw his unsuspecting hearers into uncontrollable fits of laughter. Nor was the *pathos* with which he dilated on some tale of human misery less captivating; it runs through all his poetry, and in hearing or relating a story of human wrongs or suffering, we have often seen him affected to tears, which he vainly strove to conceal by an abrupt transition to some ludicrous incident in his own personal history. As an example, which has not yet found its way to the public, we may relate the following, which he told one evening in our little domestic circle where he was a frequent visitor, and where the conversation had taken, as he thought, a somewhat too serious turn:—

"In my early life, when I resided in the island of Mull, most of those old feudal customs which civilization had almost banished from the Lowlands, were still religiously

observed in the Hebrides—more especially those of a social and festive character, which it was thought had the effect of keeping up old acquaintance, and of tightening the bonds of good fellowship. Rural weddings and ‘roaring wakes’ were then occasions for social rendezvous, which were not to be overlooked. Both these ceremonies were accompanied by feasting, music, dancing, and that liberal enjoyment of the native *browst* which was too often carried to excess. I was in general a willing and a welcome guest at these doings; for, smitten as I often was with melancholy in this dreary solitude, I was glad to avail myself of any occasion that promised even temporary exhilaration. Well, the first of these meetings at which I was present one evening, happened to be a *dredgee*, a term which I need only explain by saying that it was got up for the sake of a young widow, who had just put on her weeds, and stood much in need of friendly sympathy and consolation. At first it was rather a dull affair, for the widow looked very disconsolate, and every look of her fair face was contagious. But as the *quaigh* was active, and the whiskey went its frequent round, the circle became more lively; until at last, to my utter astonishment, the bagpipes were introduced; and after a *coronach* or so—just to quiet the spirit of their departed host—up started a couple of dancers, and began jigging it over the floor with all the grace and agility peculiar to my Hebridean friends. This movement was infectious: another and another couple started up—reel followed upon reel, until the only parties who had resisted the infection,” continued the poet, “were the widow and myself,—she, oppressed with her own private sorrow, and I, restrained by courtesy from quitting her side. I observed, however, that she ‘kept time’ with her hand—all unconsciously, no doubt—against the bench where we sat, while her thoughts were wandering about the moorland *Cairn*, which had that very morning received her husband’s remains. I pitied her from my very heart. But, behold,

just as I was addressing to her one of my most sympathizing looks, up came a brisk Highlander, whose step and figure in the dance had excited both admiration and envy; and, making a low bow to the widow, followed by a few words of condolence, he craved the honor of her hand for the next reel. The widow, as you may well suppose, was shocked beyond measure! while I, starting to my feet, made a show as if I meant to resent the insult. But she, pulling me gently back, rebuked the kilted stranger with a look, at which he instantly withdrew. In a few minutes, however, the young chieftain returned to the charge. The widow frowned and wept, and declared that nothing on earth should ever tempt her to such a breach of decorum. But the more she frowned, the more he smiled and pressed his suit: 'Just one reel,' he repeated; 'only one! Allan of Mull, the best piper in the Isles, was only waiting her bidding to strike up.' The plea was irresistible. 'Weel, weel,' sighed the widow, rising and giving him her hand, 'what maun be, maun be! But, heh, sirs, let it be a lightsome spring, for I hae a heavy, heavy heart!' The next minute the widow was capering away to a most 'lightsome' air—hands across—cast off—down the middle, and up again. And a merrier dredgee," concluded the poet, "was never seen in Mull."

On another occasion, when he presented a copy of some verses, which he had just finished, to a lady of our family, he described their origin as follows:—"Many years ago, while I was sealed up in the Hebrides, I became intimate with a family who had a beautiful parrot, which a young mariner had brought from South America as a present to his sweetheart. This happened long before my arrival in Mull; and Poll for many years had been a much-prized and petted favorite in the household. He was a captive, to be sure, but allowed at times to be outside his cage on *parole*; and always observing good faith and gratitude for such indulgence, they were repeated as often as appeared consistent with safe cus-

today. The few words of Gaelic which he had picked up in his voyage to the north, were just sufficient, on his arrival, to bespeak the good-will of the family, and recommend himself to their hospitality; but his vocabulary was soon increased,—he became a great mimic,—he could imitate the cries of every domestic animal,—the voices of the servants:—he could laugh, whistle, and scold, like any other biped around him. He was, in short, a match even for Kelly's renowned parrot: for although he could not, or would not sing "God save the King," he was proficient in "Charley is my Darling," and other Jacobite airs, with which he never failed to regale the company, when properly introduced.

"Poll was indeed a remarkable specimen of his tribe, and the daily wonder of the whole neighborhood. Years flew by: and although kind treatment had quite reconciled him to his cage, it could not ward off the usual effects of old age, particularly in a climate where the sun rarely penetrated within the bars of his prison. When I first saw him, his memory had greatly failed him; while his bright green plumage was fast verging into a silvery gray. He had but little left of that triumphant chuckle which used to provoke such laughter among the youngers; and day after day he would sit mute and moping on his perch, seldom answering the numerous questions that were put to him regarding the cause of his malady. Had any child of the family been sick, it could hardly have been treated with greater tenderness than Poll.

"At last, one fine morning, just as the vernal equinox had blown a few ships into harbor, a stranger was announced, and immediately recognized by the master of the house as a 'Don' something—a Spanish merchant, whose kindness to a young member of the family had been often mentioned in his letters from Mexico. One of his own ships, a brig in which he had made the voyage, was then in the bay, driven in by stress of weather, for Mull was no market for Spanish goods. But that was not my business; he would most likely

pay a visit to Greenock, where, in the present day at least, Spanish cargoes are rife enough.

"No sooner had their visitor exchanged salutations with the master of the house and his family, than the parrot caught his eye; and, going up to the cage, he addressed the aged bird in familiar Spanish. The effect was electric: the poor blind captive seemed as if suddenly awakened to a new existence; he fluttered his wings in ecstasy—opened his eyes, fixed them, dim and sightless as they were, intently on the stranger; then answered him in the same speech—not an accent of which he had ever heard for twenty years. His joy was excessive—but it was very short; for in the midst of his screams and antics, poor Poll dropped dead from his perch."

Such was the incident upon which Campbell composed the little ballad entitled "The Parrot." It had taken strong hold of his memory, and after the lapse of forty years, found its way into the pages of the "New Monthly," and is now incorporated with his acknowledged Poems. The following is an extract:—

"The deep affections of the breast,  
That Heaven to living things imparts,  
Are not exclusively possess'd  
By human hear.s.

A parrot from the Spanish Main,  
Full young, and early caged, came o'er,  
With bright wings, to the bleak domain  
Of Mulla's shore.

But petted in our climate cold,  
He lived and chatter'd many a day.  
Until with age, from green and gold,  
His wings grew gray.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,  
He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,  
A Spanish stranger chanced to come  
To Mulla's shore;

He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech ;  
The bird in Spanish speech replied,  
Flapp'd round his cage, with joyous screech—  
Dropt down and died !”

He died in 1850, at an advanced age, full of honors and in the midst of friends, leaving the record of a warm heart, a delicate and powerful genius, and the history of great impression upon the literature and opinions of the age.

## VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE life and adventures of the Viscount de Chateaubriand have filled so large a space in the politics, the literature, and the society of France during the first thirty years of the present century, and his fame has been perpetuated by so much of romantic interest, or conventional adulation, throughout the period immediately preceding our own time, that his place on the list of the names identified with the literary progress and taste of the age is indisputable. He was born in the year 1769, like so many others of the men who were destined to play a prominent part in the gigantic labors of the last generation. Amongst the ample list of his immediate contemporaries, we find the great captains, the statesmen, the poets, who were to inaugurate the 19th century upon the ruins left by the first French revolution. They in their various paths discharged that task; but whilst they conquered nations, governed mankind, or adorned their age, M. de Chateaubriand remained faithful to his vocation. That vocation was not, as has been represented, one simply of knight errantry. The young Breton officer who had retired from the army of Condé, after the siege of Thionville, when the storm of the first French revolution had for the time blown over, did not become a mere wandering emigrant. M. de Chateaubriand sought in the gloom and sadness of his solitary exile for a vent for mixed and melancholy emotions, in which his poetic soul had been steeped by the events that had passed around him.





DE CHAUFARAND.

[illegible]



THE END OF THE WORLD



"I was still very young," says M. de Chateaubriand, in his preface to "*Atala*," "when I conceived the idea of writing the epopee of the man of nature, or of painting the manners of savages, by connecting them with some known event. After the discovery of America, I saw no subject of greater interest, especially for Frenchmen, than the massacre of the colony of the Natchez at Louisiana, in 1727. All the Indian tribes conspiring, after two centuries of oppression, to restore liberty to the New World, appeared to me to offer as fine a subject for the pen as the conquest of Mexico. I threw a few fragments of this work on paper; but I soon perceived that I wanted reality of coloring, and that if I wished to paint that which was, I must, as Homer did before me, visit the people whom I intend to describe.

"In 1789, I communicated to M. de Malsherbes my intention to visit America. But wishing at the same time to give a useful object to my journey, I formed the design of discovering by land the passage upon which Cook had thrown so many doubts. I started; I saw the American solitudes, and I returned with plans for another journey which was to have lasted nine years. I proposed to myself to traverse the whole of the continent of northern America, to make my way upwards along the coast north of California, and to return by Hudson's Bay. M. de Malsherbes undertook to lay my plans before the government; and it was upon that occasion he heard the first fragments of the little work, which I now present to the public. It is well known what became of France up to the time when Providence caused one of those men to appear whom she sends in sign of reconciliation when she is weary of punishing. Covered with the blood of my only brother, of my sister-in-law, with that of the illustrious old man, their father; having seen my mother and another sister, full of talent, perish from the treatment to which they were subjected in the dungeons, I wandered in

foreign lands, where the only friend that remained to me destroyed himself in my arms."\*

After ten years of the brutality and blasphemy of Jacobin clubs and revolutionary journals, France was enchanted to strike a fresh vein of poetry in the pages of "Atala." M. de Chateaubriand had previously published in this country, where he had taken refuge for a time, a work, entitled "An Essay on Ancient and Modern Republics," which had not obtained for the author the success which he was now destined to achieve. "Atala" was penned in the desert, under the shelter of the huts of savages. It is a sort of poem, half descriptive, half dramatic; every thing lies in the portraiture of two lovers, who ramble and converse in solitude; the whole interest is embodied in the picture of the anxieties suggested by love amidst the calm of deserts, and the repose of religious feeling. The work is written in the antique form, and is divided into prologue, narrative, and epilogue. The chief portions of the narrative take a denomination, as the huntsmen, the laborers, &c., as in the first ages of Greece, the rhapsodists sang under various titles, fragments of the Iliad and of the Odyssey. "For now some time," says M. de Chateaubriand, "I only read Homer and the Bible; happy if it is made evident, and if I have succeeded in imparting to the tints of the desert, and to the sentiments peculiar to my heart, the colors of these two great and eternal models of the beautiful and the true."

It has been said that Chateaubriand was at this time profoundly imbued with the feelings and ideas of him whom he called *le grand Rousseau*, and whom he places in his first published work among the five great writers who must be studied. But he personally defended himself from the imputation of siding with a philosopher, whose eloquence he justly admired, but whose doctrines he equally justly con-

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\* They had both been five days without food.

demned. "I am not," he says, "like M. Rousseau, an enthusiast for savages; and, although I have, perhaps, had as much reason to complain of society as that philosopher had reason to praise it, I do not think that pure nature is the most beautiful thing in the world. I have always found it very ugly, wherever I have had occasion to see it. So far from being of opinion that the man who thinks is a depraved animal, I think it is thought that makes the man. With that word 'nature,' every thing has been lost. Let us paint nature, but beautiful nature; art ought not to occupy itself in describing monstrosities."

"Atala" was soon followed by "The Genius of Christianity," a work which it is undeniable imparted to France for a time a sacred stamp,—a kind of moral baptism, which the lower class of her literary population vainly struggled to belie and to discard, by plunging into odious and revolting excesses. "It is no doubt permitted to me," remarked the author at the time, "under a government which does not prescribe any peaceable opinion, to take up the defence of Christianity, as a subject of morality and of literature. There was a time when the adversaries of that religion had alone the right to speak. Now the lists are again open, and those who think that Christianity is poetical and moral, can say so aloud, and it is still permitted to philosophers to argue the contrary."

The expression used by the author, "the poetry of Christianity," reveals the whole principle by which he was animated. His enthusiasm, the brilliancy of his thoughts, the pomp of his images, the vividness and animation of his style, however worthy of admiration, all leave the same impression of a straining for effect, that is not congruous with the sobriety and magnitude of the subject of which he treats. With M. de Chateaubriand, reason is generally the slave of imagination and passions. In the "Genius of Christianity," as in his subsequent work "Les Martyrs," we find that the

object of their author is not so much to vindicate the truth and sanctity of the Christian religion, as to prove that it is poetical and interesting. We search in vain for any edifying comparison between paganism and true faith; the inquiry resolves itself into a consideration of Homer and Virgil, on the one side, of Tasso and Camoens on the other. Thus the question, instead of being social and religious, becomes merely literary—a question of art and taste—nothing more. M. de Chateaubriand is acknowledged by all to be a most admirable painter, although sometimes guilty of exaggeration; but it may be more than doubted whether he will ever be ranked among men of sound reasoning and profound thought. The true Christian thinker must, it has been most justly observed, be shocked to see the worship of our Saviour defended by flowers of rhetoric; to see paganism, with all its sensual idolatry, its voluptuous absurdities, favorably contrasted with the austere, pure, Christian religion, the eternal symbols of which are self-denial, suffering, prayer. It is, indeed, matter of notoriety, that the ecclesiastics of Roman Catholic Europe universally expressed dissatisfaction with the very books that seemed to be written in the interest of the clergy.

If the works of M. de Chateaubriand had been ever free from this prevailing taint, the illustrious author's friends might contend that he adopted the only mode of making any religious impression on the country; that it was, in fact, necessary to appeal, in the first place, to the imagination of France. But during the whole of his life, and in all his works, he has been misled by poetry, imagination, and love of effect. Thus, in his "Essay on English Literature," there are many sparkling, paradoxical papers, written to prove that Luther had no genius, and that Roman Catholicism is more favorable to liberty than Protestantism. In his "Etudes Historiques," with still greater inconsistency he places that notorious impostor and would-be Messiah, Apollonius of

Tyana, among the Christian martyrs, and allows the truth of the popular tradition, which classes the Saviour of the world among the vile mob of pagan deities wherewith the Pantheon of Tiberius was populated.

Bonaparte was not slow to perceive the use which might be made of a pen which, if it had not the gift of raising an imperishable monument to its possessor's literary fame, had at least the art of gratifying, and sometimes leading the taste of the time. Nothing was better fitted than such compositions to assist in the restoration of letters, of religious observances, and society; but, like most of the ornaments of the consular and imperial times, these productions were of tinsel rather than solid gold; and men continued to praise them rather from their original effect than any fresh perennial charm which they possess.

M. Chateaubriand gives the following interesting account in his autobiography of the first and only interview he had with that extraordinary man, in the saloon of his brother Lucien:—

“I was in the gallery when Napoleon entered; his appearance struck me with an agreeable surprise. I had never previously seen him but at a distance. His smile was sweet and encouraging; his eye beautiful, especially from the way in which it was overshadowed by the eyebrows. He had no charlatanism in his looks, nothing affected or theatrical in his manner. *The Génie du Christianisme*, which at that time was making a great deal of noise, had produced its effect on Napoleon. A vivid imagination animated his cold policy; he would not have been what he was, if the muse had not been there; Reason, in him, worked out the ideas of a poet. All great men are composed of two natures—for they must be at once capable of inspiration and action—the one conceives, the other executes.

“Buonaparte saw me, and knew me I know not how. When he moved toward me, it was not known whom he



sought. The crowd opened, every one hoped the First Consul would stop to converse with him; his air showed that he was irritated at these mistakes. I retired behind those around me. Buonaparte suddenly raised his voice, and called out, 'Monsieur de Chateaubriand!' I then remained alone, in front; for the crowd instantly retired, and re-formed, in a circle, around us. Buonaparte addressed me with simplicity, without questions, preamble, or compliments. He began speaking about Egypt and the Arabs, as if I had been his intimate friend, and he had only resumed a conversation already commenced betwixt us. 'I was always struck,' said he, 'when I saw the Scheiks fall on their knees in the desert, turn toward the east, and touch the sand with their foreheads. What is that unknown thing which they adore in the east?' Speedily, then, passing to another idea, he said, 'Christianity! the *Ideologues* wished to reduce it to a system of astronomy! Suppose it were so; do they suppose they would render Christianity little? Were Christianity only an allegory of the movement of the spheres, the geometry of the stars, the *esprits forts* would have little to say; despite themselves, they have left sufficient grandeur to *l'Infame*.\*'

"Buonaparte immediately withdrew. Like Job in the night, I felt as if a spirit had passed before me; the hairs of my flesh stood up. I did not know its countenance; but I heard its voice like a little whisper.

"My days have been an uninterrupted succession of visions. Hell and heaven continually have opened under my feet, or over my head, without my having had time to sound their depths or withstand their dazzling. I have met once, and once only, on the shores of the two worlds, the man of the last age, and the man of the new—Washington

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\* Alluding to the name *l'Infame* given by the King of Prussia, D'Alembert, and Diderot, in their correspondences, to the Christian religion.

and Napoleon—I conversed a few moments with each—both sent me back to solitude—the first by a kind wish, the second by an execrable crime.

“I remarked, that, in moving through the crowd, Buonaparte cast on me looks more steady and penetrating than he had done before he addressed me. I followed him with my eyes.

‘Who is that great man who cares not  
For conflagrations?’ ”

This passage conveys a just idea of Chateaubriand's *Memoirs*: his elevation of mind, his ardent imagination, his deplorable vanity. In justice to so eminent a man, however, we transcribe a passage in which the nobleness of his character appears in its true lustre, untarnished by the weaknesses which so often disfigure the character of men of genius. We allude to his courageous throwing down the gauntlet to Napoleon, on occasion of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien :—

“Two days before the fatal 20th March, I dressed myself before taking leave of Buonaparte, on my way to the Valais, to which I had received a diplomatic mission ; I had not seen him since the time when he had spoken to me at the Tuileries. The gallery where the reception was going on was full ; he was accompanied by Murat and his aid-de-camp. When he approached me, I was struck with an alteration in his countenance ; his cheeks were fallen in, of a livid hue ; his eyes stern ; his color pale ; his air sombre and terrible. The attraction which had formerly drawn me toward him was at an end ; instead of awaiting, I fled his approach. He cast a look toward me, as if he sought to recognize me, moved a few steps toward me, turned, and disappeared. Returned to the Hotel de France, I said to several of my friends, ‘Something strange, which I do not know, must have happened : Buonaparte could not have changed to such a degree

unless he had been ill.' Two days after, at eleven in the forenoon, I heard a man cry in the streets—'Sentence of the military commission convoked at Vincennes, which has condemned to the pain of DEATH Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, born 2d August, 1772, at Chantilly.' That cry fell on me like a clap of thunder; it changed my life as it changed that of Napoleon. I returned home, and said to Madame de Chateaubriand, 'The Duke d'Enghien hast just been shot.' I sat down to a table, and began to write my resignation—Madame de Chateaubriand made no opposition: she had a great deal of courage. She was fully aware of my danger: the trial of Moreau and Georges Cadoudal was going on; the lion had tasted blood; it was not the moment to irritate him."

It was after this check in his public career, that M. de Chateaubriand started on his pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and that he described in glowing colors befitting the part he had assumed, his itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem, including his return through Egypt, Barbary, and Spain, where he paused to mourn in the halls of Grenada over the last of the Abencerrages. This, with "René," which like "Atala" might be considered a fragment of "Les Natches," constituted the chief of M. de Chateaubriand's works of fiction. "René" is the type of morbid reverie—of the bitterness resulting from social inaction blended with a proud scorn and self-satisfaction; his haughty and solitary soul finds in disdain an inexplicable source of superiority over all men and things. It is the personification of one of those moral maladies which so often assail human nature, blighting all freshness and vigor in the soul. By many "René" is considered as the finest specimen of its author's style and genius, yet it will not admit of comparison by the side of its prototypes, "Manfred," "Childe Harold," and other creations of a similar character in which Lord Byron delighted. Yet gloomy, pensive, and desponding, and at the same time so lofty and

so scornful in the consciousness of genius, "René" exercised a pernicious influence and added to the previously existing dissatisfaction of the minds of the more youthful, idle, and ambitious portions of society.

M. de Chateaubriand's political life may be said to have begun in 1814. His *début* in the cause of the restored monarchy was brilliantly successful. The fall of Napoleon was viewed by numbers in France with great satisfaction; the country was in a deplorable state of exhaustion; French blood had flowed for years in every part of Europe; the miseries and terrors of war had weighed so oppressively on all, that the word "peace" was hailed with boundless enthusiasm. Nevertheless, the partisans of the dethroned emperor were still numerous, and ready to rush in the field at the first signal. It was with the view of opposing this yet powerful and formidable body of Bonapartists that M. de Chateaubriand—carried away by that passionate excitement so rife in France at this eventful moment—published his celebrated pamphlet on Bonaparte and the Bourbons.

This pamphlet may be considered as the genuine, ardent, and unreserved expression of the passions that were then filling the Royalist party with almost delirious exultation. It, as Louis XVIII. expressed it, did the work of an army; 100,000 copies were sold with prodigious rapidity; and whilst the allied forces occupied the capital of France and brought back the descendant of St. Louis, it was some compensation that the greatest master of the French language, intensely national in his predilections and defects, should have pleaded the cause of the Bourbons in the popular ear.

Notwithstanding that M. de Chateaubriand's political pamphlets form his chief title to literary eminence, that they are master-pieces of stirring eloquence and of dialectic logic, and that in them he shines with undimmed lustre, yet is his political career most obnoxious to the severity of criticism. In

his devotion to the cause of royalty, he always maintained that the best means of governing France were to be found in an unalterable fidelity to the charter of Louis XVIII. He saw in it the anchor of safety for his country, which he had beheld tossed by so many violent gales; and he became, therefore, one of its firmest and most faithful supporters. Yet styling himself at once "a royalist by reason, a legitimist by duty, and a republican by taste," his political career has generally been considered as governed by a singular conflict of these opposite motives. It is, however, well to remember that while the earlier part of his political life was characterized by the defence of that spirit of olden royalty which prevailed in the charter, because he saw it threatened by the modern revolutionary ideas; in the after part, by the defence of its liberal elements, he felt the necessity of opposing the old aristocratic ideas which, in spite of all his efforts, still continued stagnant and exclusive. Hence it was that but a short time back, M. de Chateaubriand was looked upon almost as a revolutionist by the legitimists, while the government considered him, together with the great orator, Berryer, as one of the most formidable champions of legitimacy. There is every reason to believe that this apparent political inconsistency has often resulted from his being in advance of the parties he joined at different periods; from his bold independence in withstanding their demands when opposed to his own conscientious principles, and from his carelessness in mortifying their pride and selfishness whenever he thought that just provocation had been given.

When at a later period of the restoration, it was considered by the government advisable, as a mode of inspiring confidence, to call to the highest dignities of the realm the men of the revolution and of the empire, M. de Chateaubriand wrote his "*Monarchie selon la Charte*," the aim of which was to controvert the opinion generally entertained at the time, that there was a want of capacity among the royalists, and

a monopoly of talent among their adversaries. As a reverse to this, when his own incompetent, rash, and pretentious policy had almost caused a rupture with this country, which had nurtured him in penury, had inspired the government of the restoration with the fatal scheme of regaining the frontier of the Rhine by the sacrifice of the East, and had involved the Dynasty, which he purposed to uphold, in a disastrous war with Spain; when M. de Villele declared it was even worse to have Chateaubriand in the cabinet than in opposition, and he was cashiered with singular asperity at two hours' notice; then the ex-minister took refuge in the columns of the *Journal des Débats*, whence he directed a tremendous fire against the increasing bigotry and intolerance of the party to which the accession of Charles X. gave a decided and fatal ascendancy. M. de Chateaubriand was always, under whatever colors he fought, a firm and constant vindicator of the liberty of the press, of the unfettered expression of opinion, the privilege of a truly free people, from whence emanate all social regenerations. In his last work, the "Congres de Verone," published a few years ago, he vindicates his conduct in sending a French army to relieve Ferdinand from the constitutional demands of his subjects, and to crush a nascent liberty, with so much success, that he is said to have succeeded in washing away that blemish on his character according to the ideas of modern France; but according to an authority nearer home, "the history of the congress of Verona," as recorded by himself, suffices to stamp his official career with the deepest condemnation.

M. de Chateaubriand may be said to have retired from public life with his expulsion from ministerial power. He still raised his warning voice against the errors of the government, which were leading to the catastrophe of 1830; and in the height of that revolution, he was borne one hour in triumph by the men of the barricades, and in the next he delivered his last speech in the Chamber of Peers in favor

of the rights of the Duke de Bordeaux. At that moment his expression to the Duchess de Berri, "*Madame, votre fils est mon Roi,*" and his pamphlet against the banishment of this elder branch of the royal family, marked him out as the leader, or at least the champion of the Legitimist party; but his time was gone by, and his relations with the elder Bourbons, it has been truly remarked, soon dwindled down into a harmless and not unpleasing mixture of loyalty, politeness, and devotion.

In the character of M. de Chateaubriand the enthusiasm, if not the true genius of the poet, was blended with the aspirations, if not the fixed energy of a statesman. As a politician he did not possess that steadiness and certainty of foresight which belongs to practical and experienced minds. The positive easily escaped an imagination so quickly excited, feelings so easily carried away, and a temper truly *Bretonne* in its stormy pride. Generally in opposition to the reigning power, he was a friend either to the past state of things or else engaged in some visionary plan for the future. The present was always neglected. The same thing applies itself to his works, which have been compared by a contemporary to a dazzling arsenal, where you find weapons for and against every system—in favor of and against liberty—for and against monarchy, constitutional freedom, and Bonapartism.

For example, since 1830, M. de Chateaubriand, in his pamphlets, especially in the celebrated one entitled, "*Du Bannissement de la Famille de Charles X.,*" and in another on the imprisonment of the Duchess of Berry, approached the verge of republicanism, and joined in friendly communion with Armand Carrel and Beranger; nay, he penned on Napoleon, whom he so reviled at the Restoration, divers eulogistic pages, in which he exalts that conqueror to a level with the Hannibals and the Charlemagnes.

There is, however, one feeling that pervades all his works,

and it is one of bitterness—a lassitude of soul and disappointed hope. At all periods of his life his favorite themes have been the ingratitude he has experienced, the chilly touch of death, the silent tomb, the very worms that are to banquet on his body. Even in the sole work by which M. de Chateaubriand establishes his claim to belong to the class of modern critics, his “*Essay on English Literature*,” he devotes a chapter in the conclusion to the state of his own feelings—tinged with that deep and gloomy discontent, and full of those expressions of bitter discouragement which are to be met with in all his works. This affectation of melancholy is the more inexplicable on the part of one who has been so much and so long the favorite of fortune and of his country. In this so-called “*Essay on English Literature*,” M. de Chateaubriand has in no degree followed the progress of modern criticism. This is probably owing to a feeling of pride on the part of the author, for these two volumes of essays are replete with rancor against cotemporary literature and against some of its most distinguished promoters. The pen of M. de Chateaubriand has traced in this work some very beautiful observations on Milton, but on points known to all; thereafter it becomes singularly excursive, and sundry chapters are altogether devoid of connexion and bearing. The merits of Chaucer are discussed and dismissed in a few lines; those of Spenser are treated with the like lack of ceremony. Several passages on Shakspeare are certainly very fine, although the chapter on the great bard is singularly incomplete. All cotemporary poets are neglected or omitted, with the exception of Byron and Beattie; the former is spoken of with coolness almost amounting to indifference.

Chateaubriand exemplifies, in this work, as in all that emanates from his mind, the peculiar vanity and jealousy which mars the literature of France. These are, unhappily, too much the failings of literary men generally. We fear it



is destined to continue to be so. The qualities which contribute to their greatness, which occasion their usefulness, which insure their fame, are closely allied to failings which too often disfigure their private lives, and form a blot on their memory. No one can read D'Israeli's essay on *The Literary Character*, the most admirable of his many admirable works, without being convinced of this. But it is in the French writers that this inordinate weakness seems to be most conspicuous, and to have been exalted into a national trait. No sort of history is so abundant in French literature as memoirs, and no sort of biography, as *auto-biography*. It was long ago said that the number of unpublished memoirs which exist in France, on the war of the League, would, if put together, form a large library. The composition and style of these memoirs is, for the most part, as curious and characteristic of French character, as their number is descriptive of their ruling passion. So general is the thirst for this species of composition, that, where a man of any note has not compiled his own life, his papers are put into the hands of some skilful bookmaker, who speedily dresses them up, in the form of an attractive autobiography. This was done with the papers of Brissot, Robespierre, Marshal Ney, Fouché, and a great many others, all of which appeared with the name of their authors, and richly stored with these private papers, though it was morally certain that they could not by possibility have written their own lives. In England nothing of the kind is attempted. Scarcely any of the eminent men in the last age have left their own memoirs; and the papers of the most remarkable of them have been published without any attempt at biography.

In justice to the literary men of France, however, it must be stated that, of late years at least, they have been exposed to an amount of temptation, and of food for their self-love, much exceeding anything previously seen among men, and which may go far to account for the extraordinary vanity

which they have everywhere evinced. In England, literary distinction is neither the only nor the greatest passport to celebrity. But in Paris, historic names are almost forgotten in the ceaseless whirl of present events; parliamentary orators are in general unpopular, for they are for the most part on the side of power. Nothing remains but the government of mind. The intellectual aristocracy is all in all. It makes and unmakes kings alternately; produces and stops revolutions; at one time calls a new race to the throne, at another consigns them with disgrace to foreign lands. Cabinets are formed out of the editors of newspapers, intermingled with a few bankers, whom the public convulsions have not yet rendered insolvent; prime ministers are to be found only among successful authors. Thiers, the editor of the *National* and the historian of the Revolution; Guizot, the profound professor of history; Villemain, the eloquent annalist of French literature; Lamartine, the popular traveller, poet, and historian, have been the alternate prime ministers of France since the revolution of 1830. Successful authors thus in France are surrounded with a halo, and exposed to influences, of which in this country we cannot form a conception.

Whether such a concentration is favorable either to their present utility or lasting fame, and whether the best school to train authors to be the instructors of the world is to be found in that which exposes them to the combined influence of its greatest temptations, are questions on which it is not necessary now to enter, but on which posterity will probably have no difficulty in coming to a conclusion.

But while we fully admit that these extraordinary circumstances, unparalleled in the past history of the world, go far to extenuate the blame which must be thrown on the French writers for their extraordinary vanity, they will not entirely exculpate them. Ordinary men may well be carried away by such adventitious and flattering marks of their power;

but we cannot accept such an excuse from the first men of the age—men of the clearest intellect, and the greatest acquisitions—whose genius is to charm, whose wisdom is to instruct the world through every succeeding age. If the teachers of men are not to be above the follies and weaknesses which are general and ridiculous in those of inferior capacity, where are we to look for such an exemption? It is a poor excuse for the overweening vanity of a Byron, a Goethe, a Lamartine, or a Chateaubriand, that a similar weakness is to be found in a Madame Grisi or a Mademoiselle Cerito, in the first cantatrice or most admired ballerina of the day.

M. de Chateaubriand also belongs to the political school of historians by his "*Etudes Historiques*," in which he never omits an opportunity of instituting comparisons between early events in the history of France, and cotemporary occurrences. A rumor has been prevalent during many years that M. de Chateaubriand was preparing a history of France, and the announcement had caused high expectations to be entertained: great, therefore, was the surprise, when, in 1832, the "*Etudes Historiques*" were published. They consist merely of fragments; and he gives as reasons for not putting his former plan into execution, his advanced age, and the discouragement and lassitude provoked by again beholding a darling throne laid prostrate at his feet.

By a curious coincidence, M. de Chateaubriand, after having lived through one entire cycle of the great revolution of his country, expired almost at the moment when some of the most terrible scenes of his early youth were renewed in the streets of Paris. Some time back he visited, in a fit of despondence, the grave that awaited him, and which had been prepared for him by his countrymen on the sea-shore at St. Malo. His body, after a public funeral service at the church of the Foreign Missions, was removed to the city that gave him birth, and to the tomb which was the

object of his previous pilgrimage. MM. Victor Hugo and Ampere were to represent the French Academy at the final sepulture, and by a curious change of things, one of the candidates for the seat vacated by the illustrious legitimist, is M. Armand Marrast.

## ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE was born at Mâcon, the 21st of October, 1790: his family name was De Prat; he has latterly taken the name of his maternal uncle. His father was major of a regiment of cavalry under Louis XVI., and his mother was daughter of Madame de Rois, under-governess of the Princess of Orleans. Attached thus to the old order of things, his family was broken down by the Revolution, and his most early recollections carried themselves back to a sombre jail where he went to visit his father. Those most wicked days of terror passed over, and M. de Lamartine retired to an obscure estate at Milly, where his young years calmly glided away. The remembrance of the domestic serenity of his first days has never been effaced from his mind, and at many a later time of his life, as a traveller and as a poet, he has invoked the sweet images of that humble tower of Milly, with its seven linden trees, his aged father, his grave and affectionate mother, his sisters who were nourished at the same womanly bosom, and those grand trees full of shade, those fields, those mountains, and those valleys, the mute witnesses of the games of a free and happy childhood.

"My mother," says he somewhere, "received from her mother on the pillow of death, a beautiful Bible belonging to the Crown, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. That Bible had engravings on sacred subjects in every page. When I had recited my lesson well, and read with few errors, the half page of Sacred History, my



THE LIVING LINE.

[illegible]

My mother was not a native-born American and she never  
 learned to speak English. I could not help but feel that to  
 be a native-born American she had to read. I was a  
 little girl, and my mother had to be assured that she  
 was a native-born American. I was a native-born American  
 and my mother was a native-born American. I was a native-born  
 American and my mother was a native-born American. I was a  
 native-born American and my mother was a native-born American.



ENGRAVÉ DE J. SANTAIN.

*La martini*





mother uncovered the engraving, and holding the book open upon her knees, prompted me to look, and explained it to me for my recompense. The silvery affectionate sound, solemn and passionate of her voice, added to all that which she said a powerful, charming, and love-like accent, which rings again at this moment in my ears, alas! after six years of silence!" Do you not see here the beautiful child with large blue eyes, who was to be Lamartine? Do you not see him leaning on the knees of his mother, listening to her speech, opening his mind to all the harmonies of oriental nature, and drawing from the book of books his first instincts of poetry?

Soon was the child obliged to quit his paternal roof; they sent him to finish his education at Bellay, in the college of the Fathers of the Faith. The religious germs which were sown by his mother, developed themselves strongly, in that melancholy solitude of the cloister: the beautiful episode of Jocelyn is full of remembrances imprinted by the calm and austere life of that holy residence.

After his departure from college, M. de Lamartine passed some time at Lyons, made a first brief excursion into Italy, and came to Paris during the last days of the empire. Brought up in the hatred of the imperial regime, M. de Lamartine made his entry into the world without well knowing to which side he should turn his steps. Far from maternal care, forgetful sometimes of those severe precepts inculcated into his mind, the young man, they say, gave himself up a little to the incitations of vice, dividing his hours between study and the distractions incident to his age, gadding off to make merriment with Jussieu in the wood of Vincennes, and cutting into whistles the bark of oaks; while dreaming already of literary, especially of dramatic glory, and well received by Talma, who was pleased to hear him recite, with his vibrating and melancholy voice, the unpublished fragments of a tragedy on Saul.

In 1813, the poet revisited Italy: the greater part of his

"Meditations" were inspired by its beautiful sky, and that delicious page of the "Harmonies," entitled "First Love," was sounded forth, it is believed, by some sweet first mystery of the heart buried within a tomb. At the fall of the empire he offered his services to the ancient race, who had had the blood and the love of his fathers, and was entered in a company of the guards.

After the Hundred Days, M. de Lamartine quitted the service. One passion absorbed him entirely—that passion made his glory. Love came and agitated the fountain of poesie which slumbered in the depths of his soul. It was needful to open a passage for the gushing wave. The object of that mysterious passion, that loving and loved Elvira, was snatched from his arms by death. She lived again in his verses. Lamartine sung to give eternity to her name, and France consecrated him her poet.

This was in 1820. The Mythologic, descriptive, and refined versifiers of the Voltairian school had so completely murdered poetry, that one wished for no more. A young man, scarcely recovered from a cruel illness, his visage paled by suffering, and covered with a veil of sickness, on which could be read the loss of a worshipped being, went timidly hawking about, from bookseller's to bookseller's, a poor little copy book of verses, wet with tears. Everywhere they politely shifted off the poetry and the poet. At last a bookseller, less prudent, or perhaps engaged by the infinite grace of the young man, decided to accept the MS. so often refused. The good-natured bookseller was, I believe, named Nicolle. Thanks to you, M. Nicolle. Posterity owes you a remembrance. Who knows but that, without you, the discouraged poet would perhaps have hurled into the flames his precious treasure, and the world might have lost Lamartine.

The book was printed, and thrown, without name, without interest, on that stormy sea, which then, as now, swallowed up so many thousand volumes. You remember it in its

modest 18mo., thrown perhaps by chance into your hands when you were fifteen, with a hopeful soul and a loving heart. No name, no preface, nothing pastoral, nothing warlike, nothing noisy—"Poetic Meditations" only. You have opened it carelessly; you have glanced at the first two lines—

Often on the mountain by an ancient oak-tree brown,  
At the setting of the sun, I have lain me sadly down.

You have found that it is not very bad. You have continued—you have arrived at the last stanza—

When falls into the meadow the autumn forest leaf,  
The evening breeze uplifts it, and whirls it to the vale.  
And I, alas, resemble that fading leaf of grief,  
Like it, I am borne along by the stormy northern gale.

Your soul is moved; you have proceeded further, the emotion has redoubled; you have gone on to the very end, and then you have raised a long cry of admiration, you have wept, you have hid up the book under your cushion that you may re-read it again; for that chaste melancholy and veiled love it was yours; that reverie, soft and sweet, it was yours; that fretting doubt, it was yours; that thought sometimes smiling, sometimes funereal, passing from despair to hope, from dejection to enthusiasm, from the Creator to the creature; a thought vague, uncertain, and floating, it was your thought—to you, to us, to all, it was the thought of the age, which had been hived up in the depths of the soul, which at last had found a language and a form; and what form? A rhythm of celestial melody, a ringing verse full of cadence, and sound which vibrates as sweetly as an Eolian harp trembling in the evening breeze.

Every thing possible has been said on this first work of the poet's. All the world knows by heart the "Ode to Byron," the "Evening," the "Lake and Autumn." In four years, 45,000 copies of the "Meditations" were circulated. Five years afterwards the sublime voice of "Renè" found an

harmonious echo, and with one bound only M. de Lamartine placed himself on the same pedestal, by the side of the demi-gods of the epoch, Chateaubriand, Goëthe, and Byron.

This literary success, the most brilliant of the age since the *Genius of Christianity*, opened to M. de Lamartine the career of a diplomatist. Attached to the embassy at Florence, he departed for Tuscany, and there in its land of inspiration, in the midst of the splendors of an Italian festival, it is said that he heard a foreign voice—a tender and melodious voice, murmuring in his ear, these verses of the “Meditations”—

A hopeless return of the bliss which has flown,  
Perhaps in the future is stored for me still,  
And perhaps in the crowd a sweet spirit unknown  
Will answer me kindly and know my soul well.

The soul of the poet was known, he found a second Elvira, and some months after he became the happy husband of a young and rich English woman, entirely smitten with his person and his fame.

From that time to 1825, the poet resided successively at Naples, as Secretary of the Embassy, some while in London in the same office, and then returned to Tuscany in the quality of a Chargé d’Affaires. In the interval his fortune, already considerable from his marriage, increased again through the inheritance of an opulent uncle, but neither diplomacy nor the splendors of an aristocratic existence were able to tear M. de Lamartine from the worship of poetry.

The “Second Meditations” appeared in 1823. There was noticed in this new collection, a more correct, more balanced, more precise versification. The poet had been abroad in the domain of the soul. Grand historic facts had furnished him with noble inspirations. The “Ode to Bonaparte,” “Sappho,” the “Preludes,” and the “Dying Poet” were admired. This volume was also well followed by the “Poetic sketch of Socrates,” and by the last canto of the “Pilgrimage of

Childe-Harold." In these verses, intended to complete the epic of Byron, the poet finished with an eloquent tirade on the abasement of Italy:—

Pardon me, shade of Rome! for seek I must  
Elsewhere for men, and not in human dust.

This apostrophe appeared offensive to Colonel Pepé, a Neapolitan officer. In the name of his country he demanded satisfaction from M. de Lamartine. The poet defended his poetry with the sword, and received a severe wound, which for a long while put his life in danger. When scarcely recovered he hastened to intercede with the Grand Duke in favor of his adversary.

After having in 1825 published the "Song of the Sacred," the poet returned to France in 1829, and in the month of May of the same year appeared the "Harmonies, Poetic and Religious." In that work, the intimate revelation of his every-day thought, M. de Lamartine puts everything into metre. Since that sweet hymn of First Love to that gigantic invocation of all human mischief, (*verba novissima*), the poet had run over that vast poetical gamut which flowing from reveries, mounted as high as enthusiasm, or descended as low as despair. Less accessible to the vulgar on account of their psychologic intuition, and thrown besides into the midst of a great political commotion, the "Harmonies" remained the book of classic souls, the book which they loved to look over in the silent hours when they collected themselves, to listen for the inward voice.

M. de Lamartine was received at the Academy, and when the Revolution of July broke out, he departed for Greece in the character of Minister Plenipotentiary. The new government offered to preserve him his title. He refused, but remained to say farewell to three generations of kings, forced by fatality to a new exile. Like M. de Chateaubriand, the

poet dreamed that after the three days, there would be an alliance of the past and of the future, over the head of a child. Destiny decided otherwise. His tribute of sympathy once paid to the unfortunate great, M. de Lamartine dashed gallantly into the new road opened to the mind by the Revolution of July.

"The past is nothing more than a dream," said he, "we must regret it, but we ought not to lose the day in weeping to no purpose. It is always lawful, always honorable, for one to take his share in the unhappiness of others, though he ought not gratuitously to take his share in a fault which one has not committed \* \* \* He should return into the ranks of his fellow citizens, to think, to speak, to act, to fight, with his country—the family of families."

Here then commenced the revelation of a tendency in M. de Lamartine until then unperceived. "In loving, praying, singing, see my life," said the happy lover of Elvira, but lo! after having led us to the threshold of the mysterious sanctuary of the heart, whereof he knew all the secrets, M. de Lamartine, smitten with a love for the outward life, aspires to the storms of the tribune, descends the heights of the empyrean to enter the forum, and wears the parliamentary toga as well as the poetic robe. His first step in this new career was marked by a check. The electors of Toulon and Dunkirk refused him their suffrages. They had not forgotten the discourteous verses which were addressed by him to their vassal, the poet Barthélemy. The public gained by it an epistle sparkling with beauties, in which from the height of his glory M. de Lamartine crushed the author of "Nemesis."

Some while afterward he decided upon putting into execution the project of his whole life, and on the 20th of May, 1842, he was at Marseilles, ready to embark for Asia.

After a travel of six months, M. de Lamartine returned from the East, with grand ideas, and a beautiful book, a treasure, alas! right dearly bought, as he had lost there his

only child, his fair Julia, whom the noble heart of the father, and of the poet, wept for, like Rachel who would not be comforted. The book of M. de Lamartine had a very confined success. It seems as if the critics and the public had taken in earnest the modest lines of the preface, in which the author cheapened his work, but although unsatisfactory to the public, to the critics, and to M. de Lamartine, those pages do not appear so negligent to us, as they were said or believed to be. Apart from the justness, more or less contestable, of the political views, it is certain that if richness of style, elevation of thought, freshness of imagery, and besides all that rapid and varied succession of scenes the most moving, constitute a beautiful work, the "Travels in the East" is a book which will not die.

Religion, History, Philosophy, Politics, each contribute to this book. Let us try to analyze it rapidly. And at first we see a man, rendered happy by glory, by opulence, by the heart, by sacred affections of the domestic fireside, by the sympathies and admiration of the crowd, who bids adieu to all which he loves, takes by the hand his wife and his daughter, equips a vessel and entrusts to the waves those two portions of his heart ; and all this because when a child, he read the Bible on his mother's knees, and that a commanding voice cried to him, without ceasing,—“Go, weep upon the mountain where Christ wept ; go, sleep beneath the palm where Jacob slept !” And then when the anchor is weighed, when the wind filled the sails, how people followed with anxiety the ship that bore a noble woman, a gracious child, and the poetic fortune of France. How they read with pleasure all the details of interior arrangements. How they loved the anxieties of the husband and father,—that crew of sixteen men who belonged body and soul to the poet, that library of five hundred volumes, that tent raised at the foot of the main mast, that arsenal of guns, of pistols and of sabres, and those four cannon charged with barrel shot. “I



have to defend two lives which are dearer to me than my own," said M. de Lamartine, with mingled solicitude and fierceness. In the passage from Marseilles to Beyruth, the voyager wrote his book day by day, at the back part of his cabin, or at evening on the deck amid the rolling of the vessel. It is a varied mosaic, confused but attractive, with moral reflections, with reliances looking backward at the past, with babblings of the present, with thoughts thrown towards the future; the whole intermingled with landscapes, the colors of which might have been envied by Claude Lorraine. The poet notes as he passes, the ship flies, the waves flow, and meanwhile valleys, mountains, monuments, men, sea, and sky, all are seized and fixed by the aid of a goose-quill, and described with an inexpressible charm. The interest goes on increasing. The varied episodes of maritime and oriental life accumulate. Nothing is deficient in the drama—not even the catastrophe. For each time that the name or image of Julia comes under the pen of M. de Lamartine, they cause an oppression of the heart, and we sympathize with the passionate accents of a father, who broods with love over his beautiful child, and is pleased to paint her as "Detached from amid all those harsh and masculine figures, her locks unbound and falling on her white robe, her beautiful rosy face, happy and gay, surmounted with a sailor's straw hat tied under her chin, playing with the white cat of the captain, or with a nest of sea pigeons, woke up as they were sleeping on the carriage of a cannon, while she furnished crumbs of bread to their taste."

Alas! now we behold the coast of Asia, we see Libanus, we see Beyruth, the fatal town, the town in which Julia was to die. The voyager disembarks. He buys five houses for his wife and daughter. He leaves them to enjoy all the magnificence of oriental life, and departs for Jerusalem, with his own escort of twenty horsemen. The sheiks of the tribes come to meet him. All the towns open to him their gates;

and their governors answer for his safety with their heads, according to the will of Ibrahim Pacha. Lady Stanhope, that miniature Semiramis, half sublime, and half foolish, predicted him marvellous destinies, and the Arabs, delighted with the beautiful and imposing figure, tall in height, straight, and sparkling with arms, of him who passed at a gallop with twenty horsemen over the desert, bowed the head to him they called the Frank Emir, the French Prince, or simply the Emir, who was that poor poet who had hitherto vainly prayed the oil merchants and the manufacturers of sugar from beet root, to please to open for him the doors of the chambers.

We should never finish if we were to stay as we wish over all these beautiful pages, each of which is in itself a picture. Is there in the world a scene more gracious, more picturesque, or more novel than this? M. de Lamartine is reclining upon the odorous slopes of Carmel, in the finest vegetation in the earth, by the side of Lilla, "that beautiful daughter of Araby, whose long fair locks falling over her naked bosom, were braided on her head in a thousand tresses which rested on her bare shoulders amid a confused minglement of flowers, of golden sequins, and of scattered pearls." All at once there came mounted on a swift charger, one of the most celebrated poets of Arabia. He had been apprized that he should meet there a western brother, and he is come to joust with him. Our poet accepts the defiance. The child of Asia, and the child of Europe, collected themselves, and rivalled each other as to who should find the most harmonious chaunts to celebrate the beauty of Lilla. The mean and shrill tongue of our France entered into the lists with the supple and harmonious language which Job and Antar spoke, but thanks to M. de Lamartine, France was not vanquished.

It is amid like enchantments that the poet leads us in his train, across Greece, Syria, Judea, Turkey, and Servia. The eye is as if dazzled by all these faery passages, by all

these scenes of war, of peace, of grief, of joy, of repose, of love, which it sees on all sides flit before it. The Itinerary of Chateaubriand is at the same time the book of a poet, of an historian, and of a philosopher, in which he examines the ruins of centuries, and inquires of them if they possess the secret of the times which live no more. That which is prominently in relief in the book of Lamartine, in spite of Lamartine himself, is the poet. His work is pre-eminently that of a religious and passionate artist, exploring the beautiful under all its forms, seeking in life all its splendors, in art all its promises.

Soon the traveller thought of returning. The Dunkirkers had dispatched him, over the sea, a legislative commission. He prepared himself for departure, sad and broken hearted; for the same ship which had borne his beloved Julia thither, racing, laughing, and joyous on its decks, had to recross the ocean, carrying the poor child, cold and sleeping in a shroud. To save himself and the mother of his daughter the grief of a contrast so heart-rending, Lamartine returned to France in another vessel.

On the 4th of January, 1834, he appeared for the first time, at the tribune in the discussion on the address. Which will he be? said they. Will he be Legitimist or Radical? Right-centre, or left-centre, third party, or juste-milieu? He preferred to be Lamartine. Refusing himself all political classification, he spoke of justice, morality, of tolerance, of humanity, in the special language which God has given to poets. The lawyers of the Chamber judged him a little vague, the matter-of-fact men found him too diffuse, the statesmen declared him impalpable, but however all the world heard him with that emotion which ever attends a noble and harmonious speech when it emanates from the heart of a good man.

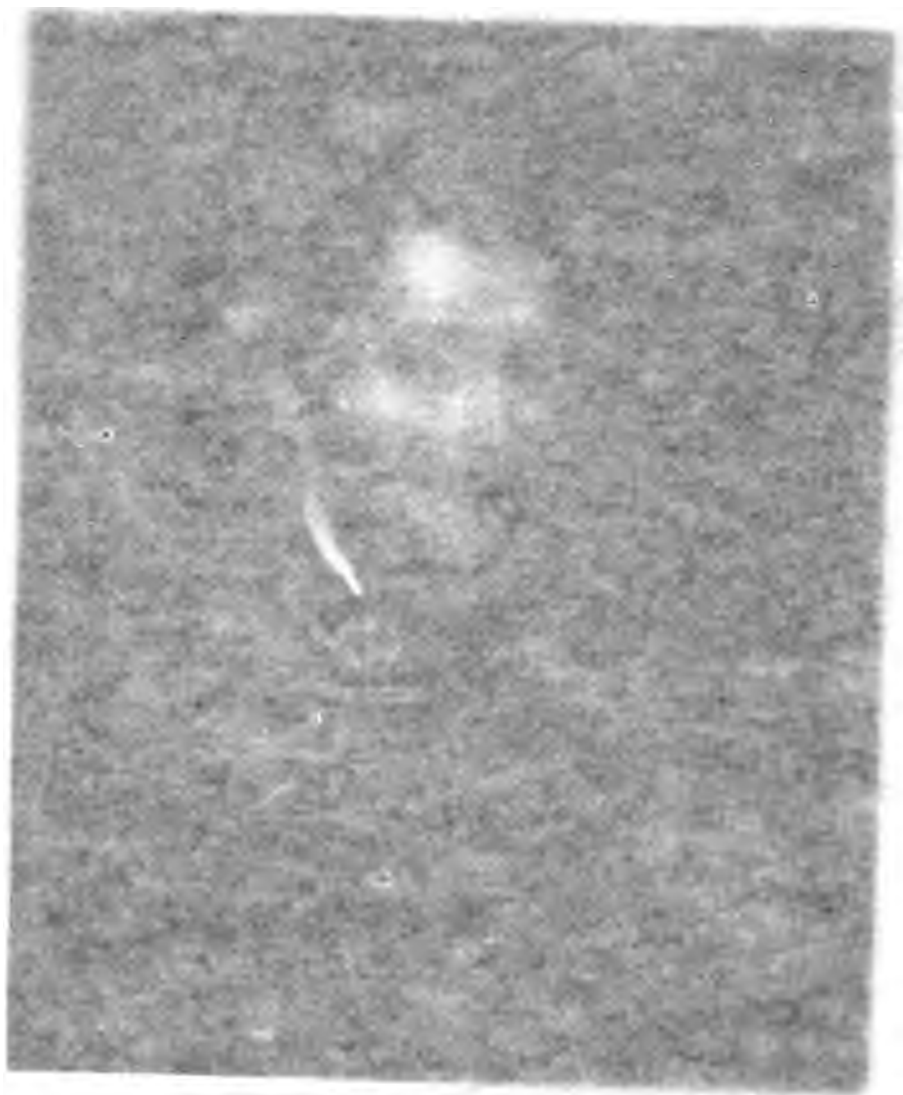
With the late political position of M. de Lamartine the public is familiar. The longer he has sate in the Cham-

ber of Deputies the more he has seen cause to withdraw his confidence from the King and Guizot, to oppose them, and warn the country of the necessity of a firm stand for liberty. For this his eloquence has been zealously and splendidly exerted in the Chamber; for this he established the journal *Bien Publique*; but above all, for this has he written his great work the history of the Girondists, which has unquestionably done more than any other cause to urge on the era of the revolution. During the paroxysm of this great and wonderful change, Lamartine was firm, benevolent, and disinterested, resisting the rash claims, while he advocated the just ones of the people.

Since the downfall of his political fabric, and the changes through which France has gone, Lamartine has been comparatively excluded from an active participation in public affairs, devoting himself, with more than his pristine ardor, to letters. In respect to the products of his later labors, there will be a difference of opinion. Some of them unquestionably fall below the grade of those which have contributed chiefly to establish his fame. Others, such as his *History of the Restoration of the Monarchy*, are entitled, by the thrilling interest of their style, and the character of their contents, to a high place in modern literature. This latter work, now in course of publication, bears marks of the highest genius, though disfigured, as are all of Lamartine's works, by the marks of passion, political prejudice, and want of historic conscientiousness. Yet it portrays, with the vigor of a master hand, the events of that decisive period, and fills an important chasm in contemporary annals.

## LOUIS KOSSUTH.

LOUIS (LAJOS) KOSSUTH was born in 1806, of indigent parents, in a village in the county of Zemplin, in North Hungary. According to Frey's account, he is not of true Magyar blood; his father being described as a "Slovack noble," although so poor as to depend for his subsistence on manual labor. The family were Protestants; and it was to a minister of this religion, in an adjacent village, that young Kossuth owed his first education. The boy, we are told, attracted the pastor's notice when conversing with him, by showing "acute intelligence and a clear, open understanding." Of his early years we hear little that can be safely relied on. It is said, on the authority of "communications from some of his friends and comrades," that he "despised the company of the other children of the village," "and loved to spend his hours in solitary musings on the banks of the murmuring Ondawa." However this may have been, such dreams could not have lasted long. His teacher was called away to a distant cure; both his parents were carried off by a pestilence that ravaged the country; and the orphan boy had to seek his further support from some distant relatives. By their means he was placed in the Gymnasium of a neighboring town; where, we are told, he devoted himself with ardor and success to studies, particularly of history,—and of this to the Hungarian beyond all others. The pride of his teachers, the first in his class, he neglected the sports of his age



*Wolfgang Langh*  
*Langh*

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ENGRAVED BY J. SARTON AFTER A. J. COLEMAN DEL.

GENERAL LAGRETT.

*Robert Lagre*  
*1847*





for solitary researches into the past; but when with his schoolmates, he gave early proof of the eloquence which was one day to echo throughout an entire nation. In 1826, Kossuth, eighteen years old, "feeling himself already big and strong enough to maintain himself," left school for the University of Pesth. In "the excesses for which the Magyar students were notorious" he took no part,—but labored hard at his chosen study of law; his leisure being still given to the favorite pursuit of history,—which now led him to investigate the political constitutions of Europe, especially of France and of England. His subsistence the while was probably earned by assisting richer students. "In oppressive poverty," says Frey, "in the severest need, Kossuth passed the fairest season of his life." It was no bad training for the future leader of a nation to have been, however sternly, taught in the first place to control himself.

After some years of this discipline, during which Kossuth became "a dextrous and thoroughly accomplished notary," his diligence was rewarded by an appointment that launched him at once into public life. Invited by "several deputies," he proceeded to Presburg, then the seat of the Diet, to assist in reducing to legal form the business committed to them by their constituencies. The date of this engagement is not given; but it must have been some time—probably three or four years—before 1835; nor are we told how the student became connected with the members who gave him this office. The fact itself, however, proves that Kossuth while at the University must have made himself already known beyond its lecture-rooms as a youth of capacity and promise, through some relations not quite consistent with the recluse life described by the writer of the memoir. The emoluments of his charge "at once secured him the means of prosecuting his favorite studies with sufficient leisure; while at the same time the business intrusted to him and the correspondence belonging to it were carried on with the utmost punctuality

and diligence. \* \* From this employment Kossuth derived a two-fold advantage:—he became, in the first place, known and trusted by the people, through his charge of preparing the reports rendered by the deputies to their constituents,—and in the second place, he acquired in it a thorough acquaintance with the different parties in the sovereign Diet of Hungary.”

In this post, while satisfying his patrons, he rapidly gained the acquaintance and confidence of other members. This appears from the new employment in which we find him engaged not long after his arrival at Presburg. The usual newspapers being forbidden to print the transactions of the Diet in detail, the opposition members effected their publication to a certain extent by getting written reports lithographed; and these copies, circulated as private letters, escaped the mutilation of the censor. It was now determined to give to this private news-letter all the features of a regular journal, in which the business of the Assembly should be not only reported, but commented upon: and Kossuth was chosen for its editor. “With a courageous freedom of tone unheard until now, Kossuth discussed the proceedings (of the Diet); and the opposition was delighted to have at length obtained an organ through which its principles might be advocated in the presence of the entire nation.” The Government of course “attempted as often as possible to confiscate this journal; maintaining that lithographed as well as printed works belonged to the province of the press, and were equally liable to the censorship.” After January, 1835, it was repeatedly seized, in spite of the protests of the opposition; but it still continued to appear, and found its way to every corner of the land, until the *coup d'état* of February the 6th, —when the Archduke suddenly closed the Diet, and the Government seemed resolved to quell the spirit of opposition by severe and arbitrary measures. Kossuth—who on the close of the Diet had established a new journal, intended

to report the proceedings in the local (county) assemblies—came at once into collision with the royal authorities: and having disobeyed their mandate to cease the publication—in reliance on a renewed authority from the committee of the county of Pesth,—he was “seized by soldiers in the night, and thrown into a deep gloomy dungeon in the citadel of Ofen.” To the severity of his treatment here is ascribed not only the ill health which we find often afflicting him at a later stage of his career, but also that vow of “hatred and revenge sworn against the House of Hapsburg, to the fulfilment of which the whole of his subsequent life,” says Frey, “has been devoted.” After an imprisonment of “more than two years,” (again we are left to guess the date—which may have been between 1838 and 1839,) he was liberated “at the close of the Diet, in one of those amnesties by which the Government fancies it may win the favor of the people.” Hereupon, Kossuth immediately “connected himself with the most determined democrats of Hungary.” The fruit of this union was the establishment of the Pesth Journal (*Pesti Hírlap*),—which Frey says he edited “as the organ of the radical party.” The newspaper “soon obtained an immense circulation,”—and continued in high repute so long as it was conducted by Kossuth; who, however, resigned the editorship to other hands some time before the year 1845,—when we find him as a speaker in the local assembly of Pesth, declaiming in person against the unconstitutional system of the Government. Throughout the two following years we may suppose that Kossuth continued to distinguish himself as a popular orator in these assemblies, and on such other occasions as presented themselves.

Early in 1848 the outbreak of the French Revolution gave the liberals new vigor. It was from Kossuth's lips that the utterance of their hopes and resolutions first electrified the Diet; and it is said that the arrival of the report of this speech at Vienna gave the signal to the popular outbreak in

that city: it is reported in the volume before us. We have admired its eloquence, and what in England would be termed the "parliamentary tact" with which on a dry financial subject—a question touching the credit of the Hungarian Bank—the whole aspirations and demands of the national party are brought into the foreground by the orator. On this occasion, and indeed throughout the whole memoir, the historic eye will be struck with evidences of a change in the nature of the levers that now raise or depress the political fortunes of Europe. New influences, it is clear, are gradually usurping the once decisive authority of the sword. In this commotion of Hungary—the land *par excellence* of warlike impulses—we find the prominence of relation and powers that can take root only in peace continually brought to notice. Matters affecting credit, commerce, and finance, are seen to be quite as important as the motions of armies in the field. They figure among the prime objects to be secured: and with some of these weapons a warfare has been waged between Austria and Hungary not less formidable in effect on the state of both combatants than the shock of hostile troops. The Magyars' armed resistance has been roused by a leader whose panoply is not the soldier's. Everything, in short, even in this struggle, the issue of which must depend for the moment on the trial of military powers, evinces the tendency of such forces, once supreme in determining the fortunes of war, to fall into a secondary position hereafter.

From the period at which we have now arrived, the personal career of Kossuth is merged in the fortunes of his country. Before proceeding to seize some features of these, one may note that Kossuth, when raised to office as we shall presently see him in the Ministry of Finance, came forward at the same time as the editor of a newspaper bearing his own name (*Kossuth Hirlapja*); in which, during an interval of suspense, while the minister often found it needful to temporize in act or to speak with courtly reserve, the journalist

indulged himself in a bold expression of his personal opinions and wishes, with a combination of parts—both equally avowed by the actor—which may be described as without a precedent in the political drama. A word on Kossuth's personal appearance, as we find it portrayed in the frontispiece to Frey's memoir, will not be unwelcome. The features, strongly marked and masculine, are decidedly handsome; the form of the countenance is oval; a wide forehead and large quick eyes, under a brow gently arched, give the face an expression highly intellectual; the mouth is small,—and the lips, slightly parted, bespeak an eager temperament. The nose, massive and aquiline, springs boldly from between the eyes, and is defined at its base by muscular outlines which, with the moulding of the chin, imparts a certain tone of firmness to features that would otherwise seem to promise more vivacity than resolution. The face altogether is not unworthy of a distinguished character; and an air of individuality in the portrait induces us to place more reliance on its truth\* than we can afford to some of the written sketches in this volume.

Hungary, although its crown has been worn by successive members of the Austrian family since the battle of Mohacz in 1526, has always remained an independent monarchy,—possessing its own constitution, which each succeeding king has been required to ratify by a solemn oath at his coronation. It has been alleged that until recent times the influence of Vienna tended on the whole toward improvements in the state of the nation at large; while the nobles, to whom the constitution gave the chief power, resisted these as invasive of their special privileges. For the last thirty years, however, while a more popular element has evidently been

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\* Our description, it will be seen, cannot apply to the ugly lithographed portrait of Kossuth now exhibited in the shop windows: which we hope is no better than a caricature of the features of the "Defender."

growing up, as well among the aristocracy as by the formation in the towns of something like a middle class—increasing grounds of complaint against Austria have been supplied by the system of the Metternich cabinet in the government of this kingdom—which, although avoiding any open breach of its independence, had the effect of reducing it in reality to the condition of a mere province of the Empire. The imposition on Hungary of the Austrian commercial system has long been one serious grievance of the kind against which the Hungarians have vainly protested; others were the refusal of a special government wholly residing at Pesth, —and the supreme direction of the affairs of the nation at Vienna, thus virtually excluding natives from the chief offices, and tending to give the whole civil administration a foreign character. In short, the Hungarians charged Austria with “an obstinate refusal to comply with their just and moderate demands” for various liberal measures and necessary reforms; in refusing which, they alleged, the spirit of the constitution was wilfully suppressed, with a view to the ultimate destruction of the independence of the nation; and they naturally seized on an occasion that favored the attainment of hopes long deferred.

They no sooner heard of the Vienna revolt, which closely followed the French Revolution in February, 1848, than they hastened thither to take part in the movement. Kossuth—whose Presburg speech, we have seen, gave the first spark to the explosion—was one of a numerous body of Magyars which a fleet of steamers poured into Vienna on the 15th of March; was rapturously welcomed by the populace,—and immediately made himself conspicuous by haranguing the citizens, imploring them “not to trust too readily to the promises of a Court.” The Emperor, already terrified by the outbreak of his Austrian subjects, at once conceded the demands laid before him by the Hungarian deputation. “These were:—1. The formation of a special

Hungarian ministry, charged with both the external and internal interests of the nation, its industry and finances, and with the execution of the decrees of the National Assembly—or, in other words, an independent legislative and administrative Hungarian Government. 2. The transfer to Hungary of the administration of the military frontier, hitherto entrusted to the Aulic Council of War at Vienna.”

On the return of the Hungarians to Presburg, with the royal assent to these conditions, the Diet was dissolved. A new one, convened at Pesth on the 4th of July, installed a national ministry framed in virtue of the late concession. It was composed of nine of the chief members of the liberal party. Its president was the same Louis Batthyany already described as the head of the opposition; and Kossuth was in the list as Minister of Finance. “The new Ministry,” we read, “was the flower of the intellect of the Diet:”—“its soul was the Finance Minister, Kossuth.”

Although the nation had thus nominally gained its long-desired object, it soon appeared that the difficulties inherent in its connection with Austria were by no means solved by this victory. Others, raised by the same spirit of popular self-assertion that had won their cause, arose within the limits of the kingdom itself. The Magyar race is not the sole population of Hungary Proper. We have already spoken of the number of Slovacks in the north-eastern region. In the provinces annexed to the kingdom, including Slavonia, Croatia, Transylvania, Dalmatia, and the military frontier, the mass of the people is Slavonian. The Magyar proportion altogether is rated at five millions out of an entire population of twelve. In the kingdom of Croatia, especially, motions of so-called-Panslavism had long troubled its relations with Hungary,—on questions of the official language, of education, finance, &c. The position of the latter, indeed, toward the Croats was not very unlike that of Austria toward the Magyars. In both cases the supremacy claimed was obnoxious



to its objects,—in both the desired end was national independence. The Slavonians now thought the time ripe for enforcing their claims also; while the new Hungarian Government showed a disposition rather to encroach than to recede.

On this chapter Frey's testimony, as *ab hoste*, may be quoted with some confidence.

"Since the time when Hungary had extorted its independent ministry, the bonds that tied the Austrian monarchy together had become so fragile that the slightest touch, the least breath threatened to dissolve them. Hungary by that act had torn herself loose from the combination formed by the other (Austrian) states; and thereby had made enemies not only of the many champions of the integrity of the Austrian dynasty, but also of the major part of the non-Magyar population of Hungary, and of the Slavonic people of her appurtenant provinces. No wonder, then, that the Slavonic population should have been filled with anxiety and apprehension, while Hungary *by degrees proceeded to transform itself into a specific Magyar State*, since, by this change, they must have seen their own nationality menaced. *It is true that the Hungarian Ministry at first did take steps which made these apprehensions seem not ill-founded.* \* \* The notion of the Ministry was that it could make all the Hungarians one united people by *Magyarizing* them. To this end, the Latin language, hitherto employed in all official business, was abolished, and the Hungarian introduced, not only in the courts of justice, but in the schools and the Diet. This proceeding excited hate and bitterness in nearly all the Slavonic inhabitants of Hungary,—who seized on this as a pretext to conceal their plans inimical to liberty under the show of alarm for their nationality."

The line of conduct which thus provoked reaction even in Hungary Proper, was not likely to be more acceptable to her Slavonic dependencies. Revolt soon broke out on the Theiss

and Lower Danube. At the head of the Croats stood the Ban Jellachich; and it is mainly to the consequences of their movement—which the Austrian Emperor at first affected to discountenance as a revolt, but which the Court always secretly and afterward openly encouraged—that the total rejection of the Hapsburg dynasty by Hungary is to be ascribed. This view of the question will not be found in Frey's memoir. But it appears, we think, clearly enough in all the facts which are here supplied by authentic documents.

The National Assembly, we are told, mainly consisted of three parties:—1st. A section of the aristocracy (Magnates), liberal on the whole, but firmly attached to the Austrian connection; 2nd. A middle party, including the new Ministry, whose watch-word was the entire independence of a free Hungary,—if possible, under an Austrian King, if not under some other sovereign or form of sovereignty; 3d. An extreme radical or revolutionary party, represented by some thirty members,—the latter almost wholly belonging to the Lower Chamber (or *table*, as it is called).

The second and third of these parties soon came into collision,—on the question of the Hungarian troops serving in Italy, as the “radicals” complained, against popular freedom. The Ministers were not on this point prepared to deny to the King what he was constitutionally entitled to command: and we find Kossuth emphatically pleading against the demand for the recall of these troops; nay, promising on certain conditions to urge the Diet to further reinforcements,—a proceeding that the editor finds it hard to reconcile with the thorough-going revolutionary character or the avowed hatred to Austria which he loves to assign to his hero. He explains his conduct as a feint to gain time for a complete Hungarian revolt; and imputes to Kossuth an extreme dissimulation hardly reconcilable with “fiery impetuosity,” in order to relieve him from the charge of willingness to subserve the ends of Austria in other quarters provided she would frankly

leave the Hungarians to govern themselves—and, it may be added, would assist them to put down the Slavonian "*rebellion*." This soon grew to be the most serious matter they had to deal with. The ultra views of Magyars and Slavonians were seen to be irreconcilable. The Austrian Court, when appealed to by the former, professed its desire to support Hungary against the "rebels" on the Lower Danube; and when Ban Jellachich evaded the mandates from Vienna, actually proclaimed him a traitor. But it was soon apparent that this was a mere pretence of anger. The Emperor was powerless in the hands of his "Camarilla." Its head, the Archduchess Sophia—described in these pages as "a Messalina," who had enslaved the Ban by her blandishments—had chosen this leader to restore the cause of Absolutism by the aid of the Slavonians; and advantage was eagerly taken of the umbrage unwisely given by the Ministry at Pesth to enlist the provinces on the Austrian side. The alliance, at first secretly suspected, was in time overtly proclaimed; and the civil war of races, which had been raging on the frontier since the month of June, thereupon virtually became one between the old despotism of Vienna and Magyar independence. The conflict grew more bloody and the position of affairs more critical when Austria began to triumph in Italy. The Emperor, indeed, while at his refuge in Innspruck, had promised everything to a deputation from the Hungarian Assembly; and sent them home rejoicing at the issue of an Imperial manifest, addressed to the "Croats and Slavonians"—denouncing the motions of Jellachich as treasonous, warmly insisting on the rights of Hungary, and warning the Slavonic and Croatian provinces to rebel no longer against her supremacy. But the proclamation was disregarded; and the Emperor's subsequent contradiction by positive acts of every word which he had said in it constitutes the fatal breach of faith on which the Hungarian nation justify their rejection of the House of Hapsburg.

From this moment, the rupture between these long-associated nations became complete, and the Hungarian War proper commenced. Into the history of this war, of the subsequent career of Kossuth, and of his political doctrines or purposes it is no part of our purpose to enter. They are so well known, and are the subjects of such diverse opinion, that a sketch like this could settle no disputes, and give no light. With the intellectual traits and qualities of the distinguished Magyar we have more to do. The extraordinary energy of his character, the brilliancy of his genius, and commanding force of his eloquence, we suppose no one will doubt. There is scarcely a specimen of his condensed style, eager, arrowy spirit than that with which he first poured upon the English ear the tale of the sufferings and wrongs of his country. While in exile, he addressed his famous letter to the British Foreign Minister, which has a manful eloquence of expression, which might be favorably compared with the loftiest specimens of antiquity.

His career in England and America, since his liberation, is too well known to need a recital. But one voice is heard respecting the intellectual abilities and remarkable eloquence of the man. His genius as an orator is established as of the highest order, and in the voluminous outpourings of his heart, which his tour through this country drew forth, there is to be found a body of noble eloquence and manly sentiments, which has scarcely parallel in modern times. What the future of Kossuth may be, we know not; his past has had the brilliancy and almost the brevity of the meteor's flash.















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